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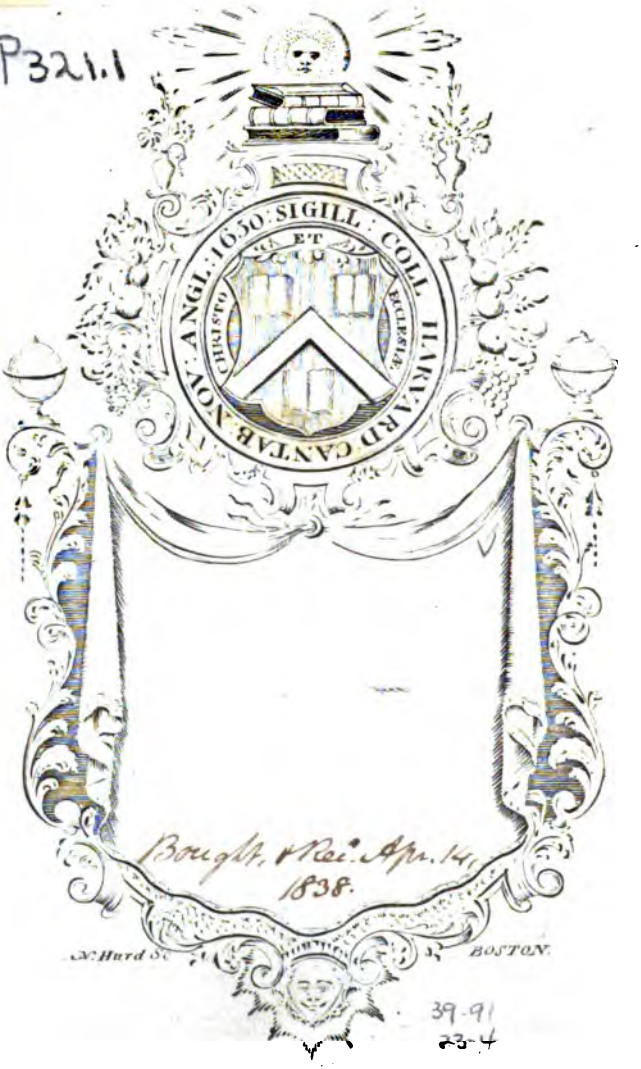

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THE PORT FOLIO

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Commodore John Barry

THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

> Various; that the mind
> Of desultory man, studious of change,
> And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.
>
> COWPER.

VOL. II. JULY, 1813. No. 1.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF COMMODORE JOHN BARRY.

Among the naval heroes of America, who have advanced, by the utility of their services and the splendour of their exploits, the interests and glory of their country, commodore John Barry holds a distinguished rank. His eminent services during our struggle for independence, the fidelity and ability with which he discharged the duties of the important stations which he filled, from the period of the establishment of that independence till within a few years of the close of his life, give him a lasting claim upon the gratitude of his country.

His memory is cherished, and his character duly appreciated by those who were attached to him, by the habits of a long tried friendship; by those who shared with him the toils of war; and by those illustrious men who acquired, under his auspices, those habits of discipline, and that exactness of naval science, which combined with and directing their dauntless intrepidity, have recently won unfading laurels for their country.* But

* So many of the distinguished naval men of the present day commenced their career under commodore Barry, that he may justly be considered as the "father of our navy."

for the want of some authentic record to perpetuate his fame, oblivious time has almost effaced from general recollection the impression of his services.

A full delineation of his character would, at this period, be peculiarly interesting; but the materials which have been supplied are not sufficient for such a work. We must content ourselves with presenting a hasty sketch, leaving it to the industry and research of the future historian of the achievements of our gallant navy, to fill up the outline, and give to the picture that detail of incident and richness of colouring which the subject merits.*

Commodore Barry was born in the county of Wexford, in the kingdom of Ireland, in the year 1745. His father was a highly respectable farmer; under whose roof he received the first impressions of that ingenuousness, and that high-toned magnanimity which were conspicuous attributes of his character. At a very early age he manifested a strong inclination to follow the sea. His father was induced to gratify his desire, and he was put on board a merchantman, in which service he continued several years. The opportunities afforded by the intermissions of his voyages, were improved to his advantage, by applying himself to the acquisition of knowledge. Possessed of a strong and active mind, he was enabled, with indefatigable industry, to acquire a good practical education. In the fourteenth or fifteenth year of his age he arrived in America, which he immediately determined to make the country of his adoption.

In his new situation he was not long without employment, but applied himself diligently to his profession; and in a very short time his nautical skill, the steadiness of his habits, and the integrity of his character, recommended him, successively, to some of the most respectable merchants of that day. He was long in the service of Mr. Reese Meredith, Messrs. Willing and Morris, and Mr. Nixon. While in the employ of the latter gentleman, he commanded a very valuable ship, in the London trade, called the Black Prince, which was afterwards purchased

* The incidents adverted to in this sketch have been politely furnished by two gentlemen now living, who were intimately acquainted with commodore Barry, and enjoyed his friendship from a very early period in life; one of whom sailed with him during the revolution as a subordinate officer.

by the congress for a vessel of war. During his continuance with those gentlemen he possessed their unreserved confidence: they always spoke of him in terms of the highest approbation; his connexion with them was the ground of a friendship, reciprocal, sincere, and lasting.

He thus continued, growing in reputation, and acquiring, by industry and perseverance, a decent competency, until the controversy between the mother country and her then colonies gave a new direction to thought, and opened new prospects to ambition. He could not but feel a deep interest in passing events; he did not hesitate as to the part he should act, as the bias of his youth was in favour of liberty. At that interesting crisis, when Great Britain brought her veteran armies and powerful navies, to coerce a compliance with her unjust demands; and when all but men struggling for their liberties would have deemed resistance folly, it became important to select officers whose valour and discretion, whose experience and skill could give the utmost efficiency to our insignificant means of defence and annoyance. The rare union in commodore Barry of all these qualities, recommended him to the notice of congress, and he was honoured by that body with one of the first naval commissions. In February, 1776, he was appointed to the command of the brig Lexington of sixteen guns. She was the first continental vessel of war that sailed from the port of Philadelphia. Having cruised successfully in her, he was, in the latter part of the same year, transferred to the Effingham, one of three large frigates built in Philadelphia. In the eventful winter of that year, the navigation of the Delaware being impeded by ice, and all naval employment suspended, his bold and restless spirit could not be inactive. So zealous was he in his country's cause, that he volunteered his services in the army, and served with distinguished reputation as aidecamp to general Cadwallader, in the important operations which took place in the vicinity of Trenton.

When the British obtained command of the city, and forts on the river, in 1777, it was deemed prudent to send the vessels of war up the river to Whitehill, where they might possi-

bly escape destruction. Commodore Barry, with several others, effected their escape with great dexterity. The vessels, however, were soon after destroyed by the enemy.

While the frigates were lying near Whitehill, commodore Barry formed a project, which, for boldness of design, and dexterity of execution, was not surpassed, if equalled, during the war. It struck him that the enemy might be severely annoyed by means of small boats, properly armed, which being stationed down the river and bay, might intercept supplies going to the enemy, and in case of danger, take refuge in the creeks. He accordingly manned the boats of the frigates, and, under cover of night, with muffled oars, descended the river. He arrived opposite the city before the enemy or citizens had any intimation of their movement. In a moment all was consternation and alarm; the enemy apprehending some impending disaster, while the citizens, supposing the project impracticable, despaired of the safety of their friends.

The object was effected; and the success which crowned the adventure was worthy of the enterprising spirit which conceived it. They not only succeeded in intercepting supplies of provisions from the surrounding country, but captured several vessels loaded with military munitions and valuable stores for the British officers.

General Washington always spoke with great satisfaction of this enterprise, and those concerned in it; indeed, he gave a public expression of thanks to the commodore and his officers.

After the destruction of his frigate, he was appointed to the command of the Raleigh, of thirty-two guns; which ship he was obliged, by a large squadron of British vessels of war, to run on shore, on Fox's island, in Penobscot bay.

Having made several voyages to the West Indies in letter of marque vessels, during one of which he was commodore of a large squadron of them, he was afterwards ordered to take command of a seventy-four gun ship building in Newhampshire. Congress having, however, concluded to present her to the king of France, the commodore was appointed to the command of the frigate Alliance, of thirty-six guns, then at Boston. In February, 1781, she sailed from Boston for L'Orient, having on

board colonel Laurens and suite, on an important embassy to the French court.

He sailed from L'Orient early in 1781, on a cruise; and, having taken many valuable prizes, on the 29th of May an event occurred that deserves notice. On the preceding day two sail were discovered on the weather bow, standing for the Alliance; after approaching near enough to be in sight, during the night, they hauled to the wind, and stood on the same course with the frigate.

At daylight on the 29th it became quite calm: at sunrise the American colours were displayed on board the Alliance; the drum beat to quarters. The strange sails were discovered to be a ship and a brig; the British flag was displayed, and having, by means of their sweeps, got within hailing distance, they respectively hailed, when it appeared that the ship was his Britannic majesty's ship of war Atalanta, captain Edwards, carrying between twenty and thirty guns, and her consort, the brig Trepass, captain Smith. The commodore ordered them to haul down their colours, which being refused, the cannonading immediately began: the Alliance, from want of wind, was like a log upon the water; while the enemy, by means of their sweeps, could select their position: they accordingly kept on the quarters, and athwart the stern of the Alliance, so that but few guns could be brought to bear upon them. About two o'clock the commodore was wounded in the left shoulder by a grape shot. Though his wound was dangerous, and excessively painful, he remained on the quarter deck some time, when the loss of blood obliged him to be carried to the cockpit. Shortly after, the colours of the Alliance were shot away, and this happening in the interval of loading her guns, the enemy concluded they had been struck: they manned the shrouds and huzzaed. The American flag was soon hoisted again, and the renewal of the fire from the Alliance sent the enemy to their quarters. A little wind fortunately springing up, the broadside of the frigate was brought to bear upon the enemy; it did great execution, and at three P. M. they both struck their colours. When captain Edwards was conducted to the commodore, who was then confined in the cabin, he presented his sword, which was immediately

returned to him, as a testimonial of the high opinion entertained of his bravery; the commodore observing, at the same time, "that he richly merited it, and that his king ought to give him a better ship."

Soon after the commodore was wounded and left the deck, one of his lieutenants went to him while in the cockpit, and representing the shattered state of the sails and rigging, the number of killed and wounded, and the disadvantages under which they laboured, from the want of wind, desired to know if the colours should be struck: "No," said he; "and if the ship can't be fought without, I will be carried on deck." When the lieutenant made known to the crew the determination of their brave commander, fresh spirit was infused into them, and they one and all resolved to "stick by him." As soon as his wound was dressed, he insisted upon being carried on deck; but before he reached it the enemy had struck. The Alliance had eleven killed, and twenty-one wounded; among the latter several of her officers; her rigging and spars much shattered, and severely damaged in her hull. The enemy had the same number killed, and thirty wounded. We have been led into the detail of this victory, as it was considered at the time of its achievement, a most brilliant exploit, and as an unequivocal evidence of the unconquerable firmness and intrepidity of the victor.

In the fall of 1781 orders were received to fit the Alliance for taking out the marquis de la Fayette and count de Noailles to France on public business. On the 25th of December she sailed from Boston, with them on board.

The Alliance left L'Orient in February, 1782, from which time she continued cruising, with great success, till March of the following year; when, shortly after leaving Havanna, whither she had been ordered, to bring to the United States a large quantity of specie, having in company the continental ship Luzerne, of twenty guns, captain Green, three frigates were discovered right ahead, two leagues distant. The American vessels were hove about: the enemy gave chace. The Luzerne not sailing as fast as the Alliance, the commodore ordered her captain to throw her guns overboard. A sail was then discovered on the weather bow, bearing down upon them; the Alliance hove

out a signal, which was answered: she proved to be a French ship, of fifty guns. Relying upon her assistance, the commodore concluded to bring the headmost of the enemy's ships to action; after inspiriting his crew, by an address, and going from gun to gun, cautioning his men against too much haste, and not to fire till ordered, he prepared for action. The enemy's ship was of equal size with the Alliance; a severe engagement followed: it was very soon perceptible that the Alliance was gaining the advantage; most of the enemy's guns were silenced; and after an action of fifty minutes, his ship was so severely damaged, that she hoisted a signal of distress, when her consorts joined her. The loss on board the Alliance was very trifling: three killed, and eleven wounded. The enemy's loss was severe: thirty-seven killed, and fifty wounded. The other English frigates were watching the movements of the French ship; the captain of which, upon coming up with the Alliance, assigned as a reason for keeping aloof from the action, that he was apprehensive the Alliance had been taken, and that the engagement was only a decoy. Chace was made, but the French ship being unable to keep up with the American, it was given over.

A respectable gentleman of this city, to whose politeness we are indebted for the important aid he has given us in preparing this article, was in the Luzerne at the time of the engagement, and had his eye upon the commodore throughout the action: he says language cannot do justice to his gallantry.

A gentleman of distinguished naval reputation, when in the Mediterranean with the American squadron, was introduced to captain James Vashan, esquire, now vice admiral of the red, the commander of the British frigate engaged with the Alliance. In the course of conversation, he made particular inquiry after captain Barry, related the circumstances of the action; and, with the frankness of a generous enemy, confessed that he had never seen a ship so ably fought as the Alliance; that he had never before, to use his own words, "received such a drubbing, and that he was indebted to the assistance of his consorts."

We are sensible we have indulged in greater particularity in the relation of these engagements than most readers will think necessary. Our reason must apologise for us; we wish it to be

known, that the gallantry of our seamen is not of recent date, but is coeval with our national existence.

These are the most interesting incidents that our imperfect materials furnish. Suffice it to say, that commodore Barry served throughout the revolution with distinguished honour to himself, and signal benefit to his country. Even during the intervals of suspension from public employment, occasioned by the chances of war, he was actively and efficiently employed in annoying the commerce of the enemy in letter of marque vessels.

Having espoused the cause of liberty from principle, he was attached to it with all the glow of patriotic enthusiasm; nothing could divert him from it, nor damp his ardour.

The following anecdote may be relied on as authentic; it evinces at once the high estimation in which his services were held by the enemy, and the constancy of his resolution: General Howe, appreciating the commodore's character, and thinking him important to the successful progress and issue of the contest, made an attempt to detach him from his country; for this purpose, he authorised an offer to the commodore of fifteen or twenty thousand guineas, and the command of the best frigate in the English navy. The general availed himself of a period that seemed to him the most auspicious to the accomplishment of his object, it was when the metropolis was in possession of the British, when the enemy triumphed, and even the best friends of America began to dispair. The offer was rejected with the indignation of insulted patriotism. The answer he returned to the general was, that "he had devoted himself to the cause of his country, and not the value and command of the whole British fleet could seduce him from it."

After the termination of hostilities, the commodore was retained in the public service; and when, under Mr. Adams's administration, it was deemed expedient to increase the naval establishment, he was appointed to superintend the building of the frigate United States in Philadelphia, which was designed for his command. His opinion was very influential in the adoption by the government of that excellent model for ships of war, the superiority of which, over every other, has been so strikingly

proved, as to have extorted the acknowledgments even of our enemies.

During the partial maritime war into which we were drawn by the aggressions of the cruisers of the French republic, commodore Barry was constantly and actively employed; and though fortune did not afford him an opportunity of signalizing himself by any splendid victory, yet he rendered essential service to the commercial interests of the country, by protecting its flag from the depredations of the French privateers which infested the ocean.

After our differences with France were accommodated, he retained the command of the United States until she was laid up in ordinary, soon after the introduction of Mr. Jefferson to the executive chair.

Commodore Barry did not long survive the termination of his public services: though naturally of a strong and robust constitution, he had been for many years subject to an asthmatic affection, to which he fell a victim, at Philadelphia, on the thirteenth day of September, 1803.

Thus closed the life of one of the first of patriots, and best of men.

He was eminently qualified for the important stations which he filled. He possessed courage without rashness—a constancy of spirit which could not be subdued—a sound and intuitive judgment—a promptitude of decision equal to the most trying emergencies—consummate skill—a generosity of soul which tempered the sterner qualities of the hero, and recommended him to the esteem of all—a humanity of feeling which made him no less attentive to the comfort and happiness of those whom the fortune of war threw into his power, than he had been ambitious to conquer them. Having spent the greater part of a long life upon the ocean, he had seen every possible variety of service; he knew how to sympathize, therefore, with those who were subjected to his command: to this it was owing, that though a rigid disciplinarian, he always conciliated the attachment of his sailors. It is worthy of remark, that no person who has sailed with him, as seaman, officer, or passenger, has ever been heard to speak of him but with the most respectful gra-

titude; and, in regard to his seamen especially, with all the extravagance of eulogy. He never found any difficulty in making up a crew; and desertion from his ship was unknown.

In the various relations of private life he was no less unexceptionable. As a citizen he was exemplary—as a friend sincere—as a husband tender and affectionate. The affability and frankness of his deportment ingratiated him with all who enjoyed the pleasure of his acquaintance: there was a native humour in his character which gave it peculiar interest. His mansion was ever the residence of hospitality. Jealous of his own honour, he was never known to injure, designedly, the feelings of any one; and though possessed of a quickness of sensibility to the appearance of offence or impropriety, he never failed to express his regret, and make atonement for injuries prompted by an excess of feeling. He was just, charitable, and without disguise. As he was educated in the habits of religion, so he cultivated them through life; he enforced a strict observance of divine worship on board his ship, and scrupulously attended to the moral deportment of his crew: he had himself experienced the comforts of religion, and he died in its faith.

We will only add, as a sanction for what has been said, that general Washington had the highest opinion of his merit, and entertained for him a sincere and lasting friendship.

Commodore Barry was in size above the ordinary stature: his person was graceful and commanding. His whole deportment was marked by dignity unmixed with ostentation; and his strongly marked countenance was expressive at once of the qualities of his mind and the virtues of his heart.

The prefixed portrait is an admirable likeness of the original.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

QUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI.—*Hor.*

ROKEBY: a poem, by Walter Scott, esq. Philadelphia. Bradford & Inskeep.

THE earliest specimens of English poetry are metrical romances. They are the composition of unlettered bards, and

possess the characteristics of untutored genius. They are simple, harsh, enthusiastic and prolix; but, then, they have about them qualities not destitute of attractions. Their topics are highly poetical: strange vicissitudes of fortune, high-toned honour, heroic fortitude, desperate valour, and romantic courtesy, will always, when properly described, arrest the heart and animate the fancy. This species of poetry, in some of its modifications, prevailed in England till near the time of the reformation. At that era, the more general diffusion of learning, the art of printing, the erecting of a third class between the barons and vassals—a class diligent, active and inquisitive—and the models of classic elegance, which the destruction of the monasteries yielded to the world, called off the attention, from the fantastic minstrelsey of the bards, and gave occasion to juster ideas of poetic excellence. But these causes had a further and more important operation: they not only diverted the minds of men from worthless productions, but in their collision, developed, in all its force, the British genius; giving birth to a race of writers, who, for originality, boldness, compass of understanding, munificence of fancy, and all the attributes of high intellect, have not been equalled in any age or any nation. The period to which we refer, comprises the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles; and it is a period which we have always considered as the golden age of English literature. Then flourished Shakespeare, and Spencer, and Massinger, and Jonson, and Sidney, and Milton; then flourished Ascham, and Hooker, and Taylor, and Reynolds, and Barrow, and Bacon, and Coke. These writers, to use the language of one of themselves, form "the wells of English undefiled." They are emphatically and peculiarly English. They are not characterized by the uniform and maintained elegance of the classics of antiquity, nor the measured march and formal dignity of the writers of France, nor the mellifluous flow of those of Italy. Their character is the character of the nation: The English feel profoundly; but it is the nature of deep feeling to be short and variable. Of this temperament are these writers. They are unequal, irregular and affected; but, then, they rise upon you bold and lofty and majestic, with bursts of feeling and fancy and animation, and the most poetic imagery.

The historians of our literature have, commonly, fixed upon the reign of Ann, as the Augustan age of England. Nothing can be more erroneous. The writers of that era possessed none of the peculiarities of British genius. Their taste is completely continental; the British classics, completely insular. Compare Shakspeare with Congreve, Milton with Dryden, Spencer with Pope, and the inquirer will be astonished, that in so short an interval, so prodigious a revolution should have occurred, in the very elements of composition. The origin of this revolution in letters, is found in the political revolution of that period. Among the other benefactions which Louis the XIV accorded to Charles II in his exile, he conferred upon him the French taste in literature, as well as in morals; and it was a taste singularly adapted to the genius of that witty monarch, and the *beaux esprits* who composed his court. On the return of these gallant cavaliers to England, gratitude and intimacy would have inclined them to propagate the principles of their French protectors: but this effect did not require the aid of such generous causes, for the taste itself was not worthless, and passion was enlisted on the side of their inclination, when they found that the classic writers had been active leaders in the rebellion. They, forthwith, commenced upon them a war of wit, and succeeded in overwhelming them, and their works, with contempt and obscurity.* From an alliance of causes so unexampled, the native writers were persecuted into exile, and a Gallic tyranny was, again, seated on the throne, whose laws and language were uncongenial with the temper of the people.

The French taste is distinguished from the English in its loftier parts, as being more rhetoric, more equable, more elaborately grand; and in its lighter departments, as being more airy, satiric, epigrammatic, and fashionable. Dryden, Addison,

* Upon this subject Voltaire must be considered as a disinterested judge. Hear what he says in his "Essai sur la Poésie Epique," when speaking of Milton: "Il employa neuf années à composer le *Paradis Perdu*. Il avait alors très-peu de réputation; les beaux esprits de la cour de Charles II. ou ne le connaissaient pas, ou n'avaient pour lui nulle estime. Il n'est pas étonnant, qu' un ancien secretaire de Cromwell, vieilli dans la retraite, aveugle et sans bien, fût ignoré ou méprisé dans une cour qui avait fait succéder à l'austérité du gouvernement du protecteur, toute la galanterie de la cour de Louis XIV et dans laquelle on ne goûtait que les poésies efféminées, la mollesse de Waller, les satyres du comte de Rochester, et l'esprit de Cowley.

Tickel, Littleton and Prior, with a laudable industry, endeavoured to naturalize this taste in England; but it required the fine talents of Pope to give a round and finish to the empire. Pope has produced the most refined melody of versification, the most sustained excellence and sagacious views of fashionable life; but, in all his works, there is not a syren verse which can "take the prison'd soul and lap it in Elysium." From the time of Pope, till a period very recent, there has been a lamentable dearth of poetic genius. The perfection of that great master, probably, generated despair, and left to his successors nothing but the power of imitation, or a false refinement: and a species of fantastic foppery is the refinement of the continental taste, when elaborated into its genuine corruption. Thus, doctor Darwin endeavoured to improve both its topics and its style, and "enlisting the imagination under the banners of botany," versified Linnæus for the benefit of the ladies. Della Crusca and his coadjuters improved upon doctor Darwin, and did up much delicious nonsense, which, in its time, was highly popular among polite people. To avoid the tinsel and bombast of Darwin and Della Crusca, Coleridge and Wordsworth *adopted* a more than patriarchal simplicity—like the Grecians, who, because Orsippus was entangled in his clothes, decreed that all the olympic combatants should go naked. But it would carry us too far to describe all the forms of imbecility, and all the varieties of affectation, which successively rose and sunk upon the public attention.

The close of the last century left the world filled with despair of the talents of the privileged poets, and the acknowledged weakness of the established government, has, within a few years, encouraged some bold spirits to rebellion. Campbell, Southey, and Scott, within this period, have departed, very widely, from the institutes of Dryden and Pope; and in many marked particulars, from all preceding writers. Campbell is rich in genius, but it is not the negligent munificence of the poets of Elizabeth and James; and the soft and lambent fancy, which wanders over all his scenes, is peculiarly his own. But if that pathos and sublimity, to be found in the better parts of our earlier poets, be regarded as the orthodox perfection of English poetry, then

Campbell must be considered as a disciple of this genuine faith, and one, who, by his practice and example, resisted the influence of foreign heresies, and endeavoured to bring back the church to its pristine simplicity. But it was Mr. Southey who adventured the boldest departure from established models. His fable is brought from the wildest marvels of Oriental superstition. In its conduct, although he often chills the reader by his extravagance, yet he oftener warms him with an excellence never found among the poets of the continental school. Mr. Southey, we think, is original in the management of his story. Supernatural agency, indeed, finds a place in almost every epic; but we know of no other poet, except it be Dante, who, at once, rapt you, *extra flammantia mœnia mundi;* and whose actors and means have nothing in common with this lower world. His system of versification is more unprecedented than his fable. Abandoning the rhymed couplets of Pope, and the blank heroics of Milton, his lines have every variety of length, and his cadences no other restraint than what his taste or his subject imposes. Mr. Southey has not yet received his full desert of praise. He has great faults, but they spring from an exuberance of genius and feeling; and he will discover, probably too late, that to acquire popularity with an audience, accustomed to the tenseness and barrowness of the European dress, it will be necessary for him to girdle up the robes of his Oriental magnificence into less redundant folds.

Such is the history of our poetry, and such the state of the poetic world, at the time Mr. Scott made his appearance; and it was thought necessary to give this rapid sketch, that the distinctive character and merits of this author might be justly estimated. Mr. Scott was first known to the public as the editor of some lyric pieces on border chivalry, among which he mingled some ballads of his own. We have already intimated, that it was the hopeless condition of the regular poets, and the hackneyed state of the traditionary topics, which induced Mr. Southey to wander, for a subject, to the banks of the Ganges; and the same causes, in all probability, carried this poet to the marauding borders of Scotland. We have never understood that Mr. Scott gathered much reputation from his ballads, although they contain many

fine bursts of poetry. The experiment convinced him, that to bestow popularity on this tutonic minstrelsey, it would be necessary to give it the polish of modern improvements. This he accomplished in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." The desire of novelty, which the Thalaba of Southey had but partially abated, was now gratified; and Scott was hailed as an original genius, who had struck out a new road to the summit of Parnassus, when, in truth, he had but smoothed and decorated one, which had been abandoned for ages as too ruggad. The reputation which Thalaba was gradually acquiring, for its eccentric but spirited resistance of the French domination, was now superseded by the reputation of the "Lay,"—a poem, which if it had been equal to its rival in other particulars, possessed, in its subject, more active causes of popularity with the English nation. The subject was, in the first place, British, and thus enlisted in its favour national partialities: it was then the lay of a minstrel, and the name of a minstrel was associated with the enchantments of youthful love, with the charms of rural retreats, and with what was tender, romantic, and musical; and finally, the subject was the chivalrous feats of "barons bold and ladies gay;" and the very mention of the "age of chivalry"—when a thousand swords would leap from their scabbards at the call of beauty—was of itself sufficient to kindle the imagination.

In addition to the subject, another cause of the popularity of the "Lay" must be sought for, in the originality of its versification. It is a problem, not to be resolved, but after repeated experiments, what particular measure is adapted to the nature of a language. The hexameter verse was adopted by the Greeks and Romans, as suited to the majesty of their tongue, abounding in pollysyllables, and these, marked accurately by quantity; but the attempt failed, of Jodelle in France, and Sydney in England, to introduce into the poetry of their respective countries this metre. Dante modelled the Italian verse into lines of eleven syllables; Poliziano, and some preceding writers, moulded these lines into stanzas; with which Spencer, with partial success, endeavoured to trammel the freedom of English poetry: and the example of Spencer has been perversely followed by some later writers. But Milton, and the poets of his age, practically proved that it

was the heroic verse of ten syllables, composed of iambic and trochaic feet, which accorded best with the genius of our language; and Dryden and his successors wrought to perfection the rhymed couplets of the same measure. Since the days of Pope, talents and industry made no experiments to discover whether the capacities of our verse admitted of any other movement and measure, until Mr. Southey presented, in his Thalaba, a specimen of blank verse, not divided into equal lines, which possessed as much harmony, melody, and expression, as any that had preceded it. Mr. Scott, in his "Lay," adopted in rhyme the same irregularity of versification; and this abandonment of ancient standards is not without its reason. When a poet may diversify his numbers, he will not be compelled to debilitate his verse by drawling epithets, nor to discard the most appropriate expressions, because they are discordant to his metre; he may give to his poem greater richness of harmony and more variety of cadence;* he may relieve our poetry from that monotony occasioned by its uniform closes of sense and music, and which becomes prodigiously tedious in a long work; and finally, he may inspirit his poetry by that high excellence which is termed expression or a consonance, between the movements of the verse and the emotions of the mind. These remarks apply with their principal force to blank verse: and we do not say that Mr. Scott

* To show how the harmony and melody of verse may be increased, by not compelling a poet to construct all his lines of equal feet, we quote an anonymous writer of some age, after first observing, that melody and harmony depend upon accents and pauses, and that accent cannot be properly observed unless in a succession of three syllables. "When a single syllable is cut off from the rest, it must either be united to the line with which the sense connects it, or be sounded alone. If it be united to the other line, it corrupts the harmony; if disjointed, it must, with regard to music, be superfluous; for there is no harmony in a single sound, because it has no proportion to another."

"Hypocrites austerely talk,
"Defaming as impure what God declares
"*Pure;* and commands to some leaves free to all."

"When two syllables, likewise, are abscinded from the rest, they evidently want some associated sounds to make them harmonious:"

"He ended, and the sun gave signal high
"To the bright minister that watch'd, *he blew*
"His trumpet."

It will be perceived, at once, that if Milton had been allowed to form the four last words of this passage into a single line, the objection would have been obviated.

in the "Lay," and especially Mr. Southey, in his "Curse of Kehama," do not vary the length of their lines capriciously, which we have no hesitation in condemning as a radical error. Rhyme necessarily breaks up the verse into couplets, and harmony requires that the lines of these couplets should be of nearly equal lengths. With rhyme, therefore, we should have regular arrangements, unless we are compensated for irregularity by some high reasons. But before concluding this detail of the causes of Mr. Scott's popularity, we fondly believe we should mention, as one, the exhibition of that feracity and vigour—of those rich and unrepressed sallies of the imagination, which distinguish our earlier writers, and which it was refreshing to encounter after so long an absence. We were not, in his works, assaulted by false refinements, classical affectations, and laboured nothings; but he gave scope and liberty to his genius, and did not, as in our gardens at Harrowgate, and in the true spirit of the continental taste, clip the luxuriance of his growths into pyramids and cones, and compel his streams to meander by the compass. These old writers are so truly English, and amidst all their faults, have so many redeeming virtues, that, although they stand at the very vestibule of our literature, they should be considered as having fixed the model of any after structures; and therefore, whatever fabrics other poets may subsequently raise, the merit of them will depend upon their concordance with the standard at the entrance of the building, as the proportions of our ancient temple were always modelled from the diameter of the pillar.

Rokeby, Mr. Scott's last poem, and to which it is full time to introduce our readers, combines most of the qualities, which originally gave him popularity; but a story, four times told, is calculated to cloy upon the taste. This poem is somewhat in a lower tone than his former publications. It is, indeed, not so disconnected as the "Lay," nor so unequal as "Marmion;" but, neither does it possess so much loveliness as the first of those pieces, nor so much vigour as the second. To the "Lady of the Lake," it is, in all respects, inferior. With portions of it marked by labour, its general character is that of indolence and precipitation—blanks in the narrative, imperfect rhymes, and lines

running into each other. There is in it some nice discrimination of character, and some scenes of soft and mellowed affection. But the character is shown rather in delineation than in action, and the whole poem presents an evenness of surface, without much high enchasing of distinguished parts. There are, however, few lovers of poetry who can lay down the work before they have finished it. This arises from the peculiar talent of Mr. Scott—he has opened in it that fountain of interest which flows through and distinguishes all his works—he has given it a spirit, fire and alacrity; and a bold and dashing career, which neither stops nor hesitates, but pushes onward to its end with an undeviating vehemence.

The poems of Scott are so much alike, that the character of one is the character of all: and this character consists in an union of the qualities, of all the different species of poetry, whose history we have already detailed. He has taken for his foundation the ancient romance, with some of its rudeness, and has built upon it much of the force and feeling of the English taste, and the grace and lightness of the French, and the tawdry elegance of the modern—so that his poem resembles one of those ancient buildings, which has been repaired, in the style, and with the materials of each successive age, till, at length, it combines every order and variety of architecture—Grecian, Roman, Gothic and novel. We do not say that Mr. Scott has nothing of his own: to him belongs the higher powers of the architect, which gives to his materials, whatever be their value or consistence, such forms and dispositions as powerfully to affect the mind. Indeed the first impression of his works is full of force; but when the emotion produced by his prominent beauties has subsided, and you come back to him with a critical examination, you discover that he has been labouring in worthless matter. It is this discordance between the first effect, and the after examination, which originates that discordance between his readers and his critics. The ladies have been his most enthusiastic admirers, and the ladies, it is said, are apt to resign themselves to the delusion of first impressions: but if the coldness of criticism is ever warmed by his powers, the pride and the habits of this censor provoke him, on a second perusal, to analize the causes of the pleasures he receives. This investi-

gation develops, that the descriptions are too minute, that the characters are too common, that the feeling is superficial, that the taste is often rude, that the diction is often showy—and that it is nothing but a singularity of talent, nothing but the magic of genius, which could breathe a life into this dead matter; and which makes it assume an harmonious arrangement, like the stones of Thebes to the lyre of Amphion. But whatever be his faults, Scott has attained his object; and he is a poet of no ordinary merit who can achieve his aims. He has bestowed upon the forgotten romances of the Troubadours a grace and popularity—he has given us characteristical drawings of feudal manners—charmed us by graphical delineations of romantic scenery—hurried our spirits by descriptions of desperate adventures and daring characters—and moulded into form our vagrant fancies of ancient chivalry and knightly courtesy. These topics Scott has touched with a master's hand; and they are topics formed to win him the favour of minds of an ordinary contexture; but it does appear, that these topics have about them too much of obtrusion, and noise, and bustle, to affect what are called poetic souls with a deep and permanent interest. There is no profound feeling in Scott—no wanderings amidst the sequestered shades of the imagination—no soarings into the regions of ideal perfection—none of those delicate touches, which, after the immediate picture of the poet has vanished, can lead off the soul into a train of sweet emotions, and leave a glow upon the mind, like the flush upon the clouds after the descent of the sun. But we must hasten back to Rokeby:

On a stormy summer's night, the clouds racking over the face of the moon, tinctured the towers of Bernard, and the stream of the Tees, with varying hues. Her light seemed now to glow with the blush of shame, and now it darkened into anger—the shifting shade resembled, at one moment, the hurry of apprehension, and then, the dim livery of sorrow, and then, it died into darkness, like despair. The confusion of these murky shadows were rivalled by the emotions that agitated the bosom of stern Oswald whom the towers of Bernard enclosed. Long had he striven to compose his weary limbs to rest; but when sleep came, it was to give conscience power to call her furies forth,

and scourge him for his crimes. His outward throes bear witness to his mental troubles; the blush of shame, the flush of anger, are traced upon his face, and now his hand seems to grasp a dagger—knife—and now the life-blood rushing from his heart, awakens him with a pang, from his painful slumbers. Fearing to trust again to such dire repose, he passes the night in watching his lamp, telling the hours on the castle bell, listning to the cry of the owlet; or, to the sad breeze which whistles round the tower. His ear, sharpened by revenge, catches, far townward, a distant tread—it approaches—a stranger enters the castle, and Oswald orders his attendants to admit him to his presence; to bring food and wine and withdraw. The stranger entered with a heavy stride; his gigantic form was cased in armour, and his bearing was bold, commanding, fierce and savage. To the courtesy of Oswald he returns a short answer—but laying aside part of his armour he turned to the genial board, and fed and drank without the slightest pledge of social reverence. Oswald paced the room in feverish agony to learn the news which Bertram brought; but fear and shame would not allow him frankly to demand it, and he endeavoured to lure it out of his sullen guest unasked. To the question of Oswald whether a field had been fought, Bertram detailed the battle on Marston heath, between the troops of the parliament, and those of the king, and said, that when he left the fight, Rupert was routing the army of the commons. To this intelligence Oswald feigned sorrow, while joy was in his eye;—and must I, said he, dew the tomb of a friend, or is he dead whom thou knowest I hate the most. If thou wouldst know aught of friend or foe, replied Bertram, ask it in simple terms, and thou shalt receive a soldier's answer. The wrath of Oswald now suppressed his art—wretch, said he, hast thou paid thy bloody debt—does Philip of Mortham live? The soldier springing from his seat, seized Oswald's hand, and exclaimed, Now Oswald Wycliffe, thou playest thy genuine part; now thou art worthy, like me, to roam a buccaneer. What reckest thou of either cause if thou possess Mortham's wealth and lands? Yes, he is dead, for when Rupert thundered on our flank, it was then amidst tumult smoke and strife, I fired, and Mortham, steed and rider fell. The reward I demand for this deed,

is, that thou bestow upon me the wealth which Mortham acquired in his Indian wars, and which is hoarded in the caverns of his castle. Thou, as heir, will inherit his lands, and I take the gold and the jewels by the laws of the buccaneers—come thou along, for without thy presence I shall not be admitted. Oswald hesitated—he was awed by the ruffian; he feared to accompany him, and even grudged him the mighty prize. He said that his charge would not then allow of his absence, but that Wilfrid, his only son, should accompany his friend. Bertram despised the excuse and accepted the substitute. Wilfrid was called from his unpressed couch while pouring forth some sweet verses to the moon. Wilfrid was polluted by none of his father's wickedness; his heart was even too soft to contend with the usual calamities of life. While his sire was blessed with numerous sons, his weakness was despised, but even then, he was the care and the joy of a fond mother. No frolic play of childhood ever gave elasticity to his blood, but hour after hour, he loved to ponder over the rich and varied lore of Shakspeare, to muse with the wisdom of Hamlet, or mingle his tears with the woes of Desdemona. He was a minstrel, and possessed the art, "unteachable, untaught." Like other poets, he loved, and the object of his flame was the bright Matilda, the very dame his father designed him to wed. But he loved in vain, for the affections of Matilda were placed upon Redmond, a youth of a more bold and gallant bearing, who had been brought up with her from childhood, in her father's house. This Matilda was the daughter of the knight of Rokeby, whose domains, like those of Oswald, bordered on the banks of the Tees. In the civil war which was then raging, Rokeby had joined his bands to the northern earls, while Mortham, to whom he was allied by the marriage of his sister, joined the opposite party under Fairfax; and Oswald held his towers for the commons, bound by a sympathy of wickedness to wily Vane.

Bertram did not wait to behold the splendid scenes which sun-rise shows from the heights of Bernard, but early took his way, with Wilfrid, along the southern banks of the Tees. They shunned the nearer path, and crossed the stream by the ancient bridge of Greta; but when Rokeby's turrets gleamed upon their

sight, then, though Spencer himself had strayed by the side of Wilfrid, and had pointed out to him the luxuriant charms of the lovely glade through which they passed, he would have wasted his power in vain, for the eye of Wilfrid was fixed upon the distant turret, whose lattice lighted the bower of Matilda. The travellers now abandoned the open vale, and plunged into a dark and narrow dell, whose gloom was peopled with the spectres of superstition. In this dismal glen, Bertram affirmed he beheld a form which appeared to dog their way, and before Wilfrid could rouse himself to a reply, he shouted and sprung forward with his sword, and pursued the object, over rock, wood, stream and cliff, at the imminent peril of his life. Wilfrid by a safer circuit attained the height, and found Bertram pondering by a tomb which stood a short distance from the silent hall of Mortham. "It vanished like a flitting ghost behind this tomb," said Bertram. Wilfrid despised his superstition, but inquired of him the form and show of the apparition. Bertram, unconscious what he spoke, replied, that it was Mortham's form—his shape, his mein—his morion, with the plume of red—it was Mortham just as he slew him in the fight. Thou slew him?—thou—demands Wilfrid. Yes, I slew him, replied the haughty ruffian with a start—I had forgot, strippling, that thou knewest not of the conspiracy, but I shall never deny a deed which I have done—it was by this hand that Mortham died. Wilfrid, the gentle Wilfrid, in his fragile form nourished one brave spark of noble fire, and when injustice made that spark blaze forth, his blood beat high, his hand waxed strong, and he rose superior to his frame. This generous temperament now came in the full current of his blood. On Bertram he laid a desperate hand, drew his sword, and called upon the attendants of Mortham to arouse and arrest the murderer of their lord. Bertram was fixed a moment, as by a spell, but when he felt the feeble stroke of Wilfrid the fiend within him awoke, and his blade was raised to end both the love and the woes of Wilfrid, when a warlike form presented his sheathed rapier, parries the descending blow and steps between the combatants. This was Mortham, and with a monarch's voice he forbid the battle, and motioned Bertram from his presence. The villain sullenly retires, and the tramp of steeds

being heard, the warrior, warning Wilfrid to tell none that Mortham lived, plunged into the shade. The words were still ringing in Wilfrid's ear when his father rode up at the head of a gallant band of horsemen.

We shall stop here, for it is a dull work to convert poetry into prose. We the more willingly do this, because, any observations we might have otherwise been induced to make on the fable, have been precluded by the able and acute remarks to be found on this department of Rokeby in our last number.

Bertram is the form which strikes the eye most prominently on the canvas—he is the connecting principle of the piece, and that *which* gives unity to the other figures of the poem, which are grouped around him. The character is vigorously executed, but we confess that it is not a character to our taste. He is a bad fellow, and no one chooses to be pestered with bad company for any length of time. His sphere of action, then, is so eccentric, that sympathy with him is more a matter of fancy than of feeling. Such characters, too are not of difficult performance. Strong unmixed passion, like the outline of a bold face, is struck off easily, because it is course, but the skill of an artist is discovered in catching the likeness of a countenance more remarkable for its expression than its contour. Bertram has been compared with Roderick Dhu. Both the characters are nobly drawn; but Roderick could love Ellen, and had a frank and noble generosity—sentiments which were strangers to the bosom of Bertram. We therefore think Roderick superior to Bertram, for the same reason that Pliny asserts that the Laocoon is superior to the Apollo Belvidere, not for being finer proportioned, but because it has a greater variety of expression.

Edmund is also a vicious character, but he possesses a high interest, for we sometimes encounter such persons in our intercourse with the world. He is a youth of that undecisive complexion, who has not hardihood enough for a villain, nor virtue enough for an honest man—one in whom strong passions have obtained the ascendant of strong parts, whose talents for want of a higher range, exert themselves in feats of low ambition, but who, amidst the uproar of wickedness is perpetually casting back a mournful glance to the days of his innocence. This assemblage of qualities, forms a character, which requires a discrimi-

nating eye and a skilful hand, accurately to delineate. Mr. Scott has successfully accomplished it, and we know of nothing similar to it in his works.

Of Mortham, Matilda and Redmond, we shall say but little. It is impossible to get a full view of Mortham—through the whole poem he does nothing but groan and vanish. Matilda is the sister of Ellen,

> "Facies non una duabus,
> Nec diversa tamen: qualem decet esse sororum."

The character is well drawn and well supported. She has the same happy union of feminine softness and steadfast resolution which charmed us in Ellen. But we can never forget her discourteous treatment to Wilfrid when he bore her from the flaming castle: and that boarding-school eagerness for marriage, which joined her to Redmond before the sod was green upon the grave of Wilfrid, might have been exceedingly natural in Nancy Article, the daughter of the marriage broker, but it defaces the purity of the soft, the thoughtful, the melancholy Matilda. These shades make Matilda, in comparison with the "Lady of the Lake," appear

> "Less fair,
> Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
> Than that smooth watery image."

Redmond is fashioned in the same mould with those other sprightly lovers of Mr. Scott, De Wilton, and Malcome Græme. He is a promising, debonnaire lad, of great generosity and dashing courage; on one occasion, he, indeed, speaks very prettily, but his principal qualifications are, "to bestride a steed, and to wield a brand."

It is the character of Wilfrid we delight to contemplate.—Scott has here exceeded himself, and we know of nothing surpassing it in the whole range of poetry. A lettered youth tinctured with the melancholy of genius, and the victim of a fruitless passion—possessed of a mind of too high a pitch for the tones of ordinary life, with a romantic fancy which is perpetually warring with the allotments of its condition, and shattering the feeble tenement which confines its range. This contest between love and generosity, between fancy and reason, between a vigorous

mind and a fragile body, Scott has delineated with force and pathetic beauty; and reminds us strongly of those characters, on which Rousseau delighted to expend his enchanting tenderness and delicious colouring. Behold the picture drawn at length:—

Nought of his sire's ungenerous part
Polluted Wilfrid's gentle heart;
A heart, too soft from early life
To hold with fortune needful strife.
His sire, while yet a hardier race
Of numerous sons were Wycliffe's grace,
On Wilfrid set contemptuous brand,
For feeble heart and forceless hand;
But a fond mother's care and joy
Were centred in her sickly boy.
No touch of childhood's frolic mood
Showed the elastic spring of blood;
Hour after hour he loved to pore
On Shakspeare's rich and varied lore,
But turned from martial scenes and light,
From Falstaff's feats and Percy's fight,
To ponder Jaques' moral strain,
And muse with Hamlet, wise in vain;
And weep himself to soft repose
O'er gentle Desdemona's woes.

In youth, he sought not pleasures found
By youth in horse, and hawk, and hound,
But loved the quiet joys that wake
By lonely stream and silent lake;
In Deepdale's solitude to lie,
Where all is cliff, and copse, and sky;
To climb Cateastle's dizzy peak,
Or lone Pendragon's mound to seek.
Such was his wont; and there his dream
Soared on some wild fantastic theme,
Of faithful love, or ceaseless Spring,
Till Contemplation's wearied wing
The enthusiast could no more sustain,
And sad he sunk to earth again.

He loved—as many a lay can tell,
Preserved in Stanmore's lonely dell;
For his was minstrel's skill, he caught
The art unteachable, untaught;

He loved—his soul did nature frame
For love, and fancy nursed the flame;
Vainly he loved—for seldom swain
Of such soft mould is loved again;
Silent he loved—in every gaze
Was passion, friendship in his phrase.
So mused his life away—till died
His brethren all, their father's pride.
Wilfrid is now the only heir
Of all his stratagems and care,
And destined, darkling, to pursue
Ambition's maze by Oswald's clue.

Wilfrid must love and woo the bright
Matilda, heir of Rokeby's knight.
To love her was an easy hest,
The secret empress of his breast;
To woo her was a harder task
To one that durst not hope or ask;
Yet all Matilda could, she gave
In pity to her gentle slave;
Friendship, esteem, and fair regard,
And praise, the poet's best reward!
She read the tales his taste approved,
And sung the lays he framed or loved;
Yet, loth to nurse the fatal flame
Of hopeless love in friendship's name,
In kind caprice she oft withdrew
The favouring glance to friendship due,
Then grieved to see her victim's pain,
And gave the dangerous smiles again.

The following lines are exquisitely beautiful; and the song which concludes them, has somewhere about it that soft melancholy of genius, which, like the vagrant grace of a fine countenance, you feel in your heart, though it eludes detection:—

More wouldst thou know—yon tower survey,
Yon couch unpressed since parting day,
Yon untrimmed lamp, whose yellow gleam
Is mingling with the cold moon-beam,
And yon thin form!—the hectic red
On his pale cheek unequal spread;
The head reclined, the loosened hair,
The limbs relaxed, the mournful air.—

See, he looks up;—a woful smile
Lightens his wo-worn cheek awhile,—
'Tis Fancy wakes some idle thought,
To gild the ruin she has wrought;
For, like the bat of Indian brakes,
Her pinion fans the wound she makes,
And, soothing thus the dreamer's pain,
She drinks his life-blood from the vein.
Now to the lattice turn his eyes,
Vain hope! to see the sun arise.
The moon with clouds is still o'ercast,
Still howls by fits the stormy blast;
Another hour must wear away,
Ere the east kindle into day,
And, hark! to waste that weary hour,
He tries the minstrel's magic power.

SONG.—TO THE MOON.

Hail to thy cold and clouded beam,
Pale pilgrim of the troubled sky!
Hail, though the mists that o'er thee stream
Lend to thy brow their sullen dye!
How should thy pure and peaceful eye
Untroubled view our scenes below,
Or how a tearless beam supply
To light a world of war and wo!

Fair Queen! I will not blame thee now,
As once by Greta's fairy side;
Each little cloud that dimmed thy brow
Did then an angel's beauty hide.
And of the shades I then could chide,
Still are the thoughts to memory dear,
For, while a softer strain I tried,
They hid my blush, and calmed my fear.

Then did I swear thy ray serene
Was formed to light some lonely dell,
By two fond lovers only seen,
Reflected from the chrystal well;
Or sleeping on their mossy cell,
Or quivering on the lattice bright
Or glancing on their couch to tell
How swiftly wanes the summer night.

The courage of Wilfrid's mind burst out with peculiar nobleness, on the unconscious avowal of Bertram, that he had slain Mortham. He exclaims:—

—"Thou slay him?"—thou?—With conscious start
He heard, then manned his haughty heart.—
—"I slew him?—I! I had forgot,
Thou, strippling, knewest not of the plot.
But it is spoken—nor will I
Deed done, or spoken word, deny.
I slew him, I! for thankless pride;
'Twas by this hand that Mortham died."

Wilfrid, of gentle hand and heart,
Averse to every active part,
But most averse to martial broil,
From danger shrunk, and turned from toil;
Yet the meek lover of the lyre
Nursed one brave spark of noble fire;
Against injustice, fraud, or wrong,
His blood beat high, his hand waxed strong.
Not his the nerves that could sustain
Unshaken, danger, toil, and pain;
But when that spark blazed forth to flame,
He rose superior to his frame.
And now it came, that generous mood;
And, in full current of his blood,
On Bertram he laid desperate hand,
Placed firm his foot, and drew his brand.
"Should every fiend to whom thou'rt sold,
Rise in thine aid, I keep my hold.—
Arouse there, ho! take spear and sword!
Attach the murderer of your lord!"

A moment, fixed as by a spell,
Stood Bertram—it seemed miracle,
That one so feeble, soft, and tame,
Set grasp on warlike Risingham.
But when he felt a feeble stroke,
The fiend within the ruffian woke!
To wrench the sword from Wilfrid's hand
To dash him headlong on the sand,
Was but one moment's work—one more,
Had drenched the blade in Wilfrid's gore;

But, in the instant it arose,
To end his life, his love, his woes,
A warlike form, that marked the scene,
Presents his rapier sheathed between.

We can afford no more space to Wilfrid, except the following lines, and his song of the "Cypress Wreath." The song is pretty, and highly characteristical. We judge it will be often quoted and often sung—but we do not think so well of it as the one we have already inserted. It has in it too much of the common places of poetry, and is not so highly finished as Collins's "Ode to Fidelia," on the same subject:—

The blood left Wilfrid's ashen cheek;
Matilda sees, and hastes to speak.—
"Happy in friendship's ready aid,
Let all my murmurs here be staid!
And Rokeby's maiden will not part
From Rokeby's hall with moody heart.
This night at least, for Rokeby's fame
The hospitable hearth shall flame,
And, ere its native heir retire,
Find for the wanderer rest and fire,
While this poor harper, by the blaze,
Recounts the tale of other days.
Bid Harpool ope the door with speed,
Admit him, and relieve each need.—
Meantime, kind Wycliffe, wilt thou try
Thy minstrel skill?—nay, no reply—
And look not sad!—I guess thy thought,
Thy verse with laurels would be bought,
And poor Matilda, landless now,
Has not a garland for thy brow.
True, I must leave sweet Rokeby's glades,
Nor wander more in Greta's shades,
But sure, no rigid jailor, thou
Wilt a short prison-walk allow,
Where summer flowers grow wild at will,
On Marwood chace and Toller-hill;
Then holly green and lily gay
Shall twine in guerdon of thy lay."—
The mournful youth, a space aside
To tune Matilda's harp applied;

And then a low sad descant rung,
As prelude to the lay he sung.

THE CYPRESS WREATH.

O lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree!
Too lively glow the lilies light,
The varnished holly's all too bright,
The may-flower and the eglantine
May shade a brow less sad than mine:
But, lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress tree!

Let dimpled Mirth his temples twine
With tendrils of the laughing vine;
The manly oak, the pensive yew,
To patriot and to sage be due;
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,
But that Matilda will not give;
Then, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree!

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses, bought so dear;
Let Albin bind her bonnet blue
With heath and hare-bell dipped in dew;
On favoured Erin's crest be seen
The flower she loves of emerald green—
But, lady, twine no wreath for me,
Or twine it of the cypress tree.

Strike the wild harp, while maids prepare
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair;
And, while his crown of laurel leaves
With bloody hand the victor weaves,
Let the loud trump his triumph tell;
But when you hear the passing bell,
Then, lady, twine a wreath for me,
And twine it of the cypress tree.

Yes! twine for me the cypress bough;
But, O Matilda, twine not now;
Stay till a few brief months are past,
And I have looked and loved my last;
When villagers my shroud bestrew
With pansies, rosemary, and rue,—

Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the cypress tree.

We have already mentioned that the character of Edmund is a new character for Scott. We here insert it, and the more willingly, as it gives us an opportunity of introducing Matilda to the reader:—

The Harper came:—in youth's first prime
Himself; in mode of olden time
His garb was fashioned, to express
The ancient English minstrel's dress,
A seemly gown of Kendal green,
With gorget closed of silver sheen;
His harp in silken scarf was slung,
And by his side an anlace hung.
It seem'd some masquer's quaint array,
For revel or for holiday.

He made obeisance, with a free
Yet studied air of courtesy.
Each look and accent, framed to please,
Seemed to affect a playful ease;
His face was of that doubtful kind,
That wins the eye, but not the mind;
Yet harsh it seemed to deem amiss
Of brow so young and smooth as this.
His was the subtle look and sly,
That, spying all, seems nought to spy;
Round all the group his glances stole,
Unmarked themselves, to mark the whole,
Yet sunk beneath Matilda's look,
Nor could the eye of Redmond brook.
To the suspicious, or the old,
Subtle and dangerous and bold
Had seemed this self-invited guest;
But young our lovers,—and the rest
Wrap'd in their sorrow and their fear
At parting of their mistress dear,
Tear-blinded to the castle hall,
Came as to bear her funeral pall.

While thus Matilda's lay was heard,
A thousand thoughts in Edmund stirred.
In peasant life he might have known
As fair a face, as sweet a tone;

But village notes could ne'er supply
That rich and varied melody,
And ne'er in cottage maid was seen
The easy dignity of mien,
Claiming respect yet waving state,
That marks the daughters of the great.
Yet not, perchance, had these alone
His scheme of purposed guilt o'erthrown;
But, while her energy of mind
Superior rose to griefs combined,
Lending its kindling to her eye,
Giving her form new majesty,—
To Edmund's thought Matilda seemed
The very object he had dreamed,
When, long ere guilt his soul had known,
In Winston bowers he mused alone,
Taxing his fancy to combine
The face, the air, the voice divine,
Of some fair princess of romance,
Who claims the aid of hero's lance.

"Such was my vision!" Edmund thought
"And have I, then, the ruin wrought
Of such a maid, that fancy ne'er
In fairest vision formed her peer?
Was it my hand, that could unclose
The postern to her ruthless foes?
Foes, lost to honour, law, and faith
Their kindest mercy sudden death:
Have I done this? I! who have swore,
That if the globe such angel bore,
I would have traced its circle broad,
To kiss the ground on which she trod!—
And now—O! would that earth would rive,
And close upon me while alive!—
Is there no hope? is all then lost?—
Bertram's already on his post!
Even now, beside the hall's arched door,
I saw his shadow cross the floor!
He was to wait my signal strain—
A little respite thus we gain."

For the memory of our sentimental readers we quote the following passages; for Scott is exceedingly felicitous in making

the resemblances between the appearances of nature and the feelings of the heart:—

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows,
Is like the dewdrop on the rose;
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.
Won by their care, the orphan child
Soon on his new protectors smiled,
With dimpled cheek and eye so fair,
Through his thick curls of flaxen hair.
But blithest laughed that cheek and eye,
When Rokeby's little maid was nigh.

When lovers meet in adverse hour,
'Tis like a sun-glimpse through a shower,
A watry ray an instant seen
The darkly closing clouds between.
As Redmond on the turf reclined,
The past and present filled his mind.

We should not be forgiven were we to omit the mention of Mr. Scott's singular power of describing rural scenery. Pure description was always uninteresting, from James Thomson's to Mrs. Radcliffe's; because it is an attempt to accomplish by language what language can never achieve. But Scott abounds in descriptions, and descriptions of the most picturesque beauty, and the highest interest. The secret of this interest in Scott is to be discovered in the reason why we derive exquisite delight from any scene; he animates the picture by some moral reflection—some metaphor drawn from animated life—some view of character—some legend which sanctifies the place:

"Knitting as with a moral band
The native legend with the land."

The present work does not afford examples of as finished descriptions as his former works, but the following will illustrate our meaning:

"The open vale is soon past o'er,
Rokeby, though nigh, is seen no more;
Sinking 'mid Greta's thickest deep,
A wild and darker course they keep,

A stern and lone, yet lovely road,
As e'er the foot of minstrel trode!
Broad shadows o'er their passage fell,
Deeper and narrower grew the dell;
It seemed some mountain rent and riven,
A channel for the stream had given,
So high the cliffs of limestone gray
Hung beetling o'er the torrent's way,
Yielding, along their rugged base,
A flinty footpath's niggard pace,
Where he, who winds 'twixt rock and wave,
May hear the headlong torrent rave,
And like a steed in frantic fit,
That flings the froth from curb and bit,
May view her chafe her waves to spray,
O'er every rock that bars her way,
Till foam-globes on her eddies ride,
Thick as the schemes of human pride,
That down life's current drive amain,
As frail, as frothy, and as vain!

The cliffs, that rear the haughty head
High o'er the river's darksome bed,
Were now all naked, wild and gray,
Now waving all with greenwood spray;
Here trees to every crevice clung,
And o'er the dell their branches hung;
And there, all splintered and uneven,
The shivered rocks ascend to heaven:
Oft, too, the ivy swathed their breast,
And wreathed its garland round their crest,
Or from the spires bade loosely flare
Its tendrils in the middle air.
As pennons wont to wave of old
O'er the high feast of baron bold,
When revelled loud the feudal rout,
And the arched halls returned their shout,
Such and more wild is Greta's roar,
And such the echoes from her shore,
And so the ivied banners gleam,
Waved wildly o'er the brawling stream.

We stop here with our quotations: other passages, equally striking, might easily have been cited; but these are sufficient to

support and illustrate our remarks; and the poem itself is, probably, in the hands of most of our readers.

The sweetest of the poetry is in the first canto. There are some vigorous passages in the second; but the poet seems to be labouring, and fills up his spaces with extraneous matter. The beginning of the third is interesting, although the chase of Bertrand occupies too large a portion for its importance; and in the latter part, the reader is restless that so much powerful poetry is lavished on such worthless subjects. There is a delightful amenity diffused over the commencement of the fourth, which continues till the introduction of the history of O'Neal, which is disgustingly abrupt; there is then some nampy pampy about the baby loves of Redmond and Matilda: and the story of the remainder is badly complicated. The fifth canto, we are inclined to think, will be the most popular. It has various kinds of merits, and suited to various descriptions of persons. The landscape in the beginning is designed in an exquisite taste: the conference of the lovers is full of generosity and feeling: the music-men will pounce, with eagerness, upon the songs: and every one must be agitated by that rapid, moving, tumultuous scene which concludes the canto; and in the description of which scenes Scott so eminently excels. Three days elapse between the end of the fifth and the beginning of the sixth canto. A poet, skilful in the construction of a fable, would have filled up this space by some agreeable underplot. But when the personages are brought upon the field, they move forward with a vigorous impetuosity; and amidst bustle and uproar, but not confusion, the poem concludes well, although not so gracefully as in the "Lady of the Lake." It is one of the excellencies of Scott that he does not, like a common poet, fatigue his reader with the detail of those events which the imagination, of itself, can body forth; neither does he minutely display all the possible varieties of feeling which the situation of his characters would naturally excite; and, in this view, the elisions, occasioned by the dramatic form of his composition, have their charm, by perpetually calling for aid upon the reader's mind, and thus keeping his power in unremitting activity. Scott, through the whole of his

poem, has not deviated into any wildness of versification, but has adopted the regular stanza which he first used in the apologues of the Minstrel of the Law, whose grace and beauty obtained the approbation of every critic.

The general defects of Rokeby we have already detailed; and it would be tedious to enumerate the various marks of negligence which appear throughout the work.

There is in Rokeby not so vast a profusion of Runic words, and hard names, as in his former works. But we sometimes meet with such lines as

> " Slieve-Donard wild and Clandebray;"

and sometimes with such couplets as

> " Of Gilbert Griffinson the tale
> " Goes, and of gallant Peter Dale."

Surely such couplets as this would disgrace any poem subsequent to " Sir Tristram."

We have reserved to the last, a few observations on that universal exclamation which meets our ears—" how similar is Rokeby, in all its elements, to the other poems of Mr. Scott." He is a man who possesses a mind of vast reach, and every attribute of a poet: in fancy, in taste, in power of language, in quick and delicate conception, is superior to any living bard, except it be Campbell. Over these gifts he has a ready exercise: he is conscious that they will prevent him from writing any thing contemptible; and we know he may plead for his precipitance, and want of variety, the high offers of his booksellers. But he should remember, that there is something due to his own fame as well as to his fortune. The advice of Evander, when applied to Mr. Scott, is as requisite to form a great poet as it was to form a great hero:

> " Aude, hospes contemnere opes; et te quoque dignum,
> Finge Deo."

With the " Lady of the Lake" Mr. Scott attained the summit of his reputation. If chivalry was not novel, it was not ex-

haunted; and policy should have whispered to him not to hazard his glory presumptuously in the same field. In that production he had given adherence to his story; he had symmetrized his versification; he had presented us gallantry without guile, courtesy without rudeness, a view of feudal manners without any shocking absurdities, and, what he had never produced before, a female character, in which sweetness and dignity were mixed together with the most perfect nature. Three years have scarcely elapsed, part of which was consumed on another work, and we have again another poem of nearly the same age, the same character, the same style of composition. This facility of writing we fear will be his ruin; for we cannot forbear regarding him as a spendthrift, who is destroying himself by foolishly squandering those rich endowments, which, if judicially applied, would form his support and ornament. The public, we are persuaded, will not patiently bear many more of these chivalric romances; and should Mr. Scott again strike his lyre to the same note, if the music be not adorned with richer melodies than that which is now ringing on our ears, we cannot say that the old age of the minstrel will be despised, but we can predict, without any vast power of prophecy, that he will never rise to his fine estate.

"Qui propter amare senectæ
Pondera despicitur, nec quo prius ordine regnat."

Ovid.

Let him then task his invention, draw out his powers upon another field, restrain his unfortunate facility at composition, erect to himself a noble name of noble materials; remembering, that a monument of marble is more honourable than a mountain of rubbish.

NAVAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

Sketches of the Naval History of the United States, from the commencement of the Revolutionary War to the present time; containing detailed accounts of all the interesting actions of the public vessels of the United States, and of privateers; and an historical view of the policy and acts of the United States government relative to the naval establishment: likewise an appendix, wherein the chief part of the important documents concerning the navy are collected. By Thomas Clark, U. S. topographical engineer. pp. 320.—1813.

This is a very interesting collection of facts and documents, no where else to be found in so convenient a form, on the most important subject which now engrosses the attention of the American people. The naval history of this country is a theme on which we all dwell with peculiar pleasure, since our national pride cannot fail to receive its highest gratification from a series of brilliant and daring achievements. The author of the present work has therefore rendered a useful service, by enabling the public at large to become more familiar with our naval annals. As a literary production the work has not much pretension. The arrangement of the materials is not, we think, judicious; the narration is too much broken by an unnecessary division into particular periods, and there is a general want of perspicuity, which renders the volume less agreeable than more leisure on the part of the author might easily have rendered it. But these faults are in a great degree repaired by the diligence of the author, who has collected a number of highly curious particulars, which had been almost forgotten since the revolution, some of which we shall extract for the information of our readers.

The first formation and exploits of the American navy are thus mentioned:

The attention of the general congress was at an early period of the war turned to the formation of a navy. On the 13th of December, 1775, they determined to have thirteen frigates built, namely; five of 32 guns, five of 28, and three of 24. On the 23d of March, 1776, they issued letters of marque and reprisal against the enemies of the United States colonies. At the close of the year 1775 Congress commissioned several vessels, and appoint-

ed Ezekiel Hopkins to command them. This small fleet was fitted out in the Delaware; and consisted of the Alfred, commodore Hopkins, 30 guns and 300 men; the Columbus, Whipple, 28 guns and 300 men; the Andrew Doria, Biddle, 16 guns and 200 men; the Sebastian Cabot, Hopkins, jun. 14 guns and 200 men; and the Providence, Hazard, 12 guns and 150 men. It was at first contemplated to send this squadron against lord Dunmore, who was then committing great depredations along the coast of Virginia; but before the fleet was prepared to sail, the navigation of the Delaware was suspended by ice. On the opening of the river the ships dropped down; and on the 17th of February, 1776, they left cape Henlopen. The commodore, judging it improper to remain on the coast, appointed Abacco, one of the Bahama islands, a rendezvous for the fleet. Here the commodore was informed that at New Providence there was a considerable quantity of military stores, and that the place was not prepared to resist an attack. He resolved to make an attempt against it. For this purpose the marines of the fleet, amounting to upwards of two hundred, under the command of captain Nicholas, were landed on the east end of the island, without any opposition from the terrified inhabitants. As soon as the captain had formed his men, he marched forward to attack the fort between the town and the landing. The garrison after firing a few rounds, spiked their cannon and retired. On the next day the Americans marched to the town, of which they took possession without meeting any opposition. Here they found forty cannons loaded, fifteen brass mortars and a great quantity of shot and shells: but the principal object of their expedition, 150 barrels of powder, had been removed by the governor. The governor and lieutenant governor were carried off as prisoners by the commodore.

The establishment was soon enlarged, and the following resolution of congress will give the situation of the navy at the latter end of the year 1776:

Resolved, that the rank of the captains be as follows: viz. 1. James Nicholson, of the Virginia, of twenty-eight guns, 2. John Manly, of the Hancock, of thirty-two guns, 3. Hector M'Neil of the Boston, of twenty-four guns, 4. Dudley Saltonstall, of the Trumbull, of twenty-eight guns, 5. Nicholas Biddle, of the Randolph of thirty-two guns, 6. Thomas Thompson, of the Raleigh, of thirty-two guns, 7. John Barry, of the Effingham, of twenty-eight guns, 8. Thomas Reed, of the Washington, of thirty-two guns, 9. Thomas Grennall of the Congress, of twenty-eight guns, 10. Charles Alexander of the Delaware, of twenty-four guns, 11. Lambert Wickes, of the Reprisal, of sixteen guns, 12. Abraham Whipple, of the Providence, of twenty-eight guns, 13. John Hop-

kins, of the Warren, of thirty-two guns, 14 John Hodge of the Montgomery, of twenty-four guns, 15. William Hallock, of the Lexington, of sixteen guns, 16. Hoysted Hacker, of the Hamden, of — guns, 17. Isaiah Robinson, of the Andrew Doria, of fourteen guns, 18. John Paul Jones, of the Providence, of twelve guns, 19. James Josiah, of the ————, of — guns, 20. Elisha Hinman, of the Alfred, of twenty-eight guns, 21. Joseph Olney, of the Cabot, of sixteen guns, 22. James Robinson, of the Sachem, of ten guns, 23. John Young, of the Independence, of ten guns, 24. Elisha Warner, of the Fly, of — guns, Lieutenant Baldwin, of the Wasp, of eight guns, lieutenant Albertson, of the Muaquito, of four guns.

The different naval engagements during the war are particularly described by the author, who adds some interesting particulars of the activity of the American privateers:

The success of American privateers during the year 1777, in the capture of English merchantmen, was extremely great. Their daring spirit and boldness was unparalleled. Their enterprises were no longer confined to the American seas. The coasts of Europe were now covered with them. The shores of Great Britain were insulted by these privateers, in a manner their hardiest enemies had never dared to attempt. Even the coasting trade of Ireland was rendered insecure. Into so great a state of alarm were the linen merchants thrown, that they petitioned for, and obtained a convoy for the linen ships between Newry and Dublin, and Dublin and England. This was a circumstance before unheard of. The British merchants were forced to adopt the mortifying expedient, of chartering foreign vessels, particularly French, to transport English goods to the continent of Europe. Thus was the immense naval force of Great Britain rendered incompetent fully to protect her own shipping, by the privateers of a country that possessed not a single sail of the line, and that had been only a year in existence as a nation.

The countenance given to American privateers by the French court alarmed the English ministry. The General Mifflin privateer had committed great depredations along the English coasts. On entering the port of Brest, she saluted the French admiral. After the deliberation of an hour and a half, the admiral returned the salute in form, as to the vessel of a sovereign and independent state. Lord Stormont, the British ambassador at the court of Versailles, was much irritated at the conduct of the French. He threatened to return to London, if they should continue thus to countenance the Americans. In consequence of his representations, an order was issued, requiring all American vessels to leave the ports of France. Notwithstanding this

order was positive, yet so many evasions were practised, and the execution of it was so relaxed, that the American ships still continued to frequent the French ports, and to equip and refit in them.

The English West India islands, in particular, continued to feel the severe effects of the American system of privateering. It is estimated that the number of English vessels, employed in the West India trade, captured by American cruisers, amounted on the 1st of February, 1777, to 250 sail; and the value of their cargoes to about $10,000,000. In the course of one week, 14 English vessels were carried into Martinico. So overstocked was the market of this island by these privateers, that English silk stockings, which usually sold for two and three dollars, were disposed of for one dollar. Sailors went from door to door, offering their prize goods for sale. Nor could they dispose of Irish linen for more than two dollars per piece. Other goods sold at the same rate. Of a fleet of sixty vessels from Ireland, for the West Indies, thirty-five were captured by American privateers.

The number of English vessels captured by the Americans during the year 1777, amounted to 467. Previous to the war, the English employed two hundred ships in the African trade. The cargo of each was valued at about 40,000 dollars; making together $8,000,000. At the close of the year 1777, only forty remained in that trade. So that this branch of commerce alone, suffered an annual diminution of $6,400,000."

"An American privateer put into Beerhaven, in Ireland, for fresh provisions. She remained there about ten hours, paid for every thing she got, and departed in safety."

"The Reprisal of 18 guns, captain Wickes, the Lexington of 16, Johnson, and the Dolphin of 10, Nicholson, after leaving Nantes, sailed round Ireland, and up the north channel. In the course of five days, they took 14 vessels; 110 prisoners were put on board the Crawford, one of the prizes, with permission to proceed to Whitehaven, and to dispose of the vessel as they thought proper."

Among the resolutions of Congress at this period, we observe one which might, we think, be very usefully adopted during the present war:

On the 3d of October, 1776, the secret committee were empowered to purchase, arm, and equip, a frigate and two cutters, in Europe. They were instructed to give orders to the said frigate to cruise in the British channel against the enemies of the United States.

After the revolutionary war, the navy appears to have been almost abandoned; for we are told, that

The appropriations for defraying the expenses of the marine department during the year 1784, amounted only to thirty thousand dollars.

The depredations of the Algerines first induced the government to have recourse to a naval establishment, in the year 1794, when an act of congress authorised the building of four ships of forty-four guns, and two of thirty-six. The peace with Algiers was succeeded by the war with France, which occasioned a gradual increase of the marine, till

The navy of the United States (says the author) during the years 1798 and 1799, amounted to six forty-four gun ships, three thirty-six, seven thirty-two, three twenty-four, seven twenty, four eighteen, and three fourteen. In all thirty-three vessels, besides a number of smaller vessels.

During the years 1798, 1799 and 1800, there were four thousand able seamen in the navy of the United States, who, with the requisite number of ordinary seamen, would have been sufficient to have manned eighteen sail of the line.

The following are the details:

Ships of the United States' Navy, 1798, 1799.

	Guns		Years
United States	44	commissioned and put in service	1798
Constitution	44		1798
Constellation	44		1798
Congress, early	36	commissioned and put in service	1799
President	44		1799
Chesapeake	44		1799
Philadelphia	44		1799
Newyork	36		1799
Essex	32		1799
John Adams	32		1799
Adams	32		1799
George Washington	32		1798
Boston	32		1798
General Greene	32		1798
Insurgent	36		1799
Ganges	32		1798
Portsmouth	24		
Merimack	24		1798
Connecticut	24		

	Guns	Years
Baltimore	20	1799
Delaware	20	1798
Maryland	20	1799
Patapsco	20	
Herald	18	1798
Trumbull	20	
Warren	20	1798
Montezuma	20	
Norfolk	18	
Richmond	18	
Augusta	18	
Pickering	14	
Experiment	14	
Enterprise	14	
And a number of smaller vessels		1799
In service in 1798, 20		
1799, 30	besides smaller vessels.	

The present war forms a new era in our maritime history not less brilliant than any which preceded it. The account of the different naval engagements since the declaration of war are given circumstantially by the author. These are so familiar that it is unnecessary to dwell on them. We shall therefore extract *only* what relates to the present state of the navy:

On the second of January, 1813, congress passed an act to increase the navy of the United States. It authorised the president, as soon as suitable materials could be procured therefor, to cause to be built, equipped, and employed, four ships to rate not less than seventy-four guns, and six ships to rate forty-four guns each.

On the third of March, 1813, an act was passed supplementary to the act for increasing the navy. It authorised the president to have six sloops of war built and equipped for service: also, such number of sloops of war, or other armed vessels, on the lakes, as the public service may require.

For the building or procuring said vessels, and for the payment of two hundred thousand dollars for vessels already procured on the lakes, by direction of the president, the sum of nine hundred thousand dollars to be appropriated.

The sum of one hundred thousand dollars to be appropriated for the purpose of establishing a dockyard, for repairing vessels of war, in such central and convenient place on the seaboard, as the president of the United States shall designate.

The president to be authorised to contract for the building any of the six forty-four gun ships authorised by law; provided

that the building be under the inspection of an agent appointed by the secretary of the navy.

On the third of March an act was passed to encourage the destruction of the armed vessels of war of the enemy. It allowed to any person who should destroy a British armed vessel of war, otherwise than by the armed or commissioned vessels of the United States, a bounty of the one half of the value of such vessel and cargo. Torpedoes, submarine instruments, or any other destructive machines whatever, to be used for this purpose.

List of the Navy of the United States, May 1, 1813.

FRIGATES.

United States	rate 44 guns
Constitution	44
President	44
Macedonian	38
Chesapeake	36
Congress	36
Constellation	36
Essex	32
Adams	32

SHIPS.

John Adams	24
Louisiana	20
Hornet	16

BLOCK-SHIP.

Alert	24

BRIGS.

Argus	16
Siren	16
Enterprise	12
Troup	18

SCHOONERS.

Ferret	8
Nonsuch	8
Carolina	14
Asp	—

YACHT.

Scorpion	—

4 hired schooners at Baltimore.
2 block-sloops at Philadelphia.
12 barges.
160 gunboats.

Lake Ontario.

Ship Madison	24
Brig Oneida	18

SCHOONERS.

Governor Tompkins,	Hamilton,
Fair American,	Ontario,

Conquest, Growler,
Pert, Scourge,
Julia, Elizabeth,
Mary, bomb,
And a twenty-four gun ship building.

Lake Erie.

SLOOPS.

President, Growler, Eagle.
4 gunboats,
And 2 sloops of war building.

The following information is contained in a letter from the secretary of the navy to a committee of congress:

The following table will show the expense of building, and annual expense in service, of each rate:

Rate.	Expense of Building.	Annual Expense.
74	$333,000	$211,784
60	270,000	140,000
50	225,000	115,214
44	198,000	110,000
36	162,000	102,000
32	128,000	82,000
20	70,000	50,202

The distribution of prize money is thus directed by act of congress:

The proceeds of all ships and vessels, and the goods taken on board of them, which shall be adjudged good prize, shall, when of equal or superior force to the vessel or vessels making the capture, be the sole property of the captors; and when of inferior force, shall be divided equally between the United States and the officers and men making the capture.

The prize money, belonging to the officers and men, shall be distributed in the following manner:

I. To the commanding officers of fleets, squadrons, or single ships, three twentieths, of which the commanding officer of the fleet or squadron shall have one twentieth, if the prize be taken by a ship or vessel acting under his command, and the commander of single ships two twentieths; but where the prize is taken by a ship acting independently of such superior officer, the three twentieths shall belong to her commander.

II. To sea lieutenants, captains of marines, and sailing masters, two twentieths; but where there is a captain without a lieutenant of marines, these officers shall be entitled to two twentieths and one third of a twentieth, which third, in such case, shall be deducted from the share of the officers mentioned in article No. III of this section.

III. To chaplains, lieutenants of marines, surgeons, pursers, boatswains, gunners, carpenters, and masters mates, two twentieths.

IV. To midshipmen, surgeons mates, captains clerks, schoolmasters, boatswains mates, gunners mates, carpenters mates, ships stewards, sail makers, masters at arms, armourers, cockswains, and coopers, three twentieths and an half.

V. To gunners yeomen, boatswains yeomen, quarter masters, quarter gunners, sail makers mates, serjeants and corporals of marines, drummers, fifers, and extra petty officers, two twentieths and an half.

VI. To seamen, ordinary seamen, marines, and all other persons doing duty on board, seven twentieths.

VII. Whenever one or more public ships or vessels are in sight at the time any one or more ships are taking a prize or prizes, they shall all share equally in the prize or prizes, according to the number of men and guns on board each ship in sight. No commander of a fleet or squadron shall be entitled to receive any share of prizes taken by vessels not under his immediate command; nor of such prizes as may have been taken by ships or vessels intended to be placed under his command, before they have acted under his immediate orders; nor shall a commander of a fleet or squadron, leaving the station where he had the command, have any share in the prizes taken by ships left on such station, after he has gone out of the limits of his said command.

A bounty shall be paid by the United States of twenty dollars, for each person on board any ship of an enemy at the commencement of an engagement, which shall be sunk or destroyed by any ship or vessel belonging to the United States, of equal or inferior force, the same to be divided among the officers and crew in the same manner as prize money.

Every officer, seaman, or marine, disabled in the line of his duty, shall be entitled to receive for life, or during his disability, a pension from the United States, according to the nature and degree of his disability, not exceeding one half his monthly pay.

The following calculation is interesting:

Much having been said on the disparity of force between the American 44 gun frigates and the British 38, the rates of the Constitution and Guerriere, it will, perhaps, not be out of place here, to give a comparative view of the force of each. Both the American 44 gun ships and the British 38 gun ships are constructed on the same principles, and their guns are placed in the same relative position, forming batteries of a similar nature. The guns in each ship are placed on the main or gun deck, the quarter deck and the forecastle. The gun deck, which may be considered as the line of defence, is about 176 feet long in the American 44 gun ships, and about 160 feet in the English

38 gun ships.—The line of defence, therefore, in the American 44 gun ships, exceeds the English by about 16 feet. But it is to be observed, that the length of line of defence by no means implies strength. This essentially consists in the number of guns that can be placed in battery, with advantage, in a given line, and the strength of the ramparts and parapets, in which light the sides of the ship may be considered. A line of defence of 200 feet, mounting 30 guns in battery, would be about one-fourth weaker, and produce an effect one-fourth less, than a line of defence 150 feet long, mounting the same number of guns. The American 44 gun ships mount 30 twenty-four pounders on the gun deck, 24 thirty-two pound carronades, and 2 eighteen pounders on the quarter deck and forecastle, or upper decks. The British 38 gun ships mount 28 eighteen pounders on their gun deck, 18 thirty-two pound carronades, and 2 eighteen pounders, on their quarter deck and forecastle, besides a 24 pounder shifting gun. In an engagement between ship and ship, the effect produced is by the broadside or the number of guns placed in battery on one side of the ship. So that only half the number of guns in a ship can be considered as placed in battery in its length or line of defence. The number of guns, therefore, of the American 44 gun ships, placed in battery in its line of defence of 176 feet, will be 28. The number of guns in the English 38 gun ships, placed in battery in its line of defence of 160 feet, will be 24: but as they carry a shifting gun, which may be placed in battery on either side, the number will actually be 25. So that the number of guns in battery in the American 44 gun ships, will exceed those in the English 38 gun ships, only one-tenth. But the American line of defence is one-tenth longer, and consequently would be one-tenth weaker than the English, if it had only the same number of guns in battery: consequently, the force of each, when the line of defence and number of guns placed in battery are considered, is about equal.

The American 44 gun ships carry twenty-four pounders on their gun decks, the English eighteen pounders. But are not eighteen pounders of sufficient weight of metal for the service of large frigates, and fully calculated to produce every effect that may be required in an engagement between frigates? It has, moreover, been asserted by the officers of the Constitution, that the shot of the Java's eighteen pounders were only three pounds lighter than those of the American twenty-four pounders, after accurately weighing them both. So that, consequently, the difference in weight of metal was only one-eighth.

It has been often asserted in the British newspapers, that the American frigates were 74's in disguise. It has also been asserted, by an English naval commander, in his official letter, that the American 44 gun ships were built with the scantling of a 74. If, by this assertion, he meant to insinuate that the American 44 gun ships were of the same nature with a 74 or

ships of the line, he has manifested an extreme want of candour or want of professional knowledge. 74 gun ships are all of the line, that is, they have guns mounted on two gun decks, extending the whole length of the ship, or its line of defence, besides those on the quarter deck and forecastle; and, in addition to these, there are guns on the poop.—The length of the line of a 74 is about the same as that of the American 44 gun ships. A 74 gun ship mounts about 88 guns; consequently, the number of guns placed in battery in her line of defence, will be 44 guns; and in the American frigate of 44 guns, only 28 in the same line of defence. Consequently, the strength of the line of defence of a 74, is not very far from double that of an American 44 gun ship, considered in respect of the number of guns; without taking into consideration the difference in weight of metal, and the compactness and strength of sides.

This, we believe, sufficiently demonstrates the illiberality and absurdity of comparing the American 44 gun frigates to British 74's, with a view to disparage the rising glory of the American navy, and to depreciate the noble exploits of her gallant tars.

On the great question which should now engage the attention of our statesmen, the author adds some considerations, which we deem of sufficient interest to extract from them copiously, and conclude with recommending the volume as containing, in a small compass, much useful and agreeable matter.

On turning our attention to the subject of the United States' navy, these questions naturally arise in our minds—Is an efficient naval establishment necessary for the United States?—Does it possess the means of forming and supporting one?—What naval system would answer best for the United States?

It will first be necessary to fix a determinate idea to the words, efficient naval force. If this force be merely destined for the defence of the sea-coast of the United States, it should be equal to any force the enemy could permanently keep on the coast. Let us examine the strength of the force England can, under various circumstances, send to our coasts. The British navy consists of nearly 1000 vessels of every description. Previous to the present war with the United States, she had at sea 115 sail of the line; in port and fitting out, 32; 4 guard ships of the line; hospital ships, &c. 31; in ordinary and repairing, 70; building, 31;—making together, 283 of the line.

By this statement we perceive, that notwithstanding the English were at war with a nation that was making every exertion to form a naval establishment equal to her own, she had not one half of her sail of the line at sea.

Let us now examine the probable amount of force the English government could, while at war with France, keep on the

coasts of the United States. At the commencement of the year 1813, six months after the declaration of war, there were only 8 sail of the line on the whole American station, including Halifax, Newfoundland, Bermuda, Western Islands, and West Indies. It is said that about 20 additional sail of the line are to be sent to the American station. We may, therefore, reasonably conclude, that, while the English government is at war with France, she could not keep more than 30 sail of the line on the American station; nor could she, possibly, keep more than the two-thirds of these, or 20 sail of the line, on the coasts of the United States.

Now, as a sail of the line is in itself a force superior to any frigate, or perhaps any number of frigates that could attack it, we must conclude, that a nation with a naval establishment, however large, consisting only of frigates, would not be efficient against one having sail of the line; and that the latter, in proportion to the number of sail of the line she possessed, could blockade the ports of the former. The English government, therefore, with this force on our coast, could, while our naval force consists only of frigates, permanently blockade from ten to twenty ports, harbours, or bays. If the American government possessed four sail of the line, then all the English blockading squadrons would have to consist of at least four sail of the line, and not more than four or five places could be blockaded. If the United States possessed eight sail of the line, not more than two places could be blockaded; if they possessed twelve, not more than one; and if they possessed from twenty to thirty sail of the line, they could effectually protect the coast against any naval force the English government, while at war with France, could keep on it. Therefore, from twenty to thirty sail of the line would be a sufficient naval establishment under existing circumstances.

Supposing England were at peace with every other government but the United States, she could not well keep more than 100 sail of the line on the American station; and of these she could not permanently keep more than 60 on the coasts of the United States. So that then, if the United States possessed no vessel of the line, she could blockade from 80 to 60 places. If the United States were in possession of 4 sail of the line, she could not blockade more than 15 places, if they possessed between 20 and 30 sail of the line, she could not blockade more than 2 or 3 places; if they possessed from 60 to 100 sail of the line, they could effectually protect the coast against any naval force England could keep on it. Therefore, from 60 to 100 sail of the line might be considered as an efficient naval establishment, fully to protect the coasts of the United States against every exertion of the British navy, if England were at peace with every other nation but the United States.

Is an efficient naval establishment necessary for the United States? That is, is it necessary to protect 100,000 seamen from insult, impressment into foreign service, and oppression of every kind? Is it necessary to protect property to the amount of $200,000,000, annually imported and exported, from seizure by foreign powers, under arbitrary rules, orders, &c.? Is it necessary to protect shipping to the amount of 1,350,281 tons? Is it necessary to protect the sea-coast of the United States, and the numerous commercial towns scattered along it?

Do the United States possess the means of forming and supporting a navy? The requisites for a navy, are ships, seamen, and money. The United States certainly possess every material requisite for the construction of vessels of war. In no country are there more extensive forests, producing every sort of timber proper for ship-building: nor is there any, where every other material, used in constructing and equipping vessels, is produced in such abundance. A great number of the most skilful shipwrights, and mechanics connected with them, fully adequate for all our purposes, are dispersed along the sea-coast.

There are 100,000 registered seamen in the United States. As the great object of the United States government is defence, and not conquest, any naval force it may possess, will, in all probability, never exceed 25 sail of the line, 25 frigates, and 25 sloops of war. The number of men required to man these vessels, will be 31,500, allowing very full complements for each vessel. The able seamen required for these vessels, and included in the above number of men, could not exceed 13,000, or about the one-sixth of the able seamen belonging to the United States. These, by proper management, might be readily obtained.

The expease of building and equipping 25 sail of the line, 25 frigates, and 25 sloops of war, would amount to 15 millions of dollars. Their annual expense in service would amount to about 9 millions. The duties on imported merchandize alone amount to from 10 to 20 millions of dollars. And even in time of war, provided our coasts were properly protected, a revenue of about 20 millions of dollars might be raised in this way. Now the interest of $15,000,000 would be $900,000; this, added to the annual expense of an efficient navy, under present circumstances, would be $9,900,000; which is about half the revenue that might be raised from commerce alone.

What naval system would answer best for the United States? The naval establishment of the United States should consist of the navy, several large corps of marines, and a naval school or schools. It ought to be the policy of the United States government, to increase her navy in a gradual and permanent manner. For this purpose, one-third of the revenue arising from commerce, might be appropriated. Two-thirds of this sum to be permanently employed in building, equipping and repairing an

equal number of vessels of the line, frigates, and sloops of war, and in defraying the contingent expenses of the navy yards, &c. The other third of this sum to be permanently appropriated in maintaining a permanent establishment of naval officers and seamen.

Supposing the revenue arising from commerce to amount to 18 millions of dollars; to which, even in the present state of affairs, it might be made to amount, provided government were possessed of an efficient force to protect commerce; the one-third of it would be 6 millions; the two-thirds of this, 4 millions; allowing one million a year for repairs, &c. there would remain three millions a year for building vessels. This, in the course of five years, would amount to 15 millions—a sum sufficient to build 25 sail of the line, 25 large frigates, and 25 large sloops of war.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

COMEDIES OF PLAUTUS.

(Continued from page 583, vol. 1.)

Some may be surprised that such wit should be found in Plautus; but we must render justice where it is due: puns belong to every age and to every language. Cicero has given us an example more than once: Sosia, in the midst of his terrors thus plays upon words: among other attempts to alarm him, Mercury says that the evening before he had mauled four men. I fear, says Sosia, that my name will be changed, and that I shall be called *the fifth* [i. e. Quintus, which was also a man's name.] He continues to trifle in the same manner:

Mer. Whoever comes this way shall eat my fists.
Sos. Psha! I dont like
To eat so late at night—Away with them.
I supt just now—Then pray bestow your supper
On them that have more appetite.

Mer. A voice flies to my ears.
Sos. Unlucky, that I did not clip its wings,
Since 'tis a bird-like voice.
Mer. The wretch! he calls for't,
He claims it of me, a most heavy lading
On his beast's back.

Sos. Not I—I have no beast
Of burden truly.
Mer. Certainly
'Tis *some one* speaks.
Sos. I'm safe; he sees me not.
He says 'tis *some one* speaks: now verily
My name is *Sosia*.
Mer. As it seems, the voice
Upon the right here strikes my ear.
Sos. I fear
I shall be beaten for my voice that strikes him.

All these plays upon words are in the style of Harlequin and not in that of Moliere. Yet all the pleasantries of the scene which follows, and which turn upon the two *me's* are excellent, and Moliere could do no better than transplant them. He has borrowed also the quarrel and the reconciliation with Alcmena, and the scene in which Mercury from a window, treats Amphytrion with so little respect, and thus helps to unravel the plot.

Moliere is also indebted to the *Aulula* for the hint and the greater part of his *Miser*, and in English we have two comedies, one by Shadwell, the other by Fielding, on the same plan. The play of Plautus is so called from *Aula*, which signifies a pot; because Euclio found a treasure which had been buried by his grandfather in such a vessel. In the French piece the treasure has not been yet discovered, which makes it much better. Moreover, Harpagon is rich and known to be so, which renders his avarice more disgusting and less excusable. Euclio is poor, and is like Fontaine's cobler, whose head was turned by a thousand crowns. From the moment of the discovery, Euclio thinks of nothing but concealing his treasure. He is in a continual dream, and denies himself every thing, in order that he may prevent all suspicion of his good fortune. This picture is just, and all its traits are striking. Euclio opens the scene as in Moliere, by a quarrel with his servant; because he imagines that he is suspected by him, and that his domestic intends to rob him. He asserts incessantly that he is poor, which is very well: but Harpagon says the same thing, which is better, because we know to the contrary. Euclio puts his servant out of doors, while he goes to enjoy the sight of his treasure. He is obliged to go out

himself, though with regret, and with good reason, because he is to go to an assembly of the people where money is to be distributed: it required nothing less to entice a miser from his house. Obliged to leave the servant to take care of the house, he enjoins him to open the door to no one; not even to Fortune if she should present herself.

Eucl. Take care of all within.
Staph. Take care of what?
Will any think you, run away with the house?
I'm sure there's nothing else to carry off,
Except the cobwebs—Truth, its full of emptiness.
Eucl. You hag of hags!
Hearkye, I'd have you to preserve those cobwebs.
I'm poor, I'm very poor, I do confess;
Yet I'm content; I bear what Heaven allots.
Come, get you in: bolt the door after you:
I shall be back directly: and be sure
Dont let a soul in.
Staph. What if any one
Should beg some fire?
Eucl. I'd have you put it out,
That there may be no plea to ask for any.
If you do leave a spark of fire alive,
I'll put out every spark of fire in you.
If any body wants to borrow water,
Tell them 'tis all run out; and if, as is
The custom among neighbours, they should want
A knife, an axe, a pestle, or a mortar,
Tell them some rogues broke in and stole them all.
Be sure let no one in while I'm away;—
I charge you even if *Good luck* should come
Dont let her in.
Staph. *Good luck*, quoth! I warrant you
She's not in such a hurry; she has never
Come to our house, though she is ne'er so near.

All these traits have the stamp of truth; but there follow some extravagances. Euclio is represented as complaining of being ruined when the smoke from his hearth goes out of the chimney, and when he sleeps he puts a bag to his mouth to prevent any loss by respiration; he preserves the parings of his nails, &c. This is *o'erstepping the modesty of nature:* so, when

he examines both the hands of a slave whom he suspected to have stolen his pot of money, and commands him to show his *third* hand, *ostende etiam tertiam*, he is guilty of a great absurdity; in which Moliere does not venture to imitate him, and Shadwell and Fielding have been equally cautious. In the French play, Harpagon, after seeing one hand demands the other; and upon the second being exhibited, he calls for the first, and so on. His passion made him forget that he had seen both, but it did not make him forget that no man has more than two hands. In this instance Plautus is farce, and Moliere is truly comic.

A rich neighbour comes to demand the daughter of Euclion in marriage. He suspects that his treasure has been discovered, but his fears are removed by the offer to take her without a portion. The intended husband, Megodorus, in the absence of the miser sends cooks and provisions to his house. Upon his return Euclion sets up the most horrible outcries, beats the cooks, turns them out of doors, and keeps what they had brought. This is very well; but the idea of the French poet is better. He, by making his hero in love, has exhibited two passions, which of all others are the least congenial. The perfection of comedy consists in placing the character in contrast with the situation. Nothing can be more diverting than the distress of a miser, who finds himself obliged to give a dinner to his mistress, and yet wishes to avoid the expense.

At length the treasure of Euclion is discovered and stolen by a slave, and he learns at the same time that his daughter has been debauched by her lover (not Megadorus) who wishes to marry her. The unfortunate young man happens to disclose it to the father at the very moment when he is raving about the loss of his treasure, which produces an amusing scene of equivoque.

Lyconides, the lover of Euclion's daughter, procures the pot of gold,* and restores it to the miser. The old man is

* It is but justice to the poet to state, that the critics universally agree in supposing the remainder of this play to be lost. What is generally added here to finish the piece, is much inferior to Plautus, both in matter and style. It is attributed to *Antonius Codrus Urceus*, professor at Bologne, who lived in the reigns of the emperors Sigismund and Frederic III.

transported with joy and kisses his treasure: all this is very natural, but the result is very unexpected. He cries out suddenly, "to whom shall I return thanks? to the gods who took pity upon an honest man, or to my friends who have behaved so fairly? to both." He then puts the treasure into the hands of his son-in-law, and consents that he and his wife shall live with him: a slave then addresses the audience: "Euclio has changed his niggard nature on a sudden—he's become liberal."

This conclusion cannot be approved; because it violates one of the primary laws of the drama, which requires an unity of character to the last. A miser is not transformed so instantaneously; especially at the very moment when his treasure being just restored, it should be supposed to be dearer to him than ever. Great talent is displayed in the rest of the piece, but the catastrophe and some other faults which it displays, convince one that Plautus had not advanced far in the dramatic art.

Those who are in search of subjects for comic operas, may find one in the *Casina* of our author, which has more gayety than any other of his comedies. There is an old man who is smitten with a slave that had been brought up in his house, and who is desirous of marrying her to one of his dependents, in order that he may still have her within his power. This is precisely the plan which the *count de Almaviva* proposes to Susanna in the *Wedding of Figaro*, excepting that the slave is more accommodating than the accomplice. The wife of the old man having discovered the plot, protects another slave, whom she directs to demand the girl in marriage. After various debates on the subject between the husband and his wife, they agree to decide the fate of the girl by drawing lots. The husband's candidate succeeds, but he enters into a league with the wife to deceive his master, who upon going to bed, instead of finding the person whom he expected, is encountered by a robust slave, by whom he is treated very roughly. This catastrophe partakes very much of the character of farce: but we have many imitations of it on the modern stage.

NOTES OF A DESULTORY READER.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE HENRIADE.

Voltaire, in his essay on epic poetry, furnishes a flattering apology for imitation, if not for plagiarism, in his preference of Virgil to Homer. Homere a fait Virgile, dit on. Si cela est, c'est sans doute, son plus bel ouvrage. Homer, they say, has made Virgil; but if so, it is unquestionably the best work he ever made.

But whether correct or not in this opinion, the wit has amply availed himself of its sanction, in the hope perhaps, that he might attain the superlative degree of excellence, and eclipse the copy as far as it has eclipsed the original; a point which he has achieved in the opinion of lord Chesterfield, (see his letters.) At any rate, the French epic makes very free with the Roman one, as well in the conduct as in the sentiment and language of the poem. In the Æneiad, the godlike man relates the disasters of Troy to the queen of Carthage: in like manner the hero of the Henriad, is made to recite the misfortunes of France to the queen of England, not forgetting the introductory,

> Infandum regina jubes renovare dolorem.
>
> Helas! reprit Bourbon faut il que ma mémoire
> Repelle de ces temps la malheureuse histoire!

The French poet does not indeed present us with a Troy-town burnt, but he uses very little ceremony in borrowing sentiments and images from the masterpiece of Homer. Laocoon says, "quidquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentes;" and Bourbon has the same idea when he says,

> Quelques uns soupconnoint ces perfides presents,
> Les dons d'un ennemi leur sembloint trop à craindre,
> Plus ils se defioient, plus le roi savoit feindre,

Who can doubt that this simile of Virgil,

> Purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro
> Languescit moriens; lassove papavera collo
> Demisere caput pluvia cum forte gravantur,

was in the eye of the French poet when he wrote the following, in describing the death of Joyeuse!

Telle une tendre fleur qu'un matin voit éclore
De baisirs de Zephire et de pleurs de l'Aurore,
Brille un moment aux yeux et tombe avec le temps
Sous le tranchent du fer, ou sous les efforts des vents.

The imitation however is not so exact as to warrant the charge of plagiarism.

St. Louis's transportation of Henry to heaven, and hell, and presenting him in the palace of the destinies with his posterity, and the great men whom France was to produce, is a pretty faithful copy of Æneas's descent into the lower regions and Elysian fields, and the picture given him of the future glories and misfortunes of his country. The narration in Virgil is as closely imitated in the Henriade as the difference of subject will admit, and the same ideas are introduced where feasible, of which the following is an instance:

Ostendent terris hunc tentum fata, neque ultra
Esse sinent.

Grand dieu! ne faites, vous que montrer aux humains
Cette fleur passagere ouvrage de vos mains!

Ovid also has been copied, though, in respect to the sense, improved upon in the following line:

Henri n'aura jàmais vainqueur que lui même
Ne quisquam Ajacem possit superare nisi Ajax.

But Voltaire is not only charged with imitating favourite authors, but even those that have been the objects of his sarcasms; and we are told by Mrs. Montague, that his ungrateful soil has been fertilized by the "enormous dunghill" of Shakspeare. I am far from lessening the merit of copying with ingenuity and incorporating a good passage without the awkward ceremonial of recognizing the soil from which it has been transplanted; and in this, without wishing to detract a tittle from his justly admired genius, be it said, that Monsieur de Voltaire was exceedingly adroit. Should further evidence be required, turn to the third chapter of his essay on Epic poetry, where he treats of Virgil and the fable of his poem, and particularly of the harpies, and vessels of Æneas transformed into nymphs. Precisely the same remarks will be found in the 5th vol. of the Spectator, No. 351

But returning to the Henriade—If Voltaire has borrowed beauties, he has also many original ones, to which his title is unquestionable; and which may justify lord Chesterfield in saying, that "the poem is adorned with the justest and liveliest reflections, the most beautiful descriptions, the noblest images and sublimest sentiments." As respects the last, I will select a single example.

Un Juge incorruptible y rassemble à ses pieds,
Ces immortels esprits que son souffle a creés,
C'est cet Etre infini qu'on sert et qu'on ignore.
Sous des noms différents le monde entier l'adore.
Du haut de l'empyrée il entend nos clameurs:
Il regarde en pitié ce long amas d'erreurs;
Ces portraits insensés, que l'humaine ignorance
Fait avec piété de sa sagesse immense.

MARMONTEL.

In what degree of literary eminence this writer stands among his countrymen, I pretend not to know, but probably it is not in the first. His plays I have been told, if not forgotten, are neglected, and seldom if ever brought upon the stage. As to his Belisarius, by which it would appear he acquired much fame, I could never read it through; whether it be owing to my utter inability to relish fables reared upon history, or to be interested with abstract speculations on government, which presuppose a better nature and more exalted sentiments of generosity and justice in man in the aggregate, than I, in my most philanthropic moods, have yet been able to discover in him. But his memoirs are delightful; and he appears to be distinguished by a simplicity and unaffectedness of manner, admirably adapted to works of that kind. I have never met with a better told, and more fascinating episode than that of the romantic Mademoiselle Navarre: nor a man more agreeably characterized than the opera-singer Geliotte, "gentle, good-humoured, *amistoux*, &c." He gives us also some pleasing traits of "the good, the wise, the virtuous Vauvenargue," as well as of most of the personages he introduces. Taste and amenity in monsieur Marmontel, seem to predominate over energy of genius.

The name of Vauvenargue suggests the very eloquent oration of Voltaire upon the officers who lost their lives in the war of 1743. I think it is in a peculiar manner dedicated to the memory of this gentleman, who belonged to the king's regiment of guards, and who, according to his panegyrist, had soared to the sublimest heights of virtue and wisdom, in an age of frivolity and folly.

—

WALTER SCOTT.

In literature, as in other things, when one finds himself obliged to dissent from established opinions, it becomes him to do it with diffidence. This remark, however, does not apply to the general merit of Mr. Scott, who certainly exercises over my mind the power of a poet, in as great a degree perhaps as the nature of his subjects, and his antiquated ballad-manner of treating them, will admit. But I am compelled to say, that I do not discover the ascending series discerned by others in the order of his poems; nor am I disposed to grant, that his Lady of the Lake is superior to his two preceding productions, or either of them. I have not, it is true, examined the works with a critical eye, and rather speak here from a first impression, which, with due allowance for the mental mood of the reader, is not perhaps the worst mode of estimating the comparative value of poetical compositions. In the Lady of the Lake then, not a single passage is recollected which filled me with rapture, which arrested my progress and induced me to read it over. In Marmion, on the contrary, I often fed with a truly epicurean relish. The opening of the poem with Norham's battlements gilded with the last rays of the sun; the introduction of Marmion approaching on his charger, as well as the description of the smoke which enveloped the castle-walls on firing the guns at his departure, appeared to me *traits charmans*; nor less so, the lively picture of the vessel bearing through "the green sea-foam" the abbess of St. Hilda and her nuns; the midnight tilting on Gifford moor, with an imagined spectre and Marmion's relation of it to Douglass; his timely escape from Tantallon, by dashing through the opening before the fall of the portcullis, and thundering over the drawbridge already trembling under the efforts to raise it. These

are all highly interesting and poetical; as is the prophetic *gibbering* from Dun Edin's cross before the battle of Flodden, the description of the battle, the death of Marmion, and the relenting tenderness of Clare.

> O woman! in our hours of ease,
> Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
> And variable as the shade
> By the light quivering aspen made,
> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!

From the opinion of those who discover so much more merit in The Lady of the Lake, than in the two poems which preceded it, an implied censure is deducible on the general manner of the Scottish bard. In this last we are told, the versification is more full and harmonious; that is perhaps, less quaint and uncouth, more in the style of those poems we have hitherto been accustomed to admire, and to deem models of poetical excellence.

—

Though in general well pleased with the nautical humour of Smollet's commodore Trunnion, I never could relish the extravagance of his tacking against the head-wind, when on horseback on his way to church to be married. The improbability is too violent.

> Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

Neither in Rosseau's Eloisa, are we agreeably affected by the singular state of society which prevails between Wolmar, his wife, and her former lover St. Preux. Although Rousseau had experienced somewhat like it in the intercourse which subsisted between himself and Claude Anet, as equal sharers in the affections of their common protectress Madame de Warrens, yet the circumstance is improbable, and therefore improper to be introduced into his novel. Justly says Boileau,

> Jamais au spectateur n'offrez rein d'incroyable;
> Le vrai peut quelque fois n'etre pas vraisemblable.

—

Every writer for the stage, must no doubt experience considerable difficulty in introducing the principal personages well,

and in such a way as to give the audience a favourble impression of them. Cumberland tells us, that in a conversation with Garrick on the subject, the player enjoined it upon him as essential to a good reception, to have his West Indian announced before his appearance; and if he could hit upon no better mode of doing it, to set the servants a talking about him. Boileau in his Art of Poetry, recognizes this difficulty, and says that rather than see the characters unfolded by the clumsy disclosure of a wearisome intrigue, he would have the actor come forward, and at once declare who he is.

> J'amerois mieux encor qu'il declarât son nom,
> Et dit, Je suis Oreste, ou bien Agamemnon:

a method actually adopted in the once fashionable drama recited in the christmas holidays, by persons called mummers; one of the bouncing speeches of which, I recollect to run thus:

> I am the king of Egypt, which plainly doth appear,
> Prince Tegeus is my son, my son and only heir;
> And if you don't believe me, what I say,
> Step in saint (somebody) and act your play;

who accordingly comes forward and delivers his speech.

NOVELS.

No one, I believe, reads less for the sake of a story than myself: of course, I am but a poor novel reader, and never complain that Tristram Shandy has no story at all. In a book I look for thought, sentiment, language, humour, wit, and sometimes instruction; if it has these I care little for the tale; though no doubt where this is the main object, it ought to be a good one. But of all things in a novel or play, I hate a series of perplexities and cross accidents; for which reason however admiring Miss Burney's talent for painting life and drawing characters, I always get out of patience with her at the winding up of her plots, as then it is she never fails to pelt her poor hero or heroine with a tempest of unforeseen and distressing occurrences. When the reader, good easy man or woman, fancies that all difficulties at length are over, and is ready to join in congratulation

with the wedding guests, already invited or about to be invited, there comes a frost, a nipping frost, and the already opening buds of connubial felicity, are thrown back to undergo the process of a new vegetation.

But of all productions the most monstrous in my eyes, are those in which fiction is engrafted on history. Let me have fact or fable, but not a preposterous mixture of both. There are many however, who think differently, and I am by no means disposed to impugn the correctness of their opinion. Let each enjoy his own. De gustibus non est disputandum.

DESCRIPTION OF CINTRA—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Lisbon.

My dear F———,

Il faut, autant qu'on peut, obliger tout le monde, is a very judicious remark of the sagacious La Fontaine, and I feel much disposed to practise this maxim, in extenso, with regard to yourself; but should my letter not excite the interest, that in a manner, peculiarly flattering to the writer, I find you anticipate; be kind enough to recollect, that I have just jumped from my quadruped companion, after having kept his company for several days, during which time, to the no small fatigue of my person, and to the infinite gratification of my mind, I have visited a delightful portion of the country, embracing Cintra and Mafra: the former the paradise of Portugal; the latter, one of the late royal residences, and celebrated for its immense palace and monastery.

The Portuguese speak of Cintra with great enthusiasm, and esteem it the most charming spot in the creation, and, indeed, enough cannot be said in praise of its beauties. Its situation is romantic in the extreme, being the highest point in Portugal. The naked rocks which cap it, are wildly heaped together, and have an indescribably grand and impressive effect: thence you have a fine extensive and varied prospect, embracing Lisbon, the ocean, Coulares, and Mafra. On one of its highest points is a small convent, and on another, the ruins of a Moorish castle; to

the westward of which stands the famous little monastery of Capuchins, better known by the name of the Cork Convent, so designated from its being *lined with cork*, to prevent the bad effects that might otherwise arise from the extreme dampness of the place. It is truly a penance to ascend this mountain, but when you attain the summit, you are amply repaid for all your exertion and fatigue, in one of the most commanding views ever presented to the eye of man: in the language of lord Byron, who was highly gratified with these noble scenes, I may truly ask

"What hand can pencil, guide, or pen,
To follow half on which the eye dilates
Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken,
Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
Who, to the awestruck world unlock'd Elysium's gates!"

To those who have never beheld the scenery, here so beautifully and so justly described, the noble author whom I have quoted, might be thought to have been under the influence of a too highly wrought imagination; but I can assure you, the reality fully justifies his expressions, and nothing can be more just and truly accurate than the following description from the same pen, embracing the *tout ensemble* of this sublime spectacle:

"The horrid crags by topling convent crowned,
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain-moss by scorching skies imbrown'd,
The sunken glen, whose exaless shrubs must weep,
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
The orange tints that guild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow branch below
Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied beauty glow."

Here many of the first families of Lisbon have their quintas, and in the summer season, there is much gayety, it being the general resort of both citizens and strangers; the latter of whom always make it a point to visit Cintra, even should they go no where else. The houses being seated on the declivity of the hills, enjoy a beautiful view of the richly cultivated vallies at their feet, in all their varied hues. Here

"The ruddy orange and the paler lime
Peep through their polished foliage at the storm
And seem to smile at what they need not fear."

Camoens and other poets have repeatedly celebrated its beauties. It is truly the abode of Love; and its ever verdant bowers constitute a shrine where sit

"The queen of Beauty and of smiles,
Her nymphs and jocund Mercury,"

to receive the homage of these subjects, for whom she has left her favourite isles, to take possession of the Temple, so kindly planted by Nature, in this delicious spot.

While at Cintra, we were fortunate in an introduction to some Portuguese ladies, with whom we visited the curiosities of the place.

The palace is an ancient building, and most of its apartments very spacious. Our attention was immediately directed to the council chamber of Dom Sebastian—a true Bayard in valour and romance; the arm chair and long bench on which he and his council sat whilst planning their wild expedition against the Moors, was still preserved; they are both of brick, covered with handsome tiles, and are affixed to the wall; the room is very small, and in a very retired part of the palace. Miss Porter has written a very interesting novel of the adventures of this hero, and the Portuguese delight to dwell on his actions. There is still a sect in Portugal who believe their king will return to his throne—there having been something mysterious in his disappearance; of his being carried up in a cloud, and other stories of a similar nature. These people firmly believe he will reappear, notwithstanding more than two centuries have elapsed since the action in which he lost his life. A piece called the Sebastianists, was performed on the stage a few nights since, severely satirising this sect, and was received with great applause, but the author must have a care of himself. I should venture upon a thing of this nature with great caution, as in this stabbing nation, the proverb of "*do couro lhe sahem as correas*," is very often put in practise. This sect believe they are never to be conquered, whilst Sebastian watches over their safety, "*nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro.*"

As a *relic* I detached a piece from the chain: some of the party who had joined in the *theft* felt very uneasy until they had left Cintra, and I really believe, had the Portuguese discovered it, we should have been considered as sacrilegious persons, and have been treated accordingly.

The next apartment into which we were led, was that in which Alphonso the VI had been confined by his brother for some time; a *path* was worn in the bricks of the floor, over which this unfortunate prince had constantly paced, in revolving plans of escape, or in brooding over his afflicting sorrows.

The next curious chamber into which the ladies conducted us was remarkable for the singular paintings on the ceiling, which was full of crows; from the beaks of each of which hung ribbons, and on all of them were painted the words *por bem*, which one of our female cicerone's thus elucidated:—"A certain king of Portugal was violently in love with one of the ladies of the court, and the queen unfortunately surprised him one day on his knees making love to her; she said nothing, but left the room, and took an opportunity, whilst the king was hunting, of having the ceiling metamorphosed in the manner I have described; explaining to her royal consort "that the birds were witnesses of his actions, and that whenever the queen inquired of them, they answered her *por bem*"—"that they all tended to something good." This was certainly prudent and sensible on her part, to place the censurable actions of the king in a conspicuous light to himself, and at the same time to express the confidence she had in him, in taking for granted, that whatever he did it was for the best: we may say with Horace:

> "Durum: sed levius fit patientia
> Quicquid corrigere est nefas."

On Sunday I attended mass in Cintra in a very respectable looking chapel, in the neighbourhood of the palace; the scene was very solemn; during the ceremony nearly fifty peasants entered the middle aisle of the chapel and commenced their devotions; their singular but uniform dress, with their long hair flowing over their shoulders, with a staff in one hand and the other employed in beating their breasts, each being in unison with the other, imparted a degree of solemnity which was very gratifying:

with the females I was not so well pleased; they were aware of strangers being present, and manifested a degree of anxiety, that their manner of performing the devotions should excite our attention: this brought forcibly to my mind, a couplet in Young's Love of Fame, where he says,

> "When ladies once are proud of praying well,
> Satan himself will toll the parish bell."

I have seen, by the by, a few instances of this in our own country, but I must confess with pleasure they are rare.

Near Coulares, about four miles from Cintra, to which the ride is remarkably beautiful, is the quinta of dom Jozé de Dias, a very handsome and romantic place, the garden of which is formed in a peculiar style, commencing at the foot of a hill, and continuing to its very summit, whereon there is a watchtower, whence there is a most superb prospect of the sea of Mafra at the distance of sixteen miles, and of the chain of hills on which are the fortifications.

In the neighbourhood of this place is Penha Verde, the seat of dom Joao de Castro, a descendant of the celebrated donna Ines de Castro, who also lived there. In the gardens belonging to this place, were planted the first orange trees that were imported into this country from India.

Returning to Cintra we had an opportunity of seeing marshal Beresford; he was on horseback and attended by his guards; the general is a tall fine looking man, and dresses in the Portuguese uniform; his discipline is remarkably strict, and indeed never was there greater occasion for it among any people, than there is at present among the Portuguese. He has not unfrequently torn off the epaulets of his officers, which conduct, you may well suppose, makes him rather unpopular, and particularly among the haughty young nobility: as a disciplinarian he is great. At present he resides in the palace of the marquis do Marialva, where the *famous convention* was held.

Of the village of Mafra, where so superb a palace stands in haughty preeminence, I must say, I never was, in the whole course of my life, in such a miserable and poverty stricken place. With much difficulty we got a little dish of ham and eggs, and that procured at the intercession of a Scotch officer: every thing

around denoted the poverty and the misery of the inhabitants; a lazy, lounging set of beings; to whom an improvement of condition would not, in their minds, compensate them for the trouble and exertion it might occasion.

The royal convent of Mafra, with its palace, church, &c. covering nearly eight hundred feet square, is a most magnificent structure: it is the escurial of Portugal: it was erected by king John the 5th, in fulfilment of a promise he had made to the friars of the order of St. Francis in case he should have an heir; for which event they offered incessant prayer. It is constructed of freestone, and the front is much ornamented with white marble; white it once was, but now many of the columns are quite black, and the aspiring moss has here found a surface whereon it may lie undisturbed, save by the hand of the inquisitive traveller. The monastery has accommodated between ten and twelve thousand soldiers; an immense establishment, you will say, for a body of idle friars, who had much better be employed in active benevolence, among their fellow creatures, or in defending their country in its present hour of trial. There are nearly four hundred cells in this convent, and in the whole pile of buildings are eight hundred and twenty apartments. The audience chamber is a fine room, the ceiling of which is ornamented with allegorical paintings: on the walls, the passions are well represented, and there are some superb imitations of basso relievo, done in chalk. The library now contains about 28,000 volumes, the French having robbed them of many rare and valuable books.

We observed two niches vacant: Alphonso de Albuquerque and Juan de Castro were once there; the French carried them as far as Caluz, and there were obliged to leave them.

The church is very sumptuous, containing eleven costly altars, enriched with every thing that is splendid; in each altar are four marble statues, exquisitely polished; the *whole interior* of the church is of marble of various hues and finely carved, and the dome is ornamented with roses of marble, vying with nature in the brilliancy and delicacy of its colours. Many of the gates inclosing the altars are of brass, very high and much ornamented. Added to all this, and much more that I do not recollect, are seven organs, splendid beyond description, and of the finest

tones I ever heard: judge of the effect of all these organs in full concert.

In the central cupola, you are enchanted with the most delightful music from 114 bells, playing by machinery; a very curious thing and very ingenious.

Fifty-eight statues of saints are presented to your view on entering the central hall of the palace; many of them are colossal, of parian hue, and of exquisite workmanship. This palace, &c. was building twenty years, and employed fifteen thousand four hundred and seventy workmen. The consecration is said to have been very magnificent; it continued for eight days, during all which time the king and court served the clergy, even to the lowest friars.

I have lately met with a book describing every thing relative to it; it is in the Portuguese language, and I have not yet examined it: it shall be preserved for our mutual inspection.

Returning home, we were shown, near Cintra, a very handsome quinta, belonging to one of the princesses of Portugal: in this house Junot resided for some time, and took the liberty of making it a present to the marchioness de Niesa, whom he carried to France, after having most generously found the marquis employ in Brazil:

> "Fœcunda culpæ sæcula, nuptias
> Primum inquinavere, et genus et domos.
> Hoc fonte derivata clades
> In patriam populumque fluxit."

And Juvenal informs us that vice in *his time* had arrived to such a height, that posterity, however willing, would not be able to add any thing to it: this I shall be disposed to allow, but must remark, that were another Juvenal to arise, he might content himself with constant employment in this good city of Lisbon.

Although my person be at a great distance from you, my thoughts and affections are constantly with you. I may compare myself "to the finger of a clock, which runs the great circuit, *but is still at home.*" Adieu!

Affectionately yours,

B.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF GENERAL GREENE.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE PRESIDENT OF CONGRESS, PHILADELPHIA.

Philadelphia, November 1, 1780.

SIR,

THE impossibility of employing an army to advantage, in winter operations, without being clothed, makes me very anxious to try every way and means to provide for the southern army, as it is more than probable the troops will be out all winter.

To take men into the field without clothing, is doing violence to humanity, and can be attended with nothing but disgrace, distress, and disappointment; and congress will be burthened with all the expense of a well-appointed army, without the least advantage from their service: for I am persuaded the expense of the hospital department will nearly equal that of the clothier's; sustaining, besides, the loss of a great number of valuable soldiers.

Young troops that are hastily drawn together, and who have been accustomed to all that domestic indulgence which prevails among the inhabitants of this country, are altogether unfit to be exposed to a winter campaign, even in the southern states, without being clothed; and I am well persuaded that all such as shall be called into the field, without clothing, will, before they have performed a month's service, be transferred from the army to the hospital. To avoid this evil, as well as put the southern army in a condition to contend with the enemy, upon an equal footing, I beg leave to propose engaging the merchants of this city to furnish five thousand suits of clothing for the troops, which they will agree to provide, and have in readiness in one month from this time, and will also agree to take bills on France in payment.

The object is so important, and the necessity so great, I am persuaded no arguments are necessary to induce congress to adopt the measure, if it can be done consistent with the general interest of these states.

I had a meeting with some of the principal merchants of this city yesterday upon this business, and have taken the liberty to suggest this mode of providing clothing, from an earnest desire that the troops which are to be under my command may be put in a condition to be as extensively useful as possible.

I could wish to know the sentiments of congress upon the business as soon as possible, as I propose to leave this city in the morning.

I have the honour to be, &c.

HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOR LEE.

November 10, 1780.

SIR,

The despatches which I delivered your excellency from the commander in chief of the armies of the United States, and others, which I presume have been forwarded from congress, will inform you of my appointment to the command of the southern army. The situation of which, from the force of the enemy, and the fugitive war that is now carrying on in that quarter, by the militia, is truly alarming. The efforts which the inhabitants are making to prevent the farther encroachments of the enemy, deserve the most speedy and effectual support, as well from principles of humanity as those of sound policy. Unless they are soon succoured, and countenanced by a good regular force, their distresses will inevitably break their spirits, and they will be compelled to reconcile themselves to their misfortunes; than which nothing can be more fatal to the happiness and independence of these states. It is much easier to keep up an effectual opposition in these states, while the tide of sentiment is in our favour, than it will be to secure the remaining states from the enemy's farther encroachments, after those are subdued.

There is no alternative but base submission, or an effectual prosecution of the war: the horrors of one, and the blessings which will result from the other, cannot admit of a moment's hesitation in our choice. But in vain shall we contend, unless we raise, clothe, and equip, a regular army. The mode to effect this is not for me to point out; but if a draft could be once accomplished, I am persuaded it would damp the hopes of the enemy more than ten victories.

Congress in order to reduce our national expense and proportion the demands for men upon the different states, to the strength of the enemy, and the present plan of the war, have made a large reduction of the regiments; unless those which

are now required, are filled up to the full establishment, no effectual opposition can be made, nor can I pretend to be responsible for consequences without it.

Nothing on my part shall be wanting to discharge the duties of my command, as far as my abilities shall extend, or the means put into my hands are competent to the end; but without support I foresee myself devoted to ruin, and the southern states to subjection: and I wish that those which now seem at a distance from the scene of operations, may not rest in the shadow of security until the ravaging hand of war begins to spread desolation and horror within their jurisdiction.

I flatter myself, as well from the past conduct of the legislature of this state, as from the assurances of the committee of the two houses, who did me the honour of a conference this morning, that they are actuated by too just principles, and have too clear a view of their own situation, to need arguments to induce them to give all the aid in their power.

I do myself the honour to inclose your excellency a request for some supplies, which are absolutely necessary for the establishment of the southern army, and which I wish to be laid before the honourable senate, and house of delegates, and doubt not of their ready compliance. In this persuasion I shall proceed to the army, having instructed general Gist to wait upon your excellency, and take your orders from time to time, relative to the several matters contained in the requisition.

I have the honour to be, &c.

HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOR JEFFERSON.

Richmond, November 20, 1780.

Sir,

My appointment to the command of the southern army, with powers to call upon the southern states for supplies and support, your excellency is already acquainted with.

The present state of the southern department, and the future operations that must necessarily be carried on in that quarter, induces me to lay before you the inclosed requisition for men and supplies of different kinds.

Uninformed as I am at this time of many things necessary to explain the extent of our wants, I have confined myself in this application to some principal articles, which will be requisite under all circumstances. But as the scene of operations may change, and as the emergencies of war are numerous and various, from which new and pressing demands may arise, I hope the legislature will vest you with full and ample powers to comply with such as may happen. Without this I foresee the most fatal consequences may attend the army for want of timely support.

It will be my province to inform you from time to time of the men and supplies necessary to the operations, and to conduct the force and direct the use when they are sent into the field. But the levying of the one, and collecting the other, must depend upon yourselves, and on your exertions hangs the freedom and independence of the southern states.

It is perfectly consistent with sound policy in all countries to carry on war rather abroad than at home, as well in matters of expense as from principles of humanity to the inhabitants; but this policy is rendered doubly necessary to Virginia, from the ease with which the enemy can penetrate the country, and the numerous blacks and other valuable property which must inevitably fall into their hands in consequence of it.

It is pretty evident that it was the enemy's original plan of operation to penetrate through North Carolina, and possess themselves of all the lower country of Virginia; and notwithstanding they may have a temporary interruption to their present plan, I make no doubt they will prosecute their design as soon as the prevailing obstacles are removed; unless they are convinced by the exertions of the southern states, that the thing has become impracticable: nor will they relinquish the project from the feeble opposition which can be given by the present force that may be opposed to them.

It affords me great satisfaction to see the enterprise and spirit with which the militia have turned out lately, in all quarters, to oppose the enemy; and this great bulwark of civil liberty, promises security and independence to this country, if they are not depended upon as a principal, but employed as an auxiliary. But if you depend upon them as a principal, the very nature of

the war must become so ruinous to the country, that though numbers for a time may give security, yet the difficulty of keeping this order of men long in the field, and the accumulated expenses attending it, must soon put it out of our power to make further opposition, and the enemy will have only to delay their operations for a few months to give success to their measures. It must be the extreme of folly to hazard our liberties upon such a precarious tenure, when we have it so much in our power to fix them upon a more solid basis. I hope therefore the most speedy and effectual measures will be taken to fill up the army agreeable to the new arrangement: and I have only to remark, that the reduction of the regiments renders it absolutely necessary, that those remaining be completed to their full establishment. It is not only necessary to furnish the numbers required, but that the men be of a proper size, perfect in their limbs, of a good sound constitution,, and not exceeding forty-five years of age. I could wish a law relative to this matter might be made, with proper directions to the county lieutenants not to receive any recruits, unless they are agreeable to the foregoing description, as the continental officers stationed at the different places of rendezvous will be instructed to this purpose.

Officers are the very soul of an army, and you may as well attempt to animate a dead body into action, as to expect to employ an army to advantage, when the officers are not perfectly easy in their circumstances, and happy in the service.

I am sorry to find that great dissatisfaction prevails among your officers. I am not fully informed of the several grievances, but would beg leave to recommend an inquiry, and that immediate and reasonable satisfaction be given to their just demands.

The late distressing accounts from the southern army, claim the immediate attention of government, both with respect to provision and clothing. It is impossible for men to continue long in the field, unless they are well furnished with both these articles; and to expose them to the wants of either, will soon transfer them from the field to the hospital, or laying them under the necessity of deserting. In either case government is burthened with the expense of raising men, without the benefit

of their services. Clothing is more important to an army, than at first view may be imagined; and to send troops into the field without it, is devoting them to sudden destruction.

The business of transportation is accompanied with so many difficulties, that I think great pains should be taken to fix upon some place for feeding the army with live stock, and I can think of none, unless it is putting up a large number of cattle to *etall-feed*, which may be drove to the army from time to time as the service may require. I wish that some person might be commissioned from this state to concert with North Carolina the most proper measures for carrying such a plan into execution.

There are a variety of stores of different kinds coming from the northward, which I am afraid from the present deranged state of the quarter-master's department, will meet with great difficulty in getting in. I most earnestly recommend that the most speedy and effectual support be given to the officer at the head of this business, and that he without loss of time, make the proper managements for forwarding the supplies as they arrive.

I have this moment received letters from general Washington, and from Mr. Mathews, chairman of a committee of congress appointed to correspond with the commanding officer of the southern department; which mention the enemy's preparations making for another detachment to the southward.

The distress and sufferings of the inhabitants of North and South Carolina deserve the most speedy support, to keep alive that spirit of enterprise which has prevailed among them lately, so much to their honour. And it is much easier to oppose the enemy in those states, while the tide of sentiment is in our favour, than it will be to secure Virginia, after they are overrun; a circumstance which may prove fatal to the happiness and independence of America.

I purpose to set out in the morning for Hillsborough; but shall leave major general baron Steuben to command in this state for the present, and to put things into the most proper train for forwarding reinforcements of men and supplies of every kind for the southern army. He will advise with your excellency on this business.

I have the honour to be, &c.

FRENCH LITERATURE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ALTHOUGH the language of France is sufficiently familiar to us all, and forms part of the general education of our youth, yet French literature, in its more extensive and liberal sense, has not obtained much circulation in our country: to supply this deficiency, as far as lies in our power, we propose to introduce occasional sketches of the lives and writings of the most distinguished French authors. In pursuance of our plan, the following view of the progress of French poetry has been prepared for the present number.

OF FRENCH POETRY BEFORE AND SINCE THE TIME OF MAROT, TO THAT OF CORNEILLE.

POETRY is the cradle of the French idiom, as it has been of almost all the known languages. The Provençal idiom, which was used by the Troubadours, our oldest poets, is the first that was spoken among us, and even with success for many ages: to them we are indebted for our rhyme, whether they invented it or whether they borrowed it from the Moors of Spain, as is the more probable conjecture; since we know that rhyme among the Arabs was of the highest antiquity, and we also know that these conquerors when they passed over from Africa into the south of Europe, in the eighth century, found nothing but barbarism prevailing, and were the first to introduce a taste for gallant poetry and some notion of the arts. The Troubadours who professed the *science of pleasure*, as they termed it, and who roved through the world, singing of love and maidens fair, were honoured and courted. Their profession was attended by so many advantages; for women, always alive to praise, are ready to distinguish those who can dispense it; that sovereigns gloried in the title and the occupation. They flourished until the fourteenth century, which was the period of their prosperity: they became corrupt as their numbers increased; their irregularities compelled governments to notice them, and they fell into discredit. They were succeeded by the French poets, so called, or those who wrote in the language originally called *romance*, which was a mixture of Latin and Celtic. They adopted the rhyme; and although this invention is much less favourable to poetry than the metrical verse of the Latins and the Greeks, it appears to be absolutely essential to modern versification, which is so

far removed from the almost musical prosody of the ancients. Rhyme borders on monotony; but it is agreeable in itself, for symmetry is naturally acceptable to man, and conduces more or less to the progress of all the arts of pleasing. Voltaire has observed very justly that,

> La rime est nécessaire à nos jargon nouveaux,
> Enfans demi—polis des Normands et des Goths.

To the *fables* and songs we are indebted for the first poetical essays. The *Fables* we know were tales in rhyme, sometimes very gay and sprightly. What proves this is, that Fontaine has drawn some of his most entertaining tales from that source: Petrarch is indebted to it for a great number of his novels, and Moliere himself did not scruple to borrow some scenes. Their language is difficult to be understood in the present day, but in studying it we perceive style of narration which is not without its fascination. The subject generally turns upon love, and it sometimes excites interest. Our modern song-writers have imitated them, and thence it is, that those who depict the miseries and the complaints of love, are styled *romancers;* a title which was originally given to the old French writers.

We have the Provençal songs of William, count of Poitou, a Troubadour who lived in the eleventh century. The French songs of Thibault, count of Champagne, belong to the thirteenth: he was cotemporary with St. Louis, and has celebrated queen Blanche in exalted terms. We find by the names of French poets, inserted in bibliographical collections, that there was a prodigious number under the reign of St. Louis, and that the enthusiasm of the crusades enraptured their imaginations; but the language was then in a very rude state. Perhaps Thibault was the first who used feminine rhymes in verse; but it was not until a long time after that Malherbe taugh us to mingle the masculine with the feminine rhymes. When we read the songs of Thibault, which we can scarcely understand, it is difficult to conceive upon what proof the editors of the French Anthology, should have attributed the following song to him:

> Las! si j'avais pouvoir d'oublier,
> Sa beauté son bien dire,

Et son taut doux, taut doux regarder,
Finirait mon martyre.
Mais las! mon cœur je m'en puis ôter.

Et grand affolage
M'est d'espérer
Mais tel servage,
Donne courage
A tout endurer.

Et puis comment, comment oublier,
Sa beauté, son bien dire,
Et son taut doux, taut doux regarder
Mieux aime mon martyre.

If we reflect that in this beautiful and tender song, the word *affolage*, which has become antiquated, although *affoler* and *raffoler* are still used (for as to the word *servage* it is still very well used in familiar style) that moreover all the constructions are exact, even to the inversions which continued to the time of Louis XIV, that we do not find an instance of the *hiatus* which is to be found still in Voiture; if we compare this style with the rude and vulgar jargon which was spoken in the thirteenth century, we shall find it impossible to refer it to the age of St. Louis: it cannot be more ancient than the poetry of Marot, whose madrigals, which he calls epigrams, are not so harmoniously turned. It had been well if the language had made such a progress in five hundred years. It was then that *Le roman de la rose* was commenced by Lorris and finished by Jean de Meun. This is one of the oldest monuments of the infancy of French poetry, and which has always held the highest reputation: there is nothing which approaches this poem, attributed to the comte of Champagne. All the fancy of the author, morality, gallantry, satire, every thing is allegorical, the most insipid of all species of fiction.

The ballad, the rondeau, the triolet, all sorts of songs for recitation, were in vogue about the sixteenth century. We should be intimately acquainted with the authors of that period in order to relish the particular character of these songs, which were distinguished for sweetness and *naïveté*. This was all that the French poetry could boast until the time of Marot, who

first gave it a polished and delicate turn. From the fifteenth century, Villon, and before him, Charles d'Orleans, father of Louis XII, made ballads and rondeaus with facility. The following verses on Spring are by the latter: in deciding upon their merit we must remember their date:

Le tems a laissé son manteau
De vent, de froidure et de pluie,
Et s'est vêtu de broderie
De soleil luisant, clair et beau.

Il n'y a bête ni oiseau
Qu'en son jargon ne chante ou crîl;
Le tems a laisse son mauteau
De vent, de froidure et de pluie.

We may remark that all the various measures were from this time in use, excepting the hexameter or alexandrine, of which the first appearance was in a poem called *Alexander*, belonging to the twelfth century. It was rarely used until the time of Dubellay and Ronsard. Grandeur, which is the characteristic of this verse, was not until then a feature in the language. Almost all the verses of Marot are in five feet measure. The pleasant and piquant turn of this measure is in unison with his spirit; in Cretin, and in Martial de Paris, we find idyls in measures of four and five feet. The latter, who flourished in the time of Charles VII, composed a sort of elegy on the death of this prince. The following is a specimen of the ease and smoothness of this verse:

Mieux vaut la liesse,
L'amour et simplesse,
De bergers pasteurs,
Qu'avoir a largesse
Or, argent, richesse,
Ni la gentilesse
De ces grands seigneurs.
Car pour nos labeurs,
Nous avons sans cesse
Les beaux prés et fleurs,
Fruitages, odeurs,
Et joie à nos cœurs,
Sans mal qui nous blesse.

Cretin has one foot less, and, in like proportion, is inferior in sweetness.

Pasteurs loyaux,
En ces jours beaux,
Je vous convie
A jeux nouveaux.
* * * * *
Bergeres franches
Cueillez des branches
De lauriers verds, &c.

I cite these only as very ancient examples of a kind of metre which may sometimes be employed with success, if the privilege be tempered by prudence: for the ear very soon becomes fatigued by this monotony of sounds. Mad. Deshoulieres and Bernard have very happily employed this species of verse. Rousseau, in his beautiful cantata of Circé, discovered the art of embodying bold images in this measure. Every reader is familiar with the lines,

Sa voix redoutable
Trouble les enfers, &c.

But he has placed them very judiciously, in a sort of musical poem, where they occupy but a small space, and where, among verses of different measures, they contribute in giving variety to the whole. It would have been troublesome to prolong them; they are intended only for short compositions. As the difficulty of compressing it within a very narrow rhyme, is one of the merits of this measure, this difficulty, if vanquished for a long time, acquires the appearance of artifice, and this we must always avoid.

We cite but in jest, the verses of Scarron to Sarrazin, in a measure still more curtailed, as it contains only three syllables:

Sarrazin
Mon voisin, &c.

This whim agrees very well with a burlesque poet. In our own days we have an instance of the Resurrection being celebrated in verse of one syllable only.

Dé
Ce
Lieu
Dieu
Mort
Sort,
Sort
Fort
Dur;
Mais
Tres
Sur.

These pretended efforts of strength exhibit nothing but a mind labourously occupied upon trifles; and this is all that we can say of acrostics and all the nice inventions of the same kind, proceeding from men whose chief business it was to find means of killing time.

The name of Marot is the first truly remarkable epoch in the history of French poetry; and it is rendered so, more by the talents which shine through his works and which are peculiar to him, than by his improvements on versification, which were very slow and imperceptible, from his time to that of Malherbe. We find in his style the two vices of versification, which have predominated before and since his day—the *hiatus*, or clashing of vowels, and an inattention to the necessary alternative between masculine and feminine rhymes. We remark in him what is peculiarly his own; Nature had given him grace, which he could never have acquired. His style possesses this charm, and it gives a neatness of turn and expression united with delicacy in his ideas and sentiments. No person, even those of our own day, was better acquainted with the tone that suits the epigram, whether it be that which was originally so called, or that which has since taken the name of madrigal, and is applied to love and gallantry. No one had a more complete command over the stanza of five syllables and the epistolary style, with which this suits so well. It was in the accomplished days of Louis XIV, that Boileau recommended the elegant playfulness of this writer:

Imitez de Marot l'élégant badinage.

Undoubtedly, he surpassed all his cotemporaries in elegance:

but as the selection of language is not his chief excellence, and as his style was not quite purified, it seems to me better to say,

Imitez de Marot le charmant badinage.

Although many of his words and combinations have become antiquated, a great part of his works are still perused with pleasure; for as he was not always successful, there is room for a choice. What can be more gallant, and more tender than this song?

Puisque de vous je n'ai autre visage,
J'm'en vais rendre hermite en au désert,
Pour prier dieu; si un autre vous sert,
Qu' ainsi que moi, en votre honneur soit sage.

Adieu amour, adieu gentil corsage,
Adieu ce teint, adieu ces frians yeux,
Je n'ai pas eu de vous grand avantage;
Un moins aimant aura peut-être mieux.

How often have we felt the sentiment of this last verse: but when have we seen it so well expressed.

OLLA.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Oldschool,

The following curious *report*, drawn up by a late learned judge, may serve to amuse your readers.

Cannonsburg, March 1st. 1813. Yours, &c. R

GUN'S CASE.

Gun was indicted at the sessions as *a common disturber of the peace*. Upon the trial it appeared, that *Gun* was a *flashy fellow*, all *fire and tow*, and when a little *primed*, was sometimes very *noisy*. That one day at Smith's (the prosecutor's) refusing to pay his *shot*, and Smith's insisting upon it, he *kicked* him, and *went off*. On the other hand it was said that Gun was, in the main, a quiet, inoffensive creature, who never did any harm, unless set on by others; that *Smith* might blame himself, as he had *overcharged* him, and (as some of the witnesses said) had even attempted to *rifle* him. The jury however found him *guilty of an assault;* but, on motion of counsellor *Blunderbuss* in arrest of judgment, *Gun* was *discharged*.

CURIOUS PETITION.

A gentleman of the law, who owned a valuable ferry, wishing to have a tavern there, some of the wits of the day drew up the following petition, which they presented for him. "To the wor- "shipful the justices, &c. The petition of —— attorney at law, "humbly showeth, that your petitioner, being tired of practising "at the *bar of a court*, is desirous to practice at the *bar of a ta-* "*vern;* for which purpose he means to change his *Coke* upon Lit- "tleton into a kitchen *cook*, his *Bacon's* Abridgment into flitches "of *bacon*, and his *Rolle's* reports into buttered *rolls;* his *Si-* "*derfin* into *cider-fine*, his *Viner* into *wine*, *sir*, and his sir John "*Comyns* into *coming*, *sir*. He therefore prays," &c.

Qui hæret in litera, hæret in Cortice.—*Co. Litt.*

Give him a will, was't ever known,
But he could make that will his own.—*Morris' Fab.*

I am a friend to free translations, whenever they suit my purposes, and should often be at a loss for a motto were that liberty denied me.

Suppose, for instance, I should want a scrap of Latin to prefix to the militia-law, or some observations on it, could I find a better than that which from time immemorial has been added, with great joy and exultation, by the younger Elusses to their books, when whipped and ferruled through them, *é et finis, cum fistula, populorum jig*, which, as I should translate it, would suit the thing exactly.

I shall not, however, presume to use a license like this, without sufficient authority. The following example, no doubt, will be admitted as such by the gentlemen of the bar, and others may be convinced by those which I shall add. In a dispute (says Blackstone) between the parson and people, respecting the paving of the aisle, he gained his point by quoting a text from one of the prophets; "Ego non Paveam; sed illi paveant."

An Oxford student, it is said, disputing with a fellow chum about a plurality of words, convinced him there were ten, by means of the following text, "*An non-decem mundi facti sunt;*" which he translated thus, "were there not *ten worlds* made." But as serious arguments, these are no way suited to any taste:

Hewitt Sculp.

ON THE S.T LAWRENCE.

I shall conclude with one, which like most modern translations, since those of Pope and Dryden, entirely loose sight of the original; though as it is the motto of our club, and tends to curb intruders, I think myself justified in giving it, notwithstanding a little false Latin, owing to Horace, not me. *Omne* tulit punctum: let every man bring in his pint.

Kewanneo che kitteru!—*Indian.*

This is my right and I will defend it.

When William Penn first landed in America, an Indian standing on the beach, with his bow and arrows in his hand, thus addressed the stranger, and would have proceeded to extremities, had not the mild and placid countenance of that great and worthy man disarmed the haughty savage, and lulled his fears to rest.

In commemoration of this, the original Indian words were inscribed on the Schuylkill-gun, now lying dismounted at fort Mifflin, where I once observed two gentlemen (well skilled in classic lore) decyphering the inscription. They both agreed that it was *Greek*, though neither could tell what it meant till I explained it to them.

The striking resemblance between the Greek and Indian languages exhibited in the above anecdote, no doubt occasioned their mistake; but as it may put to rest the long contested question respecting the origin of the Indians, and incontestibly prove that Æneas, or some of his followers, first peopled this western world, I trust you will give it a place in your interesting pages.

AMERICAN SCENERY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

VIEW ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

This view on the river St. Lawrence is taken from a situation between Trois Rivieres and Quebec; it exhibits one of those beautiful and extensive reaches which are frequently seen in a ride from Montreal to Quebec, and which characterize the picturesque scenery of this majestic river.

ACCOUNT OF THE LATE MR. BALL.

The following correspondence will be read with no ordinary degree of attention by all who are interested in the progress of the arts among us, or who can feel for the premature loss of distinguished talents. For ourselves, we contemplate with singular pleasure this young and ardent genius struggling with difficulties, and forcing himself into public notice and respect by the native energies of his mind. His example, however melancholy the termination of his life, will, at least, serve to convince the youth of our country, who feel the divine inspirations of genius, that no obscurity of situation, no pecuniary obstacles should be permitted to quell the rising impulse of generous ambition. Immediately as the situation of Mr. Ball was known, the free career of the arts was opened to him, and had his improvement corresponded with his exertions, he had nothing to dread from the want of friends, or patrons, or public encouragement. How far these anticipations might have been realised, or what loss the arts have sustained by his death, can now be only conjectured; but the ingenuous history of his first efforts, the simple, modest, and manly avowal of his situation and prospects, and his zealous devotion to the elegant arts, afford the strongest evidences of private worth, while the specimens of his untutored talents, which are deposited in the Pennsylvania academy, give the fairest promise of future eminence. The part which Mr. Murray bears in this correspondence, is not less entitled to our consideration. It is at once disinterested, candid, and generous; conferring equal honour on the pupil and the master.

LETTER FROM MR. BALL, JUN. TO MR. GEORGE MURRAY, ENGRAVER, PHILADELPHIA.

Winchester, Virginia, February 20, 1813.

Sir—You will no doubt be very much surprised by receiving a letter from a total stranger, and on a subject so very uncommon; indeed I feel diffident of my success in the application I am about to make to you, and have been more than once almost tempted to abandon it from the apprehension that you would regard it as a romantic notion, if not an impertinent one; but for once my anxious wishes have got the better of my fears, and I will, at all hazards, make known to you my views.

I wish to become your pupil for the purpose of being instructed in the art of *engraving;* the wish is a bold one, and would merit the neglect it might receive if it went unaccompanied with the reasons I have for making the request; in order to do so, I hope you will not think it improper for me to say, that although living in a part of the country where a taste for the fine arts, if at all known, is only known to be despised, and where all efforts for the cultivation of them are received with contempt or indifference, from a fancied conviction of their inutility or *unprofitableness.* With all these discouraging causes, which indeed almost universally prevail, I have always felt a warm and partial fondness for the few productions of the fine arts that have been within my reach. I mention the arts generally; it would be more proper for me to speak of engraving alone; for I never saw a statue, or indeed a painting, if the few old fashioned portraits that decorate the rooms of one or two houses in this town, and the rude productions of a sign painter, are excepted, and should have but a wretched idea of these two noble arts, had it not been for the descriptions that I have read, or the few, very few engravings I have seen of them; yet these have been sufficient to awaken a desire to cultivate a fondness for the least considerable, but perhaps not the least useful of the fine arts.

Accident enabled me to become a reader of the Port Folio, and when I there learned that the elegant engravings in it were the productions of an art yet in its infancy in this country, my desire for becoming acquainted with it was increased; and the name of Murray was too conspicuous to hesitate in choosing my master. But there is, besides gaining your consent, two formidable difficulties that I have to encounter; for although totally ignorant of the way that instruction is given, or what are the reasonable expectations of the scholar when he has made sufficient progress in the art to render his works worthy of public notice, as it regards employment and the means of living comfortably. I am by no means unaware that a course of instruction would require both money and time: the last difficulty does not alarm me so much as the first, for I have read of several eminent engravers that commenced the art when they have been much older than I am: I have just completed my nineteenth year, and with such encouraging examples before me, I am not without hopes, that after having obtained the patronage of an eminent master, with unremitted attention and industry, I might in time become useful and respectable. The first objection is a more serious one; my family, though respectable, want the means of affording me the necessary assistance; and my present situation, a clerk in a store, with the scanty allowance I receive, is by no means favourable to the saving a sum of money sufficient for me to encounter t he expenses of living in Philadelphia: with the strictest economy I have not been able to save but little more than two hundred dollars, which I am but too well convinced is very inadequate.

You discover that I am writing on, as though I was sure that my wishes could not meet with a repulse, when I am far from being certain that I have

in the least interested you in my favour: fearing that this might be the case, the only advocates I have, are to be found in the enclosure with this letter; the three pictures that you will find there, are printed from copperplates, which I have engraved: on them I place my hopes, and have fondly imagined that they will not prove ineffectual; not from any merit you could possibly discover in them as the works of an artist, but only as the productions of a youth, who, so far from being acquainted with the art, has really never seen an engraver or an engraver's plate but his own, and is entirely without the means of instruction, even in the most trivial part: such is really my situation. No sooner had I formed a wish in earnest for becoming an artist, than the necessity of attempting something in that way occurred to me. I had in reading Hall's Dictionary of the Arts and Sciences, met with the article *Etching;* the apparent ease that seemed to attend the process, was a sufficient inducement for me to make a trial: the work was begun on a piece of copper, purchased from a smith in this town, but it was more difficult by far than I had at first imagined; after two very discouraging attempts, I did not despair, and at last I was enabled to make a sort of a copy from a plate in "The Freemason's Magazine," which had the name of Kneass at the bottom; it is Leucippe and her babe: I selected it in preference to any other, because it was engraved without shading. The varnish I used was made after directions in the book above mentioned; and my only tool was the common needle.

I need not attempt to describe to you the delight I felt at the success of my experiment; It served to awaken hopes that have not since that time (at least one year ago) been diminished; which still exist in their full vigour, and perhaps only want your indulgence to be realized. The duties that my present employment requires, prevented me from pursuing my new discovery, without the most mortifying interruptions and delays; in fact, some months intervened before I had an opportunity of making another trial, and then I thought of using an engraving tool alone without aqua-fortis. The smith who made my first plate, from the mouth of an old still (not having any other copper likely to answer) furnished me with two more: with a great deal of labour, I made them smooth on one side; from a silversmith I got the only tool for engraving that I have used—it is such a one as he cuts initials on sleevebuttons with. I went to work at times stolen from the storeroom, and engraved a plate. I was pleased to find that the thing was possible; it was done better than I could have hoped for when it was begun, but not as I wanted. Chance put the original picture of Faith in my hands; without ever having received a lesson in drawing, which I now know is indispensably necessary, I tried to copy it; and still more, I have ventured to offer it (along with my etching) to your notice; but not before I have felt assured that they will receive all the friendly indulgence from you that they so much want. After my plates were done, my next concern was to get prints from

them. I got a small rolling-mill made of wood; it was patterned after a silversmith's plating-mill. After being disappointed in trying common printer's ink, through the politeness of a friendly gentleman I got a small vial full of the right kind from Philadelphia. When I had succeeded so far, it only served to excite my passion for the pleasing employment. With much trouble I procured two plates from Philadelphia, on which I determined to bestow all my untaught skill. I had chosen a subject, and nearly finished it, when the Port Folio for November put into my possession the beautiful figure of "The Tribute Money;" it was a golden opportunity not to be missed. I felt an irresistible desire to place my humble name on the same plate with that of a Rubens and a Murray. I hope you will pardon my presumption. After seven Sundays' close and assiduous application, I ventured to print it, and now offer it to you; but not before I have asked the same consideration for it that my others required. I will here venture to observe, that I am satisfied of my ability to do much better work now than that which has been sent, particularly in etching. I know you will think it reasonable for me to demand some consideration for the many vexations I have had to encounter whilst engraving a plate. The last one was engraved entirely on Sundays, for want of other opportunities. I am sensible it would have been better done could I have bestowed uninterrupted time and attention on it.

I have not been thus particular in describing the progress of my works to you to gratify a ridiculous confidence, or to attempt inspiring you with opinions of me which would hereafter prove to be false; the very idea of which I detest: a very different motive has influenced me—I wished to interest you, not by artful deception, but by artless truth. In becoming an engraver, I have not only promised myself indulgence in a pursuit, of which I am passionately fond, but also a respectable employment that might afford me an honourable subsistence.

If I thought you were sufficiently interested in my favour, I would venture to solicit an early answer to the following questions—Can I be taken under your care as a scholar? If I should be so fortunate, how long a time will it require to make myself useful to you, provided I am attentive and ready to learn? and what expense will I be at in the meantime?—here I beg you to remember that my whole fortune cannot possibly exceed two hundred dollars, when I arrive in Philadelphia. Lastly, what reasonable expectations may I entertain of supporting myself decently and reputably as an artist? It certainly is proper that you should know something of the character of a person who wishes so much of you: all I can say is, only be favourably disposed otherways, and I will warrant you satisfaction on that score. As this application is made to you without the knowledge of any person, if you should determine to reject it, be good enough to suppress this letter, and bury the whole transaction in oblivion; but, sir, if you have ever bent your whole soul on the attainment of a particular object; if it has been the constant attendant of

your waking and sleeping moments, you have felt as I do—judge, then, what bitter mortification and disappointment I should experience from an unfavourable answer, and to what degree contrary feelings would be excited by a participation in my wishes.

WILLIAM BALL, JUNR.

GEORGE MURRAY, TO WM. BALL.

Philadelphia, 4th March, 1813.

DEAR SIR—I have received your favour of the 20th, by which I perceive you have a strong inclination to study engraving; and that you wish to place yourself under me, for the purpose of receiving regular instructions in the profession. From the specimens you have sent, as well as from the circumstances under which they were executed, I am decidedly of opinion, that you have every reason to hope for success in the pursuit of your laudable and very honourable intentions. It is not, however, altogether from these that I feel interested in your favour. The candid, correct, and I might say eloquent manner in which you have brought forward your application, have operated equally powerful on my judgment and my feelings; and notwithstanding I have already four pupils, I have concluded to add you to the number.

My family is large; neither have I any other fortune than what arises from my profession. The two hundred dollars you mention, is not, however, at present, to me an object of moment. You will want that, and perhaps more, in the time necessary for your studies—you may, therefore, do with it as you think proper. It will be necessary for you to serve at least four years. I served five years in London after I had reached the age of eighteen. If your future conduct corresponds with your professions, and with the favourable impressions made on my mind, by the perusal of your letter, I am bold to say, you will not only become an ornament to that profession you intend to follow, but you will also, by a proper direction of your various talents, contribute to give a character to the fine arts of our country.

The talents and virtues of the American nation, have already raised a fabric of government, at present the admiration, as well as envy, of the old world. A government which secures to us the free exercise of our own genius and industry, and equal rights to all (as was expected) has incurred the hatred of those despotisms, where the profligate and the idle *few* fatten on the labours of the *many*. The talents and virtues of the nation are again called into action, to defend what wisdom devised and experience has proved to be good. Those arts that have served to pamper the pride of princes, and have been but too often prostituted to luxury and voluptuousness, are here applied to nobler purposes—to promote mechanical inventions, useful manufactures, and important discoveries in the sciences—to give an elegant and chaste polish to civilized society—to inspire patriotism and all the republican virtues. This is the course the arts must take in the United States, and I

have no doubt that America will soon rival Greece and Rome (even in the purest ages of those republics) as well in the excellence, as in the application of all the polished productions of genius, to advance and to perpetuate the glory and independence of the nation.

My residence is at No. 220, Pine-street, you are at liberty to consider it your home as soon as you think proper.

You are yet young, permit me therefore to give you a friendly advice: Guard against flattery, and do not be too much flushed even by the sincere praise of you friends. I have had some young men under me of much promise, and who have had every opportunity of improvement; but their progress has been much impeded by *self-conceit*. I hope your good sense will direct you better, and teach you to avoid that *rock* on which many have split.

Yours, &c.

GEO. MURRAY.

LETTER FROM MR. BALL.

Winchester, Virginia, March 17th, 1813.

DEAR SIR—My anxiety to know the fate of the application made to you, has been completely alleviated by the answer I received two days ago. That my wishes would be met in the friendly and encouraging manner in which you received them, was more than I had dared to hope; my feelings bid me to say that an attention so promptly and unsuspiciously conferred, merits my warmest gratitude; and were I disposed to make professions, my heart would give its ready assent to any thing I could say; but, sir, know that it would be more agreeable to let my future conduct speak for me: however, I cannot forbear saying that the confidence reposed in a total stranger on his own evidence shall never be abused.

If I have understood your letter rightly, it informs me that you will receive me as a scholar—that you decline any other compensation but my services—that four years is the time necessary to make my exertions worthy of their patron; and finally, during that time I am to have my residence in your family. I do not hesitate a moment to subscribe to the terms; they are better than was expected, and I again repeat that to me they appear liberal and generous. It is probable that owing to some necessary arrangements, I shall not be able to arrive in Philadelphia before the 1st of May, though every exertion will be made to shorten the time if possible.

Permit me to say that the flattering hints contained in your letter, are sufficient to animate me to any exertions that will tend to realize them. Happily the road is already made, and I have only to follow the footsteps of my master to do so. It is a proud consideration that my efforts, as they follow the course taken by the fine arts in this country, will be subserving the cause of virtue and of patriotism.

It certainly shall be my study to avoid the danger you have so timely apprised me of: if any thing in my letter should have particularly given rise to this early caution, I beg you to attribute it to my great anxiety, which perhaps might have caused me to overstep the bounds of discretion, and not to the existence of a vice I am not conscious of, and which I shall industriously shun as a fatal error, calculated to alienate your esteem, and destroy my hopes as an artist.

WILLIAM BALL, JUNR.

MR. G. MURRAY.

P. S. Be so good as to let me know immediately whether I have properly understood the contents of your letter. W. B. jr.

FROM THE SAME.

Winchester, April 7th, 1813.

DEAR SIR—Events of the most important nature have entirely changed my fortunes for the present. When I wrote my last letter to you I was congratulating myself on the flattering prospect before me, and the fair hopes of seeing all my wishes speedily gratified; yet I had an apprehension that my success was too great not to meet with a serious interruption. You will be surprised to learn that I am a soldier! Last Sunday the pleasing illusion that surrounded me was dissipated by a requisition from our governor, calling into immediate service a volunteer company of riflemen to which I belong: what was to be done in such an emergency? to go to Philadelphia now was out of the question; it would have given ill-natured and malicious persons (who abound every where) an opportunity of venting their spleen on one who would be stigmatised with the odious epithets of a coward and a deserter; it would have caused a man who served in the wars of his country from 1776 to '82 to blush for his son, and for that very reason would make the son blush for himself; in a word I determined to serve.

I received your letter at the post-office one hour ago, and whilst I am writing my messmates are packing up our knapsacks, in order to commence our march to-morrow morning at 7 o'clock for Richmond city. Our final destination is Norfolk, to which we have to tramp, a distance of near 300 miles; no very encouraging thing for young men who have never walked ten miles from their paternal roofs—add to that the climate we have to encounter, which to the people of the upper country is far more destructive than ever the guns of the enemy would be. Our period of service will terminate in six months, at the end of which time I will be ready to comply with your terms, should you be good enough to wait that long. Do not imagine that the camp will in the the least impair my desire to pursue the course towards which all my wishes have been and will be directed. When I return home I shall just take time to embrace my dear friends, and then for Philadelphia. If it would not be asking in too much, I certainly will be highly gratified by receiving a letter from you

at Richmond. My situation must be my apology for the hasty and unconnected manner in which this letter is written: the hurry of preparation, and the distress my departure will inflict on those who are dearest to me, are sufficient to distract my thoughts and fill me with perplexity.

Accept, sir, my sincere thanks for the kind and friendly attentions you have been pleased to bestow on one who will never forget them.

WM. BALL, JR.

P. S. I had like to have forgot informing you that I have engraved another plate. You will see that I tried to copy Mr. Tanner's popular print: it was attempted at the request of a gentleman in town. I question whether it will add any thing to me in your sight—it was commenced whilst I was busily employed in making arrangements for my journey to Philadelphia, and not done when I received marching orders; but as it is, I conceive myself bound to inform you of it, as well as every other attempt I shall make in the art.

W. B. jr.

MR. MURRAY'S ANSWER.

Philadelphia, 12th April, 1813.

DEAR SIR—I have just received your favour of the 7th instant, and I learn with a mixture of pleasure and sorrow (if it is possible for such a sensation to exist) the reasons that have prevented you from coming to Philadelphia at present.

Your very honourable determination to fulfil your duties as a citizen and as a soldier, demands the applause of all good men. Your parents and other friends, will be fully consoled in your absence, with the pleasing reflection that you are engaged in the defence of our country and our liberties. Their prayers will accompany you wherever you go.

The six months devoted to the service of your country, shall with pleasure be deducted from the period you are willing to serve me; and I most sincerely assure you, that your patriotic resolution to emulate the *men of seventy-six*, exalts you still higher in my esteem. It will give me much pleasure to hear from you often. Any thing in my power to serve you, you may command without reserve. The best wishes of Mrs. Murray and myself are with you.

I remain, dear sir, with sincere esteem, yours, &c.

GEO. MURRAY.

I was much gratified with your copy of the Naval Victory.

Addressed to Wm. Ball, jr. post-office, Richmond, Va.

If the perusal of these letters has inspired a high degree of interest for this promising youth, the following account of his death, contained in a letter from one of his friends, dated near

fort Nelson, May 26th, 1813, will be read with sensations of painful regret.

It is about four hundred yards from our encampment to fort Nelson; the intervening space is our parade ground. It was customary after the regiment was dismissed in the morning for William Ball, as adjutant,* to drill some men on this ground, until the hour for receiving the general orders at Norfolk—about eleven o'clock he generally crossed over. Yesterday after the drill, he came up to our tent and asked if I would go to town with him; I replied I did not wish to go to town, but would thank him to inqure for letters; he said he intended getting the orders as quick as possible and returning immediately. He then left our tent, and in about ten or fifteen minutes afterwards, uncle John ran up and said William Ball was shot at the fort; that a drummer had brought the information who saw him fall. Without a moment's delay I ran down to the fort, passed into the officers' room, and the first object that struck my sight was my good friend, stretched out on a bed, writhing and weltering in his blood! He held out his hand to me as I approached and said, "O my good friend." At that moment I discovered the wound in his side; the sight produced an effect like lightning; my eyes became dim, and I sat down on a chair at the window. The bullet passed in his left side just below his heart, and out at the opposite side a little lower down, wounding his arm slightly as it passed. I was scarcely sensible of what I said or did, though I recollect asking him frequently, before any of the others got from camp, how it happened? He said, "the foolish sentinel fired as I was returning". He was scarcely able to articulate from excessive pain: the surgeon next attempted to get off his shirt by raising him up, but from loss of blood and pain he fainted We laid him down again, and he inquired whether he had not fainted? In such a situation you can easier fancy than I can describe my sensations. I felt his hand and found it already cold, and the pulsation retired up his arm. I called the surgeon aside and inquired how long he could possibly live? he said not longer at farthest than half an hour. I then asked William if he had any particular request to his parents? After repeating the question several times, and almost despairing of an answer, as he had been several times insensible, he said, "God bless them;" in a few minutes afterwards, whilst he continued to look repeatedly at me, he became insensible. I could see the wind passing out at the orifice of the wound as he gasped for breath—presently his eyes became fixed, and after struggling a little while longer for breath, his lips became motionless—all the powers of life ceased, and he lay a mass of senseless clay! Thus ended the life of a most worthy friend, and an affectionate son to his parents: never shall I forget him, and may it be in my power to imitate his virtues!

* Mr. Ball was ensign of the Winchester rifle company, and when the fourth regiment was organized he was appointed adjutant.

It appears, that after leaving major Waggener's tent, he proceeded immediately to the wharf at the fort, either through the fort or on the outside; in either case the sentinel must have seen him pass: the boatmen belonging to our regiment were lying under the bridge or wharf. William went out on it to look for our boat—The sentinel from the ramparts hailed—what do you want there? William demanded by what authority he asked that question? The sentinel said, I tell you come off the bridge, you have no boat there, or I will shoot; in the meantime loading his gun. William said he would see by what authority he commanded him, and was walking briskly off the bridge towards the fort; and when he had got within a few steps of the end, the sentinel raised his musket: William called out to him, stop sentinel! stop sentinel! but alas! it was too late: the ball struck him near the heart; he fell on his knees, but instantly leaped up to some height and alighted on his feet, crying out murder! murder! Lord have mercy! The men who remained under the bridge during the affair, jumped up, and caught him in time to save him from falling: they led him into the fort: as they were passing, he observed his principal pain was in the body, but he thought it was only the wad; yet he found himself getting weak, and requested them to hurry—they placed him on the bed—a surgeon was at hand—William inquired whether the wound was mortal? the surgeon gave him no reply; his silence, I expect, was properly interpreted. On what a slender thread hangs this life.

ON THE PRIZE POEM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Oldschool,

I observe with satisfaction, because I recognise the importance of the object, the premiums you propose for the two best naval songs that may be produced before the first of October next. With yourself, I have often regretted our deficiency in this department of literary taste; and while regretting it, I have often sought its cause without being able to hit upon a reason which satisfied me. Is it that we are yet too young a people? or is there any thing in our climate, temperament, institutions, or habits unfavourable to the growth of that peculiar cast of enthusiasm, which must enter into the composition of a sentimental popular ditty? That songmaking is not beneath the regard of the Muses, may be inferred from its having exercised the talents

of some of our most respectable poets: Milton, Dryden, Prior, Rowe, Gay, Thomson, lord Lyttleton and others, have employed themselves in it; and to them we are indebted for some of our most admired old songs. But the words are but half of the song; and new music seems nearly as much a desideratum as new words. If we are obliged to borrow the tune, we still lack something of the independence we aim at; still evince a deficiency in the power of song, and thereby much weaken the effect of any successful effort we may make in regard to the verbal composition. Does not the charm of Scotch songs principally consist in the air? and if we analyze the source of our gratification at an opera, we shall find it to be derived from the music alone. What magic, for instance, is in the words of that once admired song in Love in a Village—"If ever a fond inclination, &c?" Not any; it is wholly in the air, the work of Gemigniano, and one of the most pathetic and plaintive pieces of melody that ever was composed. If we aspire then to the fame of good national songs, we should certainly study the principles of musical composition.

It was the singular excellence of Dibdin, that he not only furnished the words, but the music also of his songs; so it was of Rousseau in his Devin du Village. And the pitiful figure he made in his first attempts at composition, is an encouraging proof to the adventurers in the science, how much the talent is a matter of acquisition.

As to the nature of the songs which may be supposed to be required, they may be said to be principally of two kinds. The one animating by the apt display or commemoration of gallant achievements; the other exciting to acts of heroism, through the romantic melancholy of Love. Of the first sort, is Rule Britannia, Hearts of Oak, &c.—and of the other, Blackeyed Susan, &c. To these, Dibdin has added a third species, founded on the perils of the sea, or the personal worth, the misfortunes, or loss of an honest-hearted shipmate; for instance, the little Cherub sitting aloft; the good ship Rover, and Tom Boling. Original ditties of either kind, would doubtless be highly soothing to the American mariner, and tend to nourish the heroic sentiment which has already taken root in his heart. The policy however

may be questioned of perpetuating national enmities from circumstances merely of casual and transitory hostility. If this rhapsody may have the smallest tendency to further your views for the naval glory, and liberal heroism of our country, it will amply pay me for the trouble of committing it to paper.

G.

VARIETY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SINGULAR BREACHES OF COSTUME.

Bourgoanne notes a painting in Spain where Abraham is preparing to shoot Isaac with a pistol. In the illuminations of a manuscript bible at Paris, under the Psalms are two persons playing at cards. Under Job, &c. are coats of arms and a windmill.

MEMENTO MORI.

Sir Richard Hoare gives us the following epitaph at Limerick, where mori is spelt with a y, but the whole is curious.

MEMENTO MORY.

Here lieth little Samuel Barinton, that great undertaker
Of famious citti clock, and chime-maker,
He made his one time goe early and latter
But now he is returned to God his creator
The 19th of November then he seest, and for his memory,
This here is pleast by his son Ben, 1693.

DON QUIXOTTE'S DINNER.

In the first page of the history of Don Quixotte, it is said that on Saturdays the don's dinner consisted of "duelos y quebrantos." Shelton the first English translator, calls it "collops and eggs;" all the other translators say, "griefs and groans," "gripes and grumblings." Pellicer has thus explained the meaning in a note.

It was customary in some parts of Lamancha, for the shepherds to convey to their master's houses the carcases of the sheep or cattle which have died during the week. After taking out the bones, the flesh was salted and preserved for culinary use, and broth was made of the broken bones. In allusion to the painful recollection of the loss of part of their flocks, the sorrow it occasioned, and the breaking of the bones, such food was called "duelos y quebrantos," sorrows and breakings.

—

The term *benevolence* often occurs in English law books, and is nearly synonimous with tones. The duke of Buckingham, who rendered such important services to the tyrant Richard, thus characteristically defines benevolence: "that the name of benevolence, as it was taken in the reign of Edward IV, signified that every man should pay, not what he of his own good will list, but what the king of his own good will list to take.

—

The Mediterranean sea must have been a theatre of depredation from the earliest ages. Nestor asks Telemachus in the Odyssy, when he means to receive him with the greatest civility, whether *he is a pirate*. The poems of Homer, if we may credit the oration of Æschines against Timarchus, were placed on the tables of the Athenian courts of justice, together with the laws of Athens, and the clerk was as frequently commanded to read from the one, as from the other. A dispute between the Athenians and the inhabitants of Salamis, was determined on the authority of two lines from Homer's catalogue of the Grecian fleet, from whence the inferiority of the inhabitants of Salamis was inferred.

—

It is well known how pertinaciously the Welsh bards incited their countrymen to resist the tyranny of Edward I, a circumstance that gave rise to Gray's beautiful ode, denominated the Bard. After the conquest of Wales, these obnoxious animals are thus described, in a statute passed in the lifetime of that prince. "There shall be no more westours (masters), rhy-
"mours (rhymers), ministrels, or *other vagabonds*, to make as-
"semblies or collections, &c."

In a tract on hunting, published by Jervase Markham in 1615, we have the following quaint description of a perfect grayhound, left, as the author says, "in old rime by our forefathers."

If you will have a good tike
Of which there are few like,
He must be headed like a snake
Neckt like a drake,
Backt like a beam
Sided like a bream,
Tailed like a bat
And footed like a cat.

The same author published a work, the title of which is alone sufficient to startle the ladies of the present day. It is called "the English Huswife, containing the inward and outward vertes which ought to be in a compleate woman, as her phisicke, cookery, banqueting stuffe, distillation, perfumes, wooll, hemp, flaxe, dairies, brewing, baking, and all other things belonging to an houshold. A worke very profitable and necessary for the general good of this kingdom." In this strange composition the qualifications of a cook are thus described. "First she must be cleanly, both in body and garments; she must have a quick eye, a curious nose, a perfect taste, and ready ear (she must not be butter fingered, sweet toothed, nor faint hearted) for the first will let every thing fall, the second will consume what it should increase, and the last will lose time with too much niceness."

Among other singular remedies is the following:

"To make oyl of swallows—take lavender cotton-spike-knot-grass, ribwort, balm, valerian, rosemary tops, woodbine tops, vine strings, French mallows, the tops of alecost, strawberry strings, tutsan, plantane, walnut-tree leaves, sage of virtue, the tops of young beats, isop, violet leaves, fine Roman wormwood, of each of them a handful; camomiles and red roses, of each two handfuls, *twenty quick swallows*, and beat them together in a mortar, and put to them a quart of neatsfoot oyl or May butter, and grind them all well together, &c. &c. This oyl is exceeding soveraign for any broken bones, bones out of joint, or any pain or grief, either in the bones or sinews."

The following is of equal efficacy. "To preserve your body from the infection of the plague;" a drink is recommended made of old ale, mithridate, &c. of which "every morning fasting take five spoonfuls, and after bite and chaw in your mouth the dried root of angelica, or *smell on a nosegay made of the tasselled end of a ship rope*, and they will surely preserve you from infection."

Another of the same kind is,

"If you would not be drunk take the powder of betony and coleworts mixt together, and eat it every morning fasting, as much as will lye upon a sixpence, and it will preserve a man from drunkenness."

HORACE AT BRIGHTON.

Solvitur acris hyems, &c.—Book i. Ode iv.

Now fruitful Autumn lifts his sunburnt head,
The slighted Park few cambric-muslins whiten;
The dry machines revisit ocean's bed,
And Horace quits awhile the town for Brighton.

The Cit foregoes his box at Turnhamgreen,
To pick up health and shells with Amphitrite,
Pleasure's frail daughters trip along the Steyne:
Led by the dame the Greeks called Aphrodite.

Phœbus, the tanner, plies his fiery trade,
The graceful nymphs ascend Judæa's ponies,
Scale the west cliff, or visit the parade,
While poor papa in town a patient drone is.

Loose trowsers snatch the wreath from pantaloons;
Nankeens of late were worn the sultry weather in;
But now (so will the Prince's light dragoons)
White jeans have triumph'd o'er their Indian brethren.

Here with choice food earth smiles, and ocean yawns,
Intent alike to please the London glutton;
This, for our breakfast, proffers shrimps and prawns,
That, for our dinner, Southdown lamb and mutton

Yet here, as elsewhere, Death impartial reigns,
Visits alike the cot and the *pavilion*—
And for a bribe, with equal scorn disdains,
My half-a-crown, and Baring's half a million

Alas! how short the span of human pride,
Time flies, and hope's romantic schemes are undone,
Crosweller's coach, that carries four inside,
Waits to take back the unwilling bard to London.

Ye circulating novelists, adieu!
Long envious cords my black portmanteau tighten;
Billiards, begone! avaunt, illegal loo!
Farewell, old ocean's bauble, glittering Brighton!

Long shalt thou laugh thine enemies to scorn,
Proud as Phœnicia, queen of watering places!
Boys yet unbreach'd, and virgins yet unborn,
On thy bleak downs shall tan their blooming faces.

The following old song, from a play called Technogamia or the Marriage of the Arts, by Barton Holiday, published in 1618, is a curious specimen of the manner of the "olden tune."

Tobacco's a musician,
And in a pipe delighteth,
It descends in a close
Thro' the organs of the nose,
With a relish that inviteth;
This makes me sing so ho, so ho boys,
Ho bayes sound I loudly,
Earth did ne'er breed,
Such a jovial weed,
Whereof to boast so proudly.

Tobacco is a lawyer,
His pipes do love long cases,
When our brains it enters,
Our feete do make indentures,
While we seale with stamping paces;
This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco's a physician,
Good both for sound and sickly,
'Tis a pat perfume,
That expels cold rheume,
And makes it flow down quickly;
This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco is a traveller
Come from the Indies hither,

It passed sea and land
Ere it came to my hand,
And scaped the wind and weather;
This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco is a critticke
That still old paper turneth,
Whose labour and care,
Is as smoke in the aire,
That ascends from a rag when it burneth;
This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco's an ignis fatuus,
A fat and fyrie vapour,
That leads men about
Till the fire be out,
Consuming like a taper;
This makes me sing, &c.

Tobacco is a whyffler
And cries huff snuff with furie,
His pipes, his club, and linke
He's the wiser that does drinke,
Thus armed I fear not a furie;
This makes me sing, &c.

SELECTED POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The Bridal of Triermain or the Vale of St. John, a new romantic poem after the manner of Scott has just been published in Philadelphia. This poem first appeared in Edinburgh, where it was announced with the highest encomiums from Walter Scott himself, and had an additional claim on public curiosity, as the writer was perfectly unknown, and almost unsuspected, though even a *noble author* was hinted at.

With all these recommendations, we are but little moved by the Bridal of Triermain, which has, we think, much more of the manner than the spirit of Scott, which is in many passages uninteresting and protracted, and in some parts feeble. Walter Scott may safely praise such a rival, for he need not fear

him. The following is a hasty outline of the story. The introduction describes a love scene between Lucy a lady of rank, and Arthur a humble lover, who for her amusement recites the history of the Bridal of Triermain. This opens with much spirit:

Where is the maiden of mortal strain,
That may match with the baron of Triermain!
She must be lovely and constant and kind,
Holy and pure and humble of mind,
Blithe of cheer and gentle of mood,
Courteous and generous and noble of blood—
Lovely as the sun's first ray,
When it breaks the clouds of an April day;
Constant and true as the widow'd dove,
Kind as a minstrel that sings of love;
Pure as the fountain in rocky cave,
Where never sun-beam kiss'd the wave;
Humble as maiden that loves in vain,
Holy as hermit's vesper strain;
Gentle as breeze that but whispers and dies,
Yet blithe as the light leaves that dance in its sighs;
Courteous as monarch the morn he is crown'd,
Generous as spring-dews that bless the glad ground;
Noble her blood as the currents that met
In the veins of the noblest Plantagenet—
Such must her form be, her mood and her strain,
That shall match with sir Roland of Triermain.

Sir Roland de Vaux he hath laid him to sleep,
His blood it was fevered, his breathing was deep.
He had been pricking against the Scot,
The foray was long and the skirmish hot;
His dinted helm and his buckler's plight
Bore token of a stubborn fight.
All in the castle must hold them still,
Harpers must lull him to his rest,
With the slow soft tunes he loves the best,
Till sleep sink down upon his breast,
Like the dew on a summer-hill.

It was the dawn of an autumn day;
The sun was struggling with frost-fog gray,
That like a silvery crape was spread
Round Skiddaw's dim and distant head,

And faintly gleam'd each painted pane
Of the lordly halls of Triermain,
When that baron bold awoke.
Starting he woke, and loudly did call,
Rousing his menials in bower and hall,
While hastily he spoke.

"Hearken, my minstrels! Which of you all
Touch'd his harp with that dying fall,
So sweet, so soft, so faint,
It seem'd an angel's whisper'd call
To an expiring saint?
And hearken, my merrymen! What time or where
Did she pass, that maid with her heav'nly brow,
With her look so sweet and her eyes so fair,
And her graceful step and her angel air,
And the eagle-plume on her dark-brown hair,
That pass'd from my bower e'en now?"—

His attendants deny having seen any such vision, and Roland therefore despatches his page to Lyulph, a sage and holy seer, from whom he hoped to know the meaning of his dream. Lyulph replies:

"That maid is born of middle earth,
And may of man be won,
Though there have glided since her birth,
Five hundred years and one.
But where's the knight in all the north,
That dare the adventure follow forth,
So perilous to knightly worth,
In the valley of St. John."

And then proceeds to explain this riddle, by relating a strange adventure of king Arthur, who in one of his solitary excursions was received at a castle in the valley of St. John, by a second Calypso and a band of nymphs, who seduced him from the cares of his station to pass three months of inglorious indolence and pleasure among them. This part of the poem is lively and agreeable, and the first appearance of the queen of the castle is well wrought:—

The attributes of these high days
Now only live in minstrel lays;

For Nature, now exhausted, still
Was then profuse of good and ill.
Strength was gigantic, valour high,
And wisdom soar'd beyond the sky,
And beauty had such matchless beam,
As lights not now a lover's dream.
Yet, e'en in that romantic age,
Ne'er were such charms by mortal seen
As Arthur's dazzled eyes engage,
When forth on that enchanted stage,
With glittering train of maid and page,
Advanced the castle's Queen.
While up the hall she slowly passed,
Her dark eye on the king she cast,
That flash'd expression strong;
The longer dwelt that lingering look,
Her cheek the livelier colour took,
And scarce the shame-faced king could brook
The gaze that lasted long.
A sage, who had that look espied,
Where kindling passion strove with pride,
Had whispered, "Prince, beware!
From the chafed tyger rend the pray,
Rush on the lion when at bay,
Bar the fell dragon's blighted way,
But shun that lovely snare!"

At once, that inward strife suppress'd,
The dame approached her warlike guest,
With greeting in that fair degree,
Where female pride and courtesy
Are blended with such passing art
As awes at once and charms the heart.
A courtly welcome first she gave,
Then of his goodness 'gan to crave
Construction fair and true
Of her light maidens' idle mirth,
Who drew from lonely glens their birth,
Nor knew to pay to stranger worth
And dignity their due,
And then she pray'd that he would rest
That night her castle's honoured guest,
The monarch meetly thanks express'd;

The banquet rose at her behest,
With lay and tale, and laugh and jest,
Apace the evening flew.

The lady sate the monarch by,
Now in her turn abashed and shy,
And with indifference seemed to hear
The toys he whispered in her ear.
Her bearing modest was and fair,
Yet shadows of constraint were there,
That show'd an over-cautious care
Some inward thought to hide;
Oft did she pause in full reply,
And oft cast down her large dark eye,
Oft check'd the soft voluptuous sigh,
That heaved her bosom's pride;
Slight symptoms these, but shepherds know
How hot the mid-day sun shall glow
From the mist of morning sky;
And so the wily monarch guess'd,
That this assumed restraint express'd
More ardent passions in the breast,
Than ventured to the eye.
Closer he press'd, while beakers rang,
While maidens laughed and minstrels sang,
Still closer to her ear—
But why pursue the common tale?
Or wherefore show how knights prevail
When ladies dare to hear?
Or wherefore trace, from what slight cause
Its source one tyrant passion draws,
Till, mastering all within;
Where lives the man that has not tried,
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin!

The history of this beautiful fair one is interesting:

Much force have mortal charms to stay
Our pace in Virtue's toilsome way;
But Guendolen's might far outshine
Each maid of merely mortal line.
Her mother was of human birth,
Her sire a Genie of the earth,
In days of old deemed to preside
O'er lovers' wiles and beauty's pride,

By youths and virgins worshipped long,
With festive dance and choral song,
Till, when the cross to Britain came,
On heathen altars died the flame.
Now, deep in Wastdale's solitude,
The downfall of his rites he rued,
And, born of his resentment heir,
He trained to guile that lady fair,
To sink in slothful sin and shame
The champions of the Christian name.
Well-skilled to keep vain thoughts alive,
And all to promise, nought to give,
The timid youth had hope in store,
The bold and pressing gained no more.
As wildered children leave their home,
After the rainbow's arch to roam,
Her lovers bartered fair esteem,
Fame, faith, and honour, for a dream.

Her sire's soft arts the soul to tame
She practised thus—till Arthur came;
Then, frail humanity had part,
And all the mother claimed her heart.
Forgot each rule her father gave,
Sunk from a princess to a slave,
Too late must Guendolen deplore,
He, that has all, can hope no more!
Now must she see her lover strain,
At every turn, her feeble chain;
Watch, to new-bind each knot, and shrink
To view each fast-decaying link.
Art she invokes to Nature's aid,
Her vest to zone, her locks to braid;
Each varied pleasure heard her call,
The feast, the tourney, and the ball:
Her storied lore she next applies,
Taxing her mind to aid her eyes;
Now more than mortal wise, and then
In female softness sunk again;
Now, raptured, with each wish complying,
With feigned reluctance now denying;
Each charm she varied, to retain
A varying heart—and all in vain!

Thus, in the garden's narrow bound,
Flank'd by some castle's Gothic round,
Fain would the artist's skill provide,
The limits of his realm to hide.
The walks in labyrinths he twines,
Shade after shade with skill combines,
With many a varied flowery knot,
And copse and arbour, decks the spot,
Tempting the hasty foot to stay,
And linger on the lovely way——
Vain art! vain hope! 'tis fruitless all!
At length we reach the bounding wall,
And, sick of flower and trim-dressed tree,
Long for rough glades, and forest free.

Arthur at length left the castle, promising that if their intercourse should give birth to a daughter, his knights should combat in the lists for an entire day, and the best and bravest be her husband. As the king rode off he looked back, and found that every vestige of the castle and its inhabitants had suddenly disappeared.

More than fifteen years had passed, and Arthur had almost forgotten his wild adventure, till after the establishment of the Round Table, and in honour of his conquests, he one day held a court and a tournament, to which all the English knights resorted. In the midst of these festivities,

When wine and mirth did most abound,
And harpers play'd their blithest round,
A shrilly trumpet shook the ground,
And marshals cleared the ring;
A maiden, on a palfrey white,
Heading a band of damsels bright,
Paced through the circle to alight
And kneel before the king.
Arthur, with strong emotion, saw
Her graceful boldness check'd by awe,
Her dress like huntress of the wold,
Her bow and baldrick trapped with gold,
Her sandall'd feet, her ancles bare,
And the eagle plume that decked her hair.
Graceful her veil she backward flung—
The king, as from his seat he sprung,
Almost cried, "Guendolen!"

But 'twas a face more frank and wild,
Betwixt the woman and the child,
Where less of magic beauty smiled
Than of the race of men;
And in the forehead's haughty grace,
The lines of Britain's royal race,
Pendragon's, you might ken.

Faultering, yet gracefully, she said—
"Great Prince! behold an orphan maid,
In her departed mother's name,
A father's vowed protection claim!
The vow was sworn in desert lone,
In the deep valley of St. John."—
At once the king the suppliant raised,
And kissed her brow, her beauty praised;
His vow, he said, should well be kept,
Ere in the sea the sun was dipp'd;
Then, conscious, glanced upon his queen:
But she, unruffled at the scene,
Of human frailty construed mild,
Looked upon Lancelot, and smiled.

The lists were instantly opened, and the knights prepared to contend for this high prize. The king though willing to fulfil his promise, yet wished his daughter to spare the effusion of blood. But the high-spirited maid insisted that the battle should be fought with all its terrors:

But Gyneth heard the clangour high,
As hears the hawk the partridge-cry.
Oh, blame her not! the blood was hers,
That at the trumpet's summons stirs;—
And e'en the gentlest female eye
Might the brave strife of chivalry
Awhile untroubled view;
So well accomplished was each knight,
To strike and to defend in fight,
Their meeting was a goodly sight,
While plate and mail held true.
The lists with painted plumes were strown,
Upon the wind at random thrown,
But helm and breast-plate bloodless shone;
It seemed their feathered crests alone
Should this encounter rue.

And ever, as the combat grows,
The trumpet's cheery voice arose;
Like lark's shrill song the flourish flows,
Heard while the gale of April blows
The merry greenwood through.

But soon to earnest grew their game;
The spears drew blood, the swords struck flame,
And, horse and man, to ground there came
Knights who shall rise no more!
Gone was the pride the war that graced,
Gay shields were cleft, and crests defaced,
And steel coats riven, and helms unbraced,
And pennons streamed with gore.
Gone, too, were fence and fair array,
And desperate strength made deadly way
At random through the bloody fray,
And blows were dealt with headlong sway,
Unheeding where they fell;
And now the trumpet's clamours seem
Like the shrill sea-bird's wailing scream,
Heard o'er the whirlpool's gulfing stream,
The sinking seaman's knell!

Seemed in this dismal hour, that Fate
Would Camlan's ruin antedate,
And spare dark Mordred's crime;
Already gasping on the ground,
Lie twenty of the Table Round,
Of chivalry the prime.
Arthur, in anguish, tore away
From head and beard his tresses gray,
And she, proud Gyneth, felt dismay,
And quaked with ruth and fair;
But still she deem'd her mother's shade
Hung o'er the tumult, and forbade
The sign that had the slaughter staid,
And chid the rising tear.
Then Brunor, Taulas, Mador, fell,
Helias the White, and Lionel,
And many a champion more;
Rochemont and Dinadam are down,
And Ferrand of the Forest Brown
Lies gasping in his gore.

Vanoc, by mighty Morolt press'd
Even to the confines of the list,
Young Vanoc of the beardless face,
(Fame spoke the youth of Merlin's race)
O'erpower'd at Gyneth's footstool bled,
His heart's blood died her sandals red.
But then the sky was overcast,
Then howled at once a whirlwind's blast,
And, rent by sudden throes,
Yawn'd in mid lists the quaking earth,
And from the gulf, tremendous birth!
The form of Merlin rose.

The enchanter instantly condemns Gyneth to a lethargic sleep in the valley of St. John, till she should be waked by a knight equal to those of the Round Table.

Lyulph's tale being ended, Roland de Vaux undertakes the achievement, and after a long process of preparation and many trials, is enabled to enter the castle to discover the lady, to disenchant and to marry her; and here the story ends. The most pleasing part of this rather long description is the first discovery of Gyneth:

Thus while she sung, the venturous knight
Has reach'd a bower, where milder light
Through crimson'd curtains fell;
Such soften'd shade the hill receives,
Her purple veil when twilight leaves
Upon its western swell.
That bower, the gazer to bewitch,
Had wondrous store of rare and rich
As e'er was seen with eye;
For there by magic skill, I wis,
Form of each thing that living is
Was limn'd in proper dye.
All seem'd to sleep—the timid hare
On form, the stag upon his lair,
The eagle in her eyrie fair
Between the earth and sky.
But what of pictured rich and rare
Could win de Vaux's eye-glance, where,
Deep slumbering in the fatal chair,
He saw king Arthur's child!

Doubt, and anger, and dismay,
From her brow had pass'd away,
Forgot was that fell tourney-day,
For, as she slept, she smiled.
It seemed that the repentant seer
Her sleep of many an hundred year
With gentle dreams beguiled.

That form of maiden loveliness,
'Twixt childhood and twixt youth,
That ivory chair, that sylvan dress,
The arms and ancles bare, express
Of Lyulph's tale the truth.
Still upon her garment's hem
Vanoc's blood made purple gem,
And the warder of command
Cumber'd still her sleeping hand;
Still her dark locks dishevell'd flow
From net of pearl o'er breast of snow;
And so fair the slumberer seems,
That de Vaux impeached his dreams,
Vapid all and void of might,
Hiding half her charms from sight.
Motionless awhile he stands,
Folds his arms and clasps his hands;
Trembling in his fitful joy,
Doubtful how he shall destroy
Long-enduring spell;
Doubtful too, when slowly rise
Dark-fringed lids of Gyneth's eyes,
What these eyes shall tell.
"St. George! St. Mary! can it be,
That they will kindly look on me!"—

In the introduction to this part of the poem, we are informed that the narrator himself has got the start of Roland, carried off his Lucy in a coach and four to Scotland, and married her. This introductory matter is, indeed, very clumsily introduced, besides being the very worst poetry of the whole volume.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TRUE BEAUTY.

'Tis not the auburn locks of hair,
That play in ringlets round the fair:
'Tis not her cheeks o'erspread with smiles;
'Tis not her voice which care beguiles;
'Tis not her lips with roses dress'd,
Where vagrant bees would fondly rest:
'Tis not her blue eyes' thrilling glance;
'Tis not her feet that thrid the dance,
'Tis not the grace with which they move,
That warms my heart with ardent love.

But 'tis her finely polish'd mind,
By Virtue's rarest rules refined;
Like Hesper at the eve of day,
When Sol emits his latest ray.
Modest and meek, without pretence
To other charms than charms of sense—
To charms which shine when Beauty fades,
And wrinkled Age the form invades—
To these a lovely maid aspires,
And these awake my bosom's fires;
For they can warm my throbbing heart,
Without the aid of Fancy's art.

When Time uplifts his palsying hand,
And strikes the visage with his wand;
When cheeks no more with ardour glow,
And silver'd curls resemble snow;
When eyes have lost their humid blue,
And lips have chang'd their roseate hue;
Ah! then how weak is Beauty's power,
To charm the slowly passing hour!

SEDLEY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

O hold my heart, nor strain each tender cord
Of feeling o'er that voice so faintly heard:
Beat not so quick, for while thou tremblest so,
No kindly tear of soften'd grief can flow.
Thou ever present image of my mind,
With every secret thought or hope entwined,
Chased from my heart with ever fruitless care,
Forbid to enter, and yet welcome there.
O how can I forget thee, how control
This fond affection woven with my soul;
When even the scarce heard, faint, and distant sound,
Of thy lov'd voice can teach my heart to bound;
Weaken each nerve, o'erthrow each high resolve,
And bid me wretched feel how much I love.
How thou art lov'd, to this sad soul how dear,
I tell to midnight with a silent tear,
That shuns all eyes, but faithful still to thee,
Streams o'er thy loss in sacred secrecy.
And let it flow until its source shall fail,
Till I have wept my features yet more pale,
Till I have sigh'd my youthful hours away,
And sadly welcom'd Nature's kind decay.
Thou dear assistant of my feebler mind,
When shall thy treasur'd memory be resigned;
When shall my heart be still when thou art near,
When shall I think on thee without a tear:
Art thou forever lost, shall I no more
Sigh o'er thy breast and tell each sorrow o'er:
Nor see thee smile, nor hear thee sweetly speak
Thy well known whisper softly o'er my cheek?
To thee my God I turn! O calm my heart,
Let not such gusts of impious anguish start;
Compose my soul, to keen emotion wrought,
And sooth to holy peace, each withering thought:
'Tis by thy will I suffer, be it so,
Thou fill'st, and I must drink my cup of woe

Let me but calmly suffer, O my God,
But unrepining meet thy chast'ning rod;
But fix my firmest, fondest, hope on thee,
Nor murmur in a sigh at thy decree.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

It has been long and justly lamented, that while almost every nation of Europe, however miserable its condition or humble its political importance, has a traditionary music, and national airs, our country alone does not yet possess these important characteristics. This is, indeed, a great and prominent defect in our social and political existence. Blest as we unquestionably are with more individual and general prosperity, than is enjoyed by any other people, and as strenuously attached to our national institutions, we yet in this country want an undefined something of national feeling, and of general sympathy which unites societies more powerfully than the mutual enjoyment of all these advantages. It is not the casual vicinity of our homes that makes a nation. It is not a cold and prudent calculation of the benefits of union and the dangers of dissention, which binds states together. It is a higher, and a more generous sentiment—the kindred feelings, the resembling habits, the consciousness of mutual esteem, the sense of common dangers; all these more than the calm deliberations of wisdom, come warm and rushing from the heart to make us not merely know, but feel that we have a country. It is this noble sentiment, which reason can neither form nor control, nor even sometimes approve, which thrills through our breasts at the remembrance of our country—which identifies our pride with its glory—which makes us blush for its failings, or weep for its misfortunes, or swell with its triumphs; and fixing on that country our undivided affections, surrounds its institutions with the sacred enthusiasm of the passions. In no manner can these feelings be inspired or preserved, more effectually, than by national and characteristic poetry. They thus approach us with all the fascinations of genius, at an age when the generous pas-

sions are alone awakened, and connecting themselves with our earliest and dearest associations, establish over our bosoms a seductive and durable empire. Their influence need not be told to those who know the power of physical sounds, in union with endearing recollections, or who remember, that since the time of Tyrtæus to the days of Dibdin, the songs and poetry of a nation have always prepared or accompanied its triumphs. "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes the laws," was the observation of a judicious and profound statesman, which is peculiarly applicable to the popular institutions of our own country.

During the long interval of repose in which this nation has slumbered, the feelings of mutual kindness, and conciliation, which should attach us to each other, have, unhappily, lost too much of their influence. The national sentiment has been wasted in the natural improvidence of prosperity; or, sometimes, lost in the violence of our political animosities; till, at length, we have become too indifferent to the blessings, and almost strangers to the feelings which distinguish, and should endear our country. This may have many causes; but not the least, in our estimation, is the want of certain rallying points in our habits and manners: where, for a moment at least, we might forget the divisions which distract us, and remember only our native land—certain shaded and holy spots, where the verdure of patriotism might be always fresh, and where should never be seen the noxious weeds of faction. Such might be the national songs, in which the value of our institutions, the blessings of our condition, the peculiarities of our manners, and the triumphs of our arms, embellished by the graces of poetry, could be familiarized to our ordinary amusements, and entwined with our best and most natural feelings of patriotism. Instead of being condemned, as we now are, on our public theatres, and even in our domestic festivities, to hear and to sing the praises of foreign countries, and the triumphs of foreign heroes, we might then, all of us, of all parties, and of all classes, unite in celebrating our own institutions, our own manners, our own statesmen, our own soldiers.

Surely that degradation should not long be suffered. Seven millions of people—of such people too, intelligent, active, and en-

lightened, beyond all former example—born to higher destinies than were ever yet opened to any nation—the career of whose greatness and glory is rapid, constant, and almost irresistible; whose annals, though recent, are already splendid and glorious. Such a people have every claim to a high and bold expression of their feelings, their habits, and their affections. To encourage that expression, to cherish these feelings, and thus to form a new moral bond among us, is an object of great national advantage, and of much individual honour. Nor could any moment be more propitious than the present. The whole sympathy of our countrymen, all that remained of national sentiment since the revolution, has recently burst forth to honour the glorious achievements of our navy, which have kindled a new and holy spirit of nationality, and enabled the humblest citizen among us boldly to say to the world that he too has a country. These generous ebullitions of feeling should not be permitted to pass with the occasion that inspired them: they may serve as the foundation of an enlarged and liberal system of national poetry. Our naval victories—the proofs of what this nation is capable—cannot be too often cited and admired. They refresh the intellectual senses—they make us proud of ourselves, and our country; and poetry can have no higher office among us than to embalm, in its purest essence, these brilliant deeds of heroism; to reflect, in all their lustre, the images of great and glorious triumphs; to familiarize the national mind to acts of high and generous heroism; and thus, by preserving the lofty tone of its patriotism, make the remembrance of the old become the cause of future victories.

In advancing so great a national object, we have thought that this journal, from its wide circulation, and its having long been a repository for the fugitive productions of the American muse, might be rendered not a useless auxiliary, and we, therefore, cordially and anxiously urge all whose talents qualify them for such an office, to contribute their aid, by compositions of the class which we have designated. To the considerations which will crowd on the minds of those who can appreciate the value of such exertions, we cannot, it may be presumed, present any additional temptation; and it is, therefore, rather for the purpose

of fixing the public attention on such a project, and of exciting a generous competition, that we propose

Two Premiums, each of One Hundred Dollars,

for the two best Naval songs, which may be forwarded to us, before the 1st of October next.

It is not intended to restrict in any manner, the taste of the writers, as to the nature of the songs, which may be modelled on the airs most familiar to us, and even on those of the enemy, to whose tunes of national triumph we seem to have in some degree, succeeded by right of conquest, as well as of inheritance. The communications can be sent to us as usual, without any designation of the author—they shall be judged, if not with taste, at least with rigid impartiality, and when the successful candidate is announced, the premium, or any equivalent at his option can be demanded, and shall be immediately forwarded to him.

Our numerous poetical correspondents, whose contributions have inspired the intention of offering this premium, from the conviction that they could readily produce something honourable to themselves, and to the poetical genius of their country, will not, we trust, disappoint this favourite expectation. To them, and to all who are anxious to direct their talents to objects of permanent utility, we would address the spirited invitation of the poet:

> Ye generous youths! by Nature's bounty grac'd!
> Whose throbbing hearts have heard the call of Taste,
> With honest ardour, in the lists of Fame,
> Risk every hope, and rival every claim.

The review of the exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts shall appear in our next.

The life of the late gallant captain Lawrence, with a portrait, is in preparation.

Edwin sc.

James Lawrence Esq.r

late of the United States Navy.

THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

VOL. II. AUGUST, 1813. No. 2.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PORTRAIT OF CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE, OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

THE annexed portrait was already in the hands of our engraver when we discovered that it was practicable to obtain a more recent and faithful resemblance of this gallant officer. Unwilling, however, to withhold any memorial of a character which has so much of our own and the public esteem, we insert this likeness, reserving for a future number a more particular portrait, accompanied by a copious biography.

BIOGRAPHY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF THE LATE GEORGE BECK, ESQ.

IT has been frequently observed that the rewards of men who devote their lives to science and literature are seldom commensurate to their worth. Whether it be that the exquisite sensibility which is the concomitant of genius, prevented their seeking the emoluments which were conferred on inferior ta-

lents, or that they relied too confidently on their own merits, the names of many illustrious men might be adduced, who have received from posterity that justice which was denied them by their contemporaries. The remark may be applied to every department of science, but it attaches with peculiar force to the graphic art; for the works of the greatest masters have rarely been appreciated, until the hand that executed them was mouldering in the grave, and the genius that inspired them had fled to the divine source whence it emanated.

George Beck was born at Ellford, an inconsiderable village of Staffordshire, in England, in the year 1750. His father was a respectable farmer, who had four children, of whom George was the youngest.

The early years of eminent men are always interesting; but their biographers too frequently notice incidents better suited to the ear of friendship than the eye of public criticism. To avoid a similar error, we forego the pleasure of reciting the premature development of those talents which distinguished the life of Mr. Beck. At the age of nine years he quitted the village school, having progressed as far as his master was qualified to teach him. He appears to have spent several years on his paternal farm; we cannot, however, suppose they were passed in idleness, nor wholly occupied in rustic pursuits; for at the age of nineteen he removed to Tamworth, where he for some time taught a respectable academy. In the year 1770 he determined to qualify himself for entering into orders, and pursued his studies with an assiduity that greatly impaired his health. But the versatility of his genius afforded him a happy resource, which, while it relieved his mind from abstruse studies, called forth a latent power, and gave birth to an artist whose works unquestionably rank him among the first landscape painters of his age.

In the year 1776 the mathematical acquirements of Mr. Beck introduced him to the notice of the late marquis Townshend, who was at that time master-general of the ordnance. That nobleman was less distinguished by his elevated rank than by the munificent patronage he gave to men of genius and letters. Through his interest Mr. Beck was appointed to the mathemati-

cal professorship in the royal academy at Woolwich: but at the time of the nomination Mr. Beck was absent on a visit to Emerson the mathematician, and being detained much longer than he expected, the appointment was transferred to another person. He was, however, placed in the corps of engineers, and promised another office as soon as a vacancy should occur. But a change of ministry ensued, and the marquis Townshend was succeeded by the duke of Richmond, whose character is known to have been very opposite from that of his predecessor. Mr. Beck was now ordered from Plymouth, where he ranked as captain, to the drawing-room in the tower of London, where his powers were confined to the irksome employment of drawing plans and maps. To a mind so ardent and enthusiastic this drudgery would have been insupportable, had he not been soloced by the society of many distinguished artists and men of genius. At this period Mr. Beck became acquainted with a young lady, in whose accomplished mind he inspired a reciprocity of taste and sentiment, to whom he was united in the year 1786.

In the year 1789 his declining health obliged him to resign his situation in the drawing-room of the tower. He then offered his services to the marchioness Townshend, to instruct her ladyship's daughters in drawing, which were accepted, and he continued in that occupation until the year 1791, when, on the death of Grose the antiquarian, who left unfinised his "Antiquities of Ireland," he was requested by Mr. Hooper, the publisher, to continue the work. He gladly accepted the proposal, and resigning every other pursuit made his arrangements for that purpose, when Mr. Hooper was suddenly taken ill, and died.

In the following year Mr. Beck made a tour through the western counties of England and Wales. The picturesque and romantic scenery of that country presented a school worthy of his genius. It was there, perhaps, he imbibed the energy and grandeur that distinguish his peculiar style. His bosom glowed with enthusiasm while he contemplated the sublimity of Snowdon, of Plinlimmon, and of Cader Idris. He was a votary of Nature; and with a master-hand he transferred her mildest graces to his canvass. The spirited productions which were the result

of this tour, gained him many admirers, who suggested that in America he would find a theatre for the exercise of powers that might afterwards enrich his native country. Yielding to their solicitations he embarked for the United States, and landed at Norfolk in the year 1795. After a short residence in that city he visited Baltimore, where he received such flattering marks of approbation as induced him to send for his lady, and relinquish the design of an immediate return to England. He had not been long in this city when he received a visit from Mr. Hamilton of the Woodlands, a gentleman whose name is most honourably associated with the history of the fine arts in America. He was so much pleased with the works of Mr. Beck that he engaged him to paint views of his elegant villa, and when there, invited him to settle in Philadelphia. He accordingly repaired thither, accompanied by his lady, who soon after their arrival established a seminary for the education of young ladies, over which she presided with an assiduity that found its reward in seeing many of her pupils among the fairest ornaments of that city.

During a residence of seven years in Philadelphia, Mr. Beck enjoyed the esteem of its most respectable inhabitants, and was happy in the acquaintance of Mr. Hamilton, from whom he received many proofs of friendship and respect: but having made a tour through the western states in the spring of 1804, he spent some time in Kentucky, where he was prevailed upon once more to change his residence, and soon after removed to Lexington. The remaining years of his life were varied by few incidents; for after his settlement in Kentucky, he seldom left his closet. He devoted a part of his time to mathematical pursuits (for which he had always felt a predilection) and amused his leisure with music and chemical experiments: but he consecrated the greatest portion to poetry. He translated the Odes of Anacreon, several books of the Iliad, the Georgics, and a part of the Æneid of Virgil, with some of the Odes of Horace; besides composing many original and miscellaneous poems. Thus occupied in literary pursuits, he passed several years of tranquil retirement: but Fortune seems to have persecuted him from his infancy; or if she smiled it was only a transient gleam,

"A spot of azure in a cloudy sky,
"A sunny island in a stormy main."

In the year 1809 an unexpected calamity interrupted his repose, and obliged him to open an academy. It was his intention to have instructed a class of young gentlemen in the higher branches of the mathematics and the study of the ancient languages; but in the town where he resided there was already an excellent institution, the Transylvania college, and he found his pupils limited to a few little boys, whom he could only initiate into the rudiments of their education. In 1811 this painful occupation was relieved by an engagement to paint a series of pictures for Mr. Jervas of Baltimore. He once more took up his pencil, and the works he executed for that artist were the last efforts of his expiring genius. The comet that appeared in the same year afforded an opportunity of exercising his mathematical skill.

In January, 1812, he published his observations on it, accompanied by a diagram representing its orbit. The flattering approbation which this work received from many scientific gentlemen, encouraged a hope that he would be rewarded with a professorship in one of the eastern colleges: but his exemplary life was soon to be crowned by a higher reward. On the 18th of September he was seized with an imflammation of the lungs, which, though it was not at first thought dangerous, soon settled into a consumption. He languished until the 14th of December, when he tranquilly expired in the sixty-third year of his age.

Such was the life of George Beck, a man whose genius and virtues alike entitle him to our admiration and respect. Endowed by nature with a comprehensive mind, he had by a persevering and well-directed industry acquired a great fund of knowledge. But to those abilities he united a refined delicacy of mind, which unfortunately prevented his seeking to occupy the station in society for which his genius and acquirements had so eminently qualified him. Of his talents as a painter it were superfluous to speak: his own pencil has reared his monument and eulogy: nor would it be proper in this place to notice his poetical works, as they have not yet been presented to the public.

His accomplished widow, however, is now engaged in preparing the manuscripts for publication; and the writer of this sketch cannot forbear to express his hope that they will soon add a posthumous garland to the memory of his departed friend.

Baltimore, April 10, 1813.

Mr. Oldschool,

In presenting you with this trifle, it is perhaps idle to say that it was composed *impromptu*, by a young lady on hearing of the death of the late Mr. Beck; for if it has merit it will be appreciated, and if otherwise, it cannot be conferred by the circumstance of its being an extemporaneous production.

Mourn, Nature mourn thy fondest lover dead!
His soul on high, from whence it came, has fled;
No more he'll wander o'er thy valleys green,
Or to his canvass give the glowing scene.
Thy drooping flowrets, and thy forests bare,
Expressive emblems of thy grief appear;
But soon revolving days again shall bring
The sweetest off'rings of returning spring;
Again thy bosom glow with brighter hue,
Again the feathery choir their songs renew:
Thy bard shall ne'er with joy thy presence hail,
Nor sing thy varied bloom, thy fragrant vale.
Then lightly rest thy green turf on his breast,
A purer heart than Beck's thou ne'er hast prest.

Lexington, Kentucky. A. M. v. P.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REVIEW OF THE THIRD ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE COLUMBIAN SOCIETY OF ARTISTS AND PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.

The progress and rapid improvement of the arts and sciences throughout the United States, are positive proofs of the ta-

lents and enterprise, as well as the wealth and prosperity of the American nation. When we look at the history of our country from its first settlement to the present period, the mind is filled with wonder and astonishment! In less than two hundred years a new nation has arisen in the western hemisphere, that bids fair to rival in knowledge and in consequence *any other* ancient or modern.

It is foreign from our purpose to examine the various causes that have accelerated the gigantic but solid growth of what has been emphatically termed the *new world!* and it is equally foreign from our intentions to investigate the tendency of those great political events that have been passing on the great theatre of Europe, for upwards of twenty years past. It may not, however, be improper to remark, that the consequences which have resulted from the mad ambition of the old governments, have contributed much to the advancement of the arts in this country.

It has been long contended that our political institutions are not calculated to foster the fine arts, and that the youth of our country, whose genius leads them to pursue the imitative arts, ought to look to foreign countries for instruction and patronage. The experience of the three last annual exhibitions has completely refuted such opinions, and has proved to the entire satisfaction of the admirers of the arts, that our native genius can rise to excellence without the aid of foreign culture. The general diffusion of scientific and literary knowledge throughout our extensive republic, has already disseminated a correct taste for all the polished productions of genius. The industry and enterprise of our citizens are confined to no particular section of the union—prosperity and wealth are generally the consequences of the exertions of a free and independent people.

To facilitate the progress of the fine arts, it was necessary to collect as it were, into a focus the various talents of artists, and Philadelphia from its population, local situation, and public institutions, appeared better fitted than any other city in the union for the permanent establishment of an *American School of Arts*. To the exertions of the Society of Artists of the United States (now incorporated by the legislature of Pennsylvania,

under the title of the "Columbian Society of Artists") we are indebted for the establishment of *periodical exhibitions*. The happy effects already produced by those exhibitions, have far exceeded our most sanguine expectations. The artists, by comparing their works with each other, and profiting by public opinion, have been able fairly to appreciate the true value of their own productions, *have rapidly progressed in improvement*, and the public have had a fair opportunity of distinguishing real merit. Where correct morals, good education, solid sense, and unvitiated taste exist, public opinion must always be correct; and we are proud to say, that our city in these respects is second to none.

In reviewing the third annual exhibition, we had no other motive than a desire to improve the arts, and to contribute to the utmost of our abilities to promote the advancement of an establishment that promises soon to become of great national importance. We are, however, aware that our observations may give offence to some; but as we are conscious of having taken truth for a basis, we believe that we have nothing to fear from the enlightened and liberal, and the censure of others cannot deter us from the performance of a public duty.

The intention of the Society of Artists in establishing periodical exhibitions, was evidently to cultivate a taste for the productions of our own country, to draw talents from obscurity, to remove prejudices respecting foreign productions, and finally to establish a SCHOOL OF OUR OWN. We do not consider it our province to examine the merits or defects of old pictures; but as there are some of this description that have been considered as a part of the present exhibition, we are under the necessity (contrary to our wish) of making some remarks on the subject.

PICTURE GALLERY.

1. *The martyrdom of St. Lawrence*—Titian.

2. *St. Francis at his devotions*—Francis Rizi.

3. *Christ in the temple disputing with the Jewish doctors*—Paul Veronese.

4. *The Virgin with the infant Christ and St. John* (in imitation of Reubens)—Pereda.

5. *St. Joseph with the infant Christ in his arms*—School of Vandyke.

6. *The reconciliation of Jacob and Esau*—Andrew Becurro.

7. *Joseph receiving from his brothers, Benjamin and their offerings.*

The above are pictures selected by an American gentleman, now in Europe, and deposited in the academy, with the view of promoting the advancement of the fine arts in his native country.

Towards the close of the exhibition, a picture was introduced said to be painted by Murrillo, denominated, "Roman charity." We understand it has been purchased for a large sum by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Picture dealers have found it of great importance to attach *long stories* to old defective pictures. *As the story goes*, relative to *this* picture, it was painted at least *three hundred years ago*, has been in the royal cabinet of Spain for several generations, and at last made a most miraculous escape *through a window* to the United States. It is impossible for us to form a correct opinion respecting what this picture might have been: the hand of time has pressed heavy upon it; and what is worse, the hands of ignorance have endeavoured to mend it. *It has evidently been retouched.* The drawing, colouring, and effect, appear to have been good, but are now much obliterated and defaced: the composition is the only part of which we can form a decided opinion. The artist has treated the subject with great delicacy and judgment, and the grouping and general distribution of light and shade is entitled to our unqualified approbation; but its value as a model is at least doubtful, and indeed we think that both artists and the public appreciate much too highly the study of defaced pictures. The object of painting is to represent nature. Is nature to be viewed through the medium of old cracked pictures? we hope not. Are we less endowed with capacity than the Flemish and Dutch artists, who studied from nature alone? The Grecians had no old pictures to study from, and yet they arrived at a degree of excellence in the arts that stands unrivalled. The progress and improvement of the arts in America, must not altogether depend on foreign productions. The principles of

art are simple, and well understood, and it only requires capacity, practice, and experience, to make an artist in any country.

8. *Portrait of a gentleman.*—T. Sully. This picture is painted in a different style from the other works of this distinguished artist, that have come within our observation. The contour is hard, and the colouring unharmonious. It is also wanting in that delicacy and softness, that so peculiarly characterize his works. This is the only portrait of Mr. Sully's in the present exhibition.

9. *The Natural Bridge in Virginia.*—T. Birch. Is a copy from an English print, and is certainly not the most sublime work of art.

10. *Portrait of a gentleman.*—B. Otis. It is with much pleasure that we notice the works of this excellent artist. His pictures appear to be painted with a closer attention to nature, than any other portraits in oil in the room. His attitudes are however rather wanting in grace. We recommend to him particularly the study of elegance and dignity of expression. A proper attention to these will render his pictures first-rate productions.

11. *Telemachus in the island of Calypso.*—C. King. This is a copy from a picture by West, and possesses much merit.

16. *Fruit piece.*—Raphael Peale. This is a most exquisite production of art, and we sincerely congratulate the artist on the effects already produced on the public mind by viewing his valuable pictures in the present exhibition. Before our annual exhibitions this artist was but little known. The last year he exhibited two pictures of still life, that deservedly drew the public attention, and were highly appreciated by the best judges. We are extremely gratified to find that he has directed his talents to a branch of the arts in which he appears to be so well fitted to excel. We recollect to have seen in the famous collection of the duke of Orleans (that was brought to London and there exhibited in 1790) two small pictures of flowers and fruit by Van Os, that were there sold for one thousand guineas. Raphael Peale has displayed talents so transcendant in subjects of still life, that with proper attention and encouragement, he will, in

our opinion, rival the first artists, ancient or modern, in that department of painting.

It has been remarked by some of our *pretended* patrons, connoisseurs, amateurs, &c. that the present exhibition is not so good as the two last. It is unfair to withhold from the artists a well-earned praise. We have seen fourteen annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy, and one of the Incorporated Society of Artists, in London; and we are bold as well as proud to say, that there were in no one of these celebrated exhibitions, so great a number of pictures on this particular branch of the arts as those now exhibited by Raphael Peale. We have seen some of the best productions of art in the world, and are sincerely of opinion that there are some specimens of native talents (which we shall have occasion to speak of hereafter) exhibited by the *Columbian Society of Artists*, that have never been surpassed in any country, and we hope the time is not far distant when the works of living artists will be duly appreciated, and the admirers of *style*, *manner*, *&c.* of *old smoked*, *cracked*, and *patched* pictures, will meet with that contempt which they deserve.

18. *Shipwrecked sailor.*—T. Birch. A grey picture with little meaning.

24. *The portrait of George Clinton, esq. late vice-president of the United States.*—Ames. This very excellent picture was exhibited and much admired in the last exhibition. It has been since purchased from the artist, by the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

25. *Portrait of a gentleman.*—C. R. Leslie. In reviewing the works of this extraordinary young artist, it is but just to remark, that he has not yet reached his twentieth year, and that it is only two years since his attention has been directed to the profession of an artist. The early effusions of genius displayed by young Leslie, in delineating theatrical characters from memory, were viewed with an admiration and astonishment that few productions excite. His friends advised him to visit Europe for improvement. He was accordingly, agreeably to his own wishes, put under Mr. West. Placed under such a master much was expected, and the excellent productions now exhibit-

ed are unquestionably strong proofs of the most exquisite talents of our young American painter. The various specimens executed by him, previous to his departure from this country, displayed a taste so chaste, a judgment so solid, and an imagination so fine, that we then gave it as our decided opinion that C. R. Leslie was calculated to shine with distinguished lustre in the highest department of art. Our opinion is fully confirmed, that he will soon become one of the first artists in any country. The picture before us is probably his first essay in portrait painting, and is a very excellent production. Leslie, however, appears to possess all the qualifications to make an historical painter of the greatest eminence, and we sincerely hope that no attempt will be made to divert the attention of this accomplished and amiable young artist from pursuing that department of the fine arts, wherein he has given so many striking proofs of his capacity to excel.

27. *Portrait of a gentleman.*—J. Jarvis. This is a good likeness of a well known character by a well known artist.

28. *Portrait of Captain Hull.*—G. Stuart. The public were highly gratified by viewing a striking likeness of one of our distinguished naval heroes who first wrested the trident from the proud mistress of the ocean, executed by one of the first artists in the world.

29. *Portrait of a gentleman.*—J. Eikholtz. This picture is the best production that we have seen from the pencil of this meritorious artist. It is an excellent likeness; has great expression and good effect. The colouring is however rather too purple, which gives a cold appearance to this otherwise excellent production.

34. *Musidora bathing*—C. R. Leslie. This is a beautiful copy from a picture by West.

35. *Landscape.*—T. Birch. This little picture might more properly be called a *portrait of a tree*, as that object occupies nearly all the space. It is very well painted, and appears to be studied from nature.

36. *Fruit.*—Raphael Peale. We have already spoken generally of the works of this artist, as pictures of uncommon merit: some of them, however, are not without defects. The indi-

vidual objects in this picture are represented with great truth. There appears however a deficiency in perspective; it has too much the appearance of what painters call a *birds-eye view*. We recommend particularly to the attention of this artist the necessity of *foreshortening*, and to make his back-grounds more subservient to the principal objects, and also to make such arrangement in the grouping as will best comport with the harmony of the whole; and to endeavour as much as possible in the formation of his groups, to make the natural colours of the objects represented assist in the general distribution of light and shade.

38. *Timon of Athens.*—C. R. Leslie. This is an original production, and displays great knowledge of the first principles of the art; the drawing is correct, and the anatomy well understood; the character, expression, and general effect of the whole is excellent; the drapery is flowing and graceful; the colouring of the *flesh*, particularly the parts in shadow, has however rather a leaden hue, probably owing to the red and purple tints in the drapery. Had the artist made use of yellow and blue, it would have added much to the harmony, without interfering in any manner with the general effect of this interesting picture.

41. *Battle.*—Caldwell. *Battles are difficult subjects to paint;* much depends on the imagination. This artist, *in so arduous an undertaking,* has shown considerable talents.

42. *Storm.*—Vignier. This little picture appears to be copied from a Flemish master, and has considerable merit.

44. *Engagement between the Constitution and Guerriere.* This picture is smoothly painted; but is deficient in drawing, effect, and essential parts of the art.

47. *Portrait of a gentleman.*—B. Otis. Having already spoken of this painter as an artist of excellent talents, we do not consder it necessary to particularize every individual picture of his in the present exhibition. The expression, colouring and effect of this picture are extremely natural. In comparing the portraits of this artist with each other, we find that he has paid the strictest attention, both to the complexion and character, and what is peculiarly worthy of notice, he has no *manner*. His pictures differ so much in appearance, as to impress the idea of their being executed by different artists, and is to us a convin-

68. *Portrait of his father*—Rembrandt Peale. The character of this painter has been long established as an artist of great eminence, and this picture detracts nothing from his well-earned fame: it is painted with great decision and much knowledge of art, and is, in our opinion, one of his best portraits that we have seen.

69. *Portrait of a gentleman*—James Peale. This is a most excellent old head, correctly drawn and well coloured, with very good effect.

Portrait of a lady—(no number affixed)—James Peale. This picture has been much admired for ease and grace. In the general execution the artist has displayed much talent.

Portraits of a lady and gentleman—(no numbers affixed)—B. Trott. Nothing is more common than to see portraits of men and women; but it is seldom, very seldom, that we see any thing that looks like ladies or gentlemen. We are unacquainted with the cant of painters—we know nothing of their *silver tones, carnation tints, golden, brazen, leaden and iron hues*—we have, however, compared the best works of the most distinguished artists with each other, and with the only true standard, NATURE, and we have found them all defective.

Actuated equally by a sincere love of truth, and a detestation of fulsome panegyric, we are desirous only to "render unto Cesar the things that are Cesar's." The character of Mr. Trott, as a first-rate miniature painter, has been long established: the two portraits now exhibited by him, have called forth the unqualified approbation of thousands; and artists, as well as amateurs, have willingly joined in the general and well-deserved praise. These miniatures produce a sort of magical effect: in viewing them we forget that we are looking at small pictures, and believe we really see the living originals. For character, truth of drawing, colouring, and effect, they challenge competition; and we are sincerely of opinion that they are equal (perhaps superior) to works of the most distinguished artists in Europe. We have studied, with some attention, the best portraits of Vandyke, Reynolds, Stuart, Romney, and Lawrence: their pictures exhibit *human nature dignified:* they have painted *soul* as well as *body*. Our love of truth, as well as a desire to do justice to distinguished

merit, demands of us candidly and frankly to declare, that the pictures of Trott are worthy of being ranked with the works of those celebrated artists.

To represent any object, natural or artificial, with accuracy, is a matter so difficult, that any proficiency in the art of delineation attracts our attention. There are, however, certain mathematical rules, aided by various machines, that enable the portrait painter to ascertain the proportions and distance of the leading features of any object; and with industry, without a particle of genius, he may acquire considerable fame as a mere *face-painter*. The shape, distance, and even colour of the human features, with studied attitudes, are but of little moment without the *mind*, or what is generally denominated *character*. We know but little of practical painting; but from an unremitted attention and love for the arts, we venture to affirm that none but a superior genius can be a superior artist. To paint a portrait, *stiff*, *prim*, and *formal*, requires but little talent; but to paint with *ease*, *dignity*, and *expression*, and to *generalize* the character, requires all the energies of a superior mind. It is indeed true, that every stupid fool, who is rich, may have a portrait of himself; but it is equally true, that the stupid are often rendered more so, by the ignorance and stupidity of some painters. We have seen many of Stuart's pictures where the living originals did not appear to be overburdened with sense; but in no instance have we seen his portraits wanting in dignity and expression.

We have lately seen, in a morning paper, some very illiberal remarks on miniature painting, written evidently with a view to bring that very pleasing and important branch of the arts into contempt; we have also seen an article written in reply, the writer of which has displayed so much talent, and has treated the subject in a style so masterly and appropriate, that we have considered it of importance to introduce it, as it perfectly corresponds with our own observations on portrait painting in general.

> "Paint by the acre, let your canvass spread
> Broad as the mainsail of a man of war;
> Your whale should eat up every other head,
> Just as the sun licks up each sneaking star."—*Peter Pindar.*

"The writer of an article, in a morning paper, on the late exhibition at the Academy of Fine Arts, in adopting an opinion that pictures are only valuable in proportion to their size, seems to have taken the above ludicrous couplet of the facetious Peter Pindar as a fact, and proceeds upon his premises accordingly. After speaking of several painters and their works, with which we have nothing to do in this place, he tells us "two miniature pictures, by Trott, attracted unusual attention and admiration." Flattering, *indeed*, would this appear to Mr. Trott: but mark the sequel; and wonder not that two such *petty* things should obtain praise—it was the praise of an ignorant multitude, nowise versed in the dark mysteries of painting; but with the eyes that God has given them, and unacquainted with the jargon and technical terms of art, guided only by the spontaneous and unsophisticated *effusions* of nature—they, with an unbecoming boldness, dare to look and judge for themselves! If Mr. Trott could be pleased with the praise of people of this kind, he seems to have some cause for gratulation; but, alas! even that pleasure is of short duration. Ere he can taste of the temperate cup, the writer of the article, in the very next paragraph, like another don Pedro positive, is ready with his wand to dash it from his lips! We shall now quote the paragraph of the writer: "The number of miniatures too, was less than formerly; but some of them were certainly in the highest style of excellence. Two, by Trott, attracted universal attention and admiration. After all, however, this branch of the art is so petty, so like teacup painting, that it is a pity so much talent as Mr. Trott possesses should be wasted upon it: indeed some of the French china surpasses it in delicacy, in colouring, and in expense—it should be the employment of little misses, and in some parts of the world is practised by women. The artist, however meritorious, is but a mere ephemeron to provide presents for lovers, and ornaments for the toilet, which are thrown into some obscure drawer when the lover cools or the fashion changes: neither his work nor his reputation have any permanent existence." Such is the language; I hope, however, not the *opinion* of the writer, upon that branch of the art called miniature painting. We hope to be forgiven if we should dwell longer upon the examination of this article than at first

sight would appear necessary. To painters, and those really acquainted with the difficulties and relative merits of the art, it would be unnecessary to explain: in fact, we do not know but in that case it would be more absurd than the thing we are about to analyze. To them at first blush it must carry so much absurdity upon the face of it, that although they might feel a momentary indignation at the boldness and absurdity of the author, it would soon give way to feelings of a more mixed and pleasant kind, and finally terminate in an involuntary burst of laughter.

"After endeavouring to convince us of the total insignificancy of miniature painting, and that he has seen teacups more beautiful and more expensive; to reduce it, as he thinks, still lower, and place it in the most degrading light, he tells us that in some parts of the world it is even practised by *women*. "Grant me patience, Heaven!" what a satire upon this your "last best gift!" Woman!—and what is not woman caple of, where talent and virtue are required, that man can do? For our part, *we* believe them possessed of every excellence, and every virtue, that adorns human nature. The names of Kauffman, Le Brun, and many others, attest their skill and excellence in the art of painting; whilst the page of history records the names of thousands, who have excelled in every branch of art and of learning. There is at present a lady in England who paints miniature pictures on ivory, which are so exquisitely beautiful that she has received the sum of *one hundred guineas* for a single portrait. 'What *vandals* they must be in England—we suppose it is the same in France'—to give so much *money* for such a *petty* thing. They never can have seen those beautiful *teacups* mentioned by the writer! But after all, portraits might be painted on teacups, and very well painted too; but in that case the cup must be square or it would destroy the picture—this admitted, however, we see no reason why teacups, "arranged in goodly row," on the mantlepiece, with a portrait on each, should not have as good an effect as many pictures have that are stuck against the wall; besides what amusement it would afford the ladies while taking tea! what an opportunity while sipping the balmy beverage, and looking their pictured friends in the face, of descanting on the virtues and amiable qualities of the originals! The writer next

proceeds to tell us, "that the artist is a mere ephemeron to provide presents for lovers and ornaments for the toilet, &c. &c. that when the lover cools or the fashion changes they are thrown away or thought of no more." What a mortifying thing to bachelors, who ever intend getting married, to be told that not only love but even friendship subsides so soon after the nuptial tie! It certainly infers this, for even common friendship would induce them to look on the picture with complacency, to say nothing of common taste, which would preserve the picture, if well executed, whether the original was regarded or even known. But our friend and well-wisher, for we will presume you to be so, suffer us to tell you, you have not hit on the right cause why miniature pictures are so soon thrown away after marriage. If it be the case, as you assert, the reason then is, that ninety-nine out of a hundred of the common run of miniature pictures are not at all like the originals, and have likewise as little to recommend them, as works of art, as the pictures on your china cups. We will now inform you, as you certainly appear to be ignorant, what a good miniature picture is; what are its merits, and how it is appreciated by every one who has a particle of taste. A good miniature picture should have the same appearance that the best oil portrait, painted large as life, produces when viewed through a diminishing glass. The miniature painter requires the same knowledge of the art that the best portrait painter possesses; but as he has to produce the same effect in so small a compass, he has more difficulties to encounter in the execution than the oil painter has, and much more time is required for the completion. In the city of London there are, perhaps, five hundred miniature painters, and not more than four or half a dozen individuals among them who excel. The number serves to show how generally pleasing this branch of the art is. The few that excel gives the reason why apparently so high a price is paid for a good miniature picture. Miniature pictures have many advantages over portraits large as life. In many cases we cannot help looking upon large portraits as an ostentatious display of self-love: a miniature picture may be incased or it may be hung up: the portrait is constantly staring from the wall. For our part we would not wish the portraits of our friends constant-

ly before us—there are times when we would retire to hold silent but pleasing converse with them in the persons of their pictures. In Europe, among the rich and the noble, miniature pictures are exceedingly valued; and as the writer of the article on which we are commenting might say, they are put in the "high places." A man might have his whole line of ancestors preserved in miniature in a small cabinet (no unpleasing thought!) where it would be impossible to have large pictures of them. Even the writer just alluded to, when the all-sweeping hand of time shall consign his body to the grave, and his portrait to the garret—shall 'take at once the *poet* and the *song*,' and bury him and his works in oblivion—even he might live some time in the memory of many people by the aid of a well-painted miniature picture."

75. *Children and Bubble.*—C. King.

> "Philosophers, like children, sometimes choose,
> "To chase the bubble and the substance loose."

This picture is entitled to much praise. The subject is fanciful and executed with considerable judgment: there are some parts, especially the cat on the table looking up at the bubble, that attracted our attention: we are, however, inclined to believe that the artist has laboured more on this picture than was necessary, particularly the colouring.

87. *Portrait of a young lady with a parrot.*—J. Worrell. There is something about the works of this young artist that promise much of future excellence: although defective in what may be termed the mechanical parts of the art, his pictures nevertheless possess much character, and we have no doubt, with proper application, Mr. Worrell will attract distinguished notice as an artist.

92. *Death of Julius Cesar.*—(from West.)—J. Paul. This picture was painted many years ago when the artist was very young. It was taken from a print after West. The figures are large and painted with great truth. From the excellence of this early production of Mr. Paul's, we are inclined to believe that had he turned his attention to historical instead of portrait painting, he would have ranked very high in the highest department of the arts.

96. *Design of a grand national monument commemorative of the illustrious Washington.*—William Strickland. In this design the artist has displayed much taste, as well as a correct knowledge of architecture. He has also displayed a complete acquaintance with the rules of perspective; and the effect of the whole is excellent. The time is perhaps not very distant when the views of the architect will be realized. Those departed heroes who have fought and fallen in defence of our independence, deserve to have their fame handed down to the latest posterity, by monuments worthy of the glorious actions they have achieved.

Portrait of Mrs. Madison, modelled in colour—G. M. Miller. The artist is entitled to much praise; the likeness is correct, and executed in a very pleasing manner. Mr. Miller has exhibited on the present occasion, a great variety of specimens of modelling, which have very justly attracted the notice of the admirers of a very difficult and very important branch of the fine arts.

119. *Blind Fiddler.*—J. L. Krimmell. This beautiful little picture is a copy from an English print, engraved by Burnet, from an original picture of the same size, by the celebrated Wilkie. Although the design, composition and effect of this picture are not the productions of our young artist, yet we must give him great credit for his beautiful and harmonious colouring, and for the masterly manner in which he has preserved the character of the original. It is impossible for us to pass over this copy without noticing the extraordinary merits of the original. The subject is one of those that daily occur in the simple walks of common life; it is delineated with truth and elegance, and exhibits without affectation, the comforts and happiness of domestic life—the scene is the inside of a cottage—the blind fiddler is represented seated and beating time to his music, and his whole soul appears fixed on the subject. His family, consisting of a wife and two children, appear but little affected by the variety of his sounds. The boy warming himself at the fire seems to *feel* more from the effects of cold than the music—the family of the house, old and young, are sensibly affected with the scene, and visible expression of pleasure is on the countenances of all; even the dog turns his ear towards the fiddler and seems pleased with the *harmony of sounds*. The mistress of the house is seated

near the centre of the floor, with an infant on her knee that appears electrified, and springing towards its father, who stands opposite with his arms extended in the act of snapping his thumbs and fingers, and his attention seems equally divided between the infant and the music—two little girls stand before their mother with their eyes riveted on the musical guest—a boy about ten years of age, unobserved by any but the servant maid, is busily employed with a pair of bellows and a stick in imitation of the fiddler, and a rude drawing stuck on the door behind him, shows that he has a genius for the imitative arts—a fine old man who forms the centre of this admirable group appears to be a grandfather in the family, is standing with his back to the fire, sedately viewing with fixed marks of gratification the pleasing scene before him. The appearance of cleanliness and comfort are here fully displayed. The various implements of industry combine to form this exquisite production of art; and the head of a clergyman and a bible on the mantlepiece, is a proof that the painter conceived that religion was essential to human happiness. Mr. Wilkie may be considered the founder of a new school of painting—he appears to have copied nature very closely, without her deformities: he has given all the character and finish of *Teniers* without his vulgarities. His pictures are equally interesting to the learned and ignorant—they are faithful, chaste, and dignified representations of nature, conveying at the same time pleasure and instruction.

Mr. Wilkie is a native of Scotland, is only thirty-five years of age, and according to the best information we can collect, he has never been in *France* or *Italy*. He has acquired a knowledge of his profession by his own exertions alone. We have been thus particular relative to this artist, because we believe his school of painting is well fitted for our republican manners and habits, and more likely than any other to be appreciated at present. Instead of mounting on the wings of *imagination* and ascending into the regions of *fancy*, our artists may exercise their talents to more advantage by representing real objects. There is a simplicity about this charming and refined production of Wilkie, which entitles him, in our opinion, to hold that rank as a painter which Goldsmith holds as a poet and an author.

120. *Quilting Frolic.*—J. L. Krimmell. This is an original and very excellent picture, and was no doubt intended as a companion to his copy of Wilkie's blind fiddler. Throughout the whole of this charming and very interesting subject we can perceive strong marks of the genius of the painter. The composition, drawing, colouring and effect, display much knowledge of the true principles of art: the style is evidently his own. Mr. Krimmell is a pupil in the *school of Nature*, and he has already given sufficient proofs that he has not studied in vain. His figures are graceful, easy, and well drawn. On first viewing this picture we were inclined to believe that the objects were rather crowded; but on mature consideration, we changed our opinion. The subject represents a sort of entertainment, or *tea-party and dance*, given at the close of what is called a *quilting frolic*. It is very natural to suppose that a small room would not only be full, but crowded, and that every thing wanted on the occasion would be in requisition—the tea-cups, &c. are placed on a small tray close together (evidently for the want of a larger.) The bustle throughout this entertaining scene is very visible, and managed by the artist with great dexterity. The subject is good and executed with great judgment, and if Mr. Krimmell only perseveres in the path he has chosen, we are decidedly of opinion that his labours and talents will contribute largely towards giving a character to the arts in our own country.

123. *Engagement between the privateer schooner Comet, captain Boyle, of Baltimore, and a Portuguese sloop of war and three English vessels under her convoy.*—James Peale, junior. This picture is painted with great spirit, and certainly does much credit to the young artist. The story is well told: the objects easy and natural. The effect produced by the *fire* and *smoke, blended with moonlight*, is extremely beautiful, and is to us a proof that the painter is no common observer of nature.

ANTIQUE SALOON.

We regret that the close of the exhibition would not permit us to go into a detail of the numerous and very excellent productions exhibited in this room. There are two beautiful busts in marble by Ceracchi. Several excellent models by Rush. A

number of masterly drawings in colours by the late Mr. Beck. M. Baralett has exhibited a drawing in a new style. It represents the inside view of Oliver Evans's foundery, and appears to be done with a kind of black chalk, and has a fine effect.—Mr. Wood has displayed much talent in a number of portraits in water colours; and Mr. Miller has also shown much knowledge in a great variety of models. There are two beautiful drawings, in Indian-ink, by Kearney, representing the engagements between the *Wasp and Frolic* and *Hornet and Peacock*, executed with more freedom and taste than any pictures on the same subject that we have seen. Among the number of excellent productions that fill this room, we cannot pass over a beautiful *painting on velvet* by Mrs. Jones—we sincerely hope that the labours of this female artist will be duly appreciated by the American fair.

M.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI.—*Hor.*

Junius; including letters by the same writer, under other signatures (now first collected.) To which are added, his confidential correspondence with Mr. Wilkes, and his private letters addressed to Mr. H. S. Woodfall: with a preliminary essay, notes, fac-similes, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Bradford and Inskeep, Philadelphia.

The author of these letters has had the good fortune reserved to but few prophets of witnessing the accomplishment of his own predictions. When in a moment of triumph he foretold, about forty years ago, that the "Bible and Junius would be read when the commentaries of the Jesuits were forgotten," his most sanguine hopes could scarcely have anticipated the fact, that on this side of the Atlantic there is scarcely a single work in the higher branches of literature more generally known and read than the Letters of Junius. Yet generally circulated and admired as they are, the ordinary editions of Junius's letters are in the

highest degree unsatisfactory. They begin and end abruptly; they contain no good account of the state of politics which preceded the appearance of Junius; the mode in which he first announced himself to the public, and the extent and nature of his popularity; no explanation of many allusions to obscure persons, to obsolete topics, or local information: in short, the luminous path of Junius was surrounded not merely by the factitious darkness which he himself created, but by a thousand shades which were every day thickening over his course. All these inconveniences have been remedied by the present edition, which is unquestionably the best in every respect which has hitherto appeared, and which, though something is still left to desire, contains a great deal of very curious and interesting matter.

The publisher of the work is understood to be the son of Mr. H. S. Woodfall, the proprietor of the Daily Advertiser, in which the letters of Junius originally appeared, who must necessarily have possessed much information with regard to his distinguished correspondent, besides having many of his private letters. The edition is therefore from the purest source: it consists of a preliminary essay on the character and authorship of the letters; a collection of private letters from Junius to Woodfall, and the private correspondence between Junius and Wilkes. Then follow the letters of Junius, and a collection of miscellaneous letters from the same pen under different signatures. The great and universal circulation of these letters would render any remarks from us on the character of Junius, or his peculiar style, perfectly superfluous; and we shall therefore render this notice much more profitable to our readers, by presenting to them, in a condensed form, the most valuable matter contained under each of the above heads.

The first appearance and the progress of Junius, with the termination of his labours, is thus described in the preliminary essay.

It was on the 28th of April, in the year 1767, that the late Mr. H. S. Woodfall, received, amidst other letters from a great number of correspondents for the use of the Public Advertiser of which he was the proprietor, the first public address of this celebrated writer. He had not then assumed

the name, or rather written under the signature of Junius; nor did he always indeed assume a signature of any kind. When he did so, however, his signature was diversified, and the chief of them were Mnemon and Atticus, Lucius, Junius and Brutus. Under the first he sarcastically opposed the ministry upon the subject of the Nullum Tempus bill, which involved the celebrated dispute concerning the transfer on the part of the crown of the duke of Portland's estate of the forest of Inglewood, and the manor and castle of Carlisle, to sir James Lowther, son-in-law of lord Bute, upon the plea that these lands, which formerly belonged to the crown, had not been duly specified in king William's grant of them to the Portland family; and that hence, although they had been in the Portland family for nearly seventy years, they of right belonged to the crown still. The letters signed Atticus and Brutus relate chiefly to the growing disputes with the American colonies: and those subscribed Lucius exclusively to the outrageous dismission of sir Jeffrey Amherst from his post of governor of Virginia.

The name of Mnemon seems to have been merely taken up at hazard. That of Atticus was unquestionably assumed from the author's own opinion of the purity of his style, an opinion in which the public universally concurred; and the three remaining signatures of Lucius, Junius, and Brutus were obviously deduced from a veneration for the memory of the celebrated Roman patriot, who united these three names in his own.

There were also a variety of other names occasionally assumed by this fertile political writer, to answer particular purposes, or more completely to conceal himself, and carry forward his extensive design. That of Philo-Junius, he has avowed to the public, in the authorised edition of the Letters of JUNIUS: but besides this they have yet to recognize him under the mask of Poplicola, Domitian, Vindex, and a variety of others, as the subjoined pages will sufficiently testify.

The most popular of our author's letters anterior to those published with the signature of JUNIUS in 1769, were those subscribed Atticus and Lucius; to the former of which the few letters signed Brutus seem to have been little more than auxiliary, and are consequently not polished with an equal degree of attention. These letters, in point of time, preceded those with the signature of JUNIUS by a few weeks: they are certainly written with admirable spirit and perspicuity, and are entitled to all the popularity they acquired:—yet they are not perhaps possessed of more merit than our author's letters signed Mnemon. They nevertheless deserve a more minute attention from their superior celebrity. The proofs of their having been composed by the writer denominated JUNIUS are incontestible: the manner, the phraseology, the sarcastic, exprobatory style, independently of any other evidence, sufficiently identify them. These therefore are now added, together with such others whose genuineness is equally indisputable, to the acknowledged letters of JUNIUS, to render his productions complete.

The attention paid to these philippics, and the celebrity they had so considerably acquired, stimulated the author to new and additional exertions: and having in the beginning of the ensuing year completed another with more than usual elaboration and polish, which he seems to have intended as a kind of introductory address to the nation at large, he sent it forth under the name of JUNIUS (a name he had hitherto assumed but once) to the office of the Public Advertiser, in which journal it appeared on Saturday, January 21, 1769. The popularity expected by the author from this performance was more than accomplished; and what in some measure added to his fame, was a reply (for the Public Advertiser was equally open to all parties) from a real character of no small celebrity as a scholar, as well as a man of rank, sir Wm. Draper; principally because the attack upon his majesty's ministers had extended itself to Lord Granby, at that time commander in chief, for whom sir William professed the most cordial esteem and friendship.

The last political letter that ever issued under the signature of JUNIUS was addressed to Lord Camden. It appeared in the Public Advertiser for Jan. 21, 1772, and followed the publication of his long and elaborate address to lord Mansfield upon the illegal bailing of Eyre; and was designed to stimulate the noble earl to a renewal of the contest which he had commenced with the chief justice towards the close of the preceding session of parliament. It possesses the peculiarity of being the only encomiastic letter that ever fell from his pen under the signature of JUNIUS.

Lord Camden, however, was not induced by this earnest attempt and last letter of JUNIUS to renew his attack upon lord Mansfield; yet this was not the reason, or at least not the sole or primary reason for JUNIUS's discontinuing to write. It has already been observed, that so early as July, 1769, he began to entertain thoughts of dropping a character and signature which must have cost him a heavy series of labour, and perhaps not unfrequently exposed him to no small peril. "I really doubt," says he, "whether I shall write any more *under this signature*. I am weary of attacking a set of brutes, whose writings are really too dull to furnish me with even the materials of contention, and whose measures are too gross and direct to be the subject of argument, or to require illustration."

Even so long afterwards as January 19, 1773, in the very last letter we have any certain knowledge he ever addressed to Mr. Woodfall, he urges precisely the same motives for his continuing to desist. "I have seen the signals thrown out for your old friend and correspondent. Be assured I have had good reason for not complying with them. In the present state of things, if I were to write again, I must be as silly as any of the horned cattle that run mad through the city, or as any of your wise aldermen. *I meant the cause and the public:* BOTH ARE GIVEN UP. I feel for the honour of this country, when I see that there are not ten men in it who will unite and stand together upon any one question. But it is all alike vile and contemptible. *You* have

never flinched that I know of: I shall always rejoice to hear of your prosperity. If you have any thing to communicate of moment to yourself, you may use the last address and give a hint."

The mode in which the communication between the writer and his printer was carried on is interesting.

Thus widely informed, and applying the information he was possessed of with an unsparing hand, to purposes of general exposure in every instance of political delinquency, it cannot but be supposed that JUNIUS must have excited a host of enemies in every direction, and that his safety, perhaps his existence, depended alone upon his concealment. Of this he was sufficiently sensible. In his last letter to sir Wm. Draper, who had endeavoured by every means to stimulate him to a disclosure of himself, he observes, "As to me, it is by no means necessary that I should be exposed to the resentment of the worst and the most powerful men in this country, though I may be indifferent about yours. Though you would *fight*, there are others who would *assassinate*." To the same effect is the following passage in a confidential letter to Mr. Woodfall. "I must be more cautious than ever; I am sure I should not survive a discovery three days; or, if I did, they would attaint me by bill." On many occasions, therefore, notwithstanding all the calmness and intrepidity he affected in his public letters, it is not to be wondered at that he should betray some feelings of apprehension in his confidential intercourse. In one of his private letters, indeed, he observes, "As to me, be assured it is not in the nature of things that they (the Cavendish family) or you or any body else should ever know me, unless I make myself known: all arts, or inquiries, or rewards, would be equally ineffectual." But in other letters he seems not a little afraid of detection or surmise. "Tell me candidly," he says, at an early period of his correspondence with Mr. Woodfall under the signature of JUNIUS, "whether you know or suspect who I am." "You must not write to me again," he observes in another letter, "but be assured I will never desert you." "Upon no account, nor for any reason whatever are you to write to me until I give you notice." "Change to the Somerset coffee-house, and let no mortal know the alteration. I am persuaded you are too honest a man to contribute in any way to my destruction. Act honourably by me, and at a proper time you shall know me."

The Somerset coffee-house formed only one of a great variety of places, at which answers and other parcels from the printer of the Public Advertiser were ordered to be left. No plan indeed could be better devised for secresy than that by which this correspondence was maintained. A common name, such as was by no means likely to excite any peculiar attention, was first chosen by JUNIUS and a common place of deposit indicated:—the parcels from JUNIUS himself were sent direct to the print-

ing-office, and whenever a parcel or letter in return was waiting for him, it was announced in the notices to correspondents by such signals as "N. E. C."— "a letter," "Vindex shall be considered," "C. in the usual place," "an old Correspondent shall be attended to," the introductory C. being a little varied from that commonly used; or by a line of Latin poetry. "Don't always use," says our author, "the same signal: any absurd Latin verse will answer the purpose." And when the answer implied a mere negative or affirmative, it was communicated in the newspaper by a simple *yes* or *no*. The names of address more commonly assumed were Mr. William Middleton, or Mr. John Fretly, and the more common places of address were the bar of the Somerset coffee-house as stated above, of the New Exchange, or Munday's in Maiden Lane, the waiters of which were occasionally feed for their punctuality. But these too were varied for other names and places of abode as circumstances might dictate.

By what conveyance JUNIUS obtained his letters and parcels from the places at which they were left for him is not very clearly ascertained. From the passage quoted from his private letter No. 10, as also from the express declaration in the dedication to his own edition of his letters, that he was at that time "the sole depository of his own secret," it should seem that he had also been uniformly his own messenger: yet in his private letter of January 18, 1772, he observes, "the gentleman who transacts the conveyancing part of our correspondence tells me there was much difficulty last night." In truth, the difficulty and danger of his constantly performing his own errand must have been extreme; and it is more reasonable therefore to suppose that he employed some person on whom he could place an implicit reliance; while to avoid the apparent contradiction between such a fact, and that of his affirming that he was the sole depository of his own secret, it is only necessary to conceive at the same time that the person thus confidentially employed was not entrusted with the full scope and object of his agency.* He sometimes, as we learn from his own testimony, employed a common chairman as his messenger, and perhaps this, after all, was the method most usually resorted to.

That a variety of schemes were invented and actually in motion to detect him there can be no doubt; but the extreme vigilance he at all times evinced, and the honourable forbearance of Mr. Woodfall, enabled him to baffle every

* Mr. Jackson, the present respectable proprietor of the Ipswich Journal, was at this time in the employment of the late Mr. Woodfall, and he observed to the editor, in September last, that he once saw a tall gentleman dressed in a light coat with bag and sword, throw into the office door opening into Ivy lane a letter of JUNIUS's, which he picked up and immediately followed the bearer of it into St. Paul's Church-yard, where he got into a hackney coach and drove off. But whether this was "the gentleman who transacted the conveyancing part" or JUNIUS himself, it is impossible to ascertain.

effort, and to persevere in his concealment to the last. "Your letter," says he in one of his private notes, "was twice refused last night, and the waiter as often attempted to see the person who sent for it."

On another occasion his alarm was excited in consequence of various letters addressed to him at the printing office, with a view as he suspected of leading to a disclosure either of his person or abode. "I return you," says he in reply, "the letters you sent me yesterday. A man who can write neither common English nor spell, is hardly worth attending to. It is probably a trap for me: I should be glad to know what the fool means. If he writes again, open his letter, and if it contain any thing worth my knowing, send it: otherwise not. Instead of 'C. in the usual place,' say only 'a letter' when you have occasion to write to me again. I shall understand you."

The great and doubtful question who was the author of Junius's letters is discussed at considerable length, with much knowledge of fact, though not always with equal acuteness. The aim of the writer is to destroy the pretensions of all whose names have been ever introduced as claimants to this honour, without undertaking to substitute any other in their place. However unsatisfactory such a conclusion may be to our curiosity, it is at least one step towards truth to remove the errors which have impeded its progress, and the arguments of the editor are therefore entitled to very respectful consideration. Although he does not designate any individual, he has collected a variety of characteristics, which any future candidate must possess before he can be received as Junius.

That he was a man of easy, if not of affluent circumstances, is unquestionable, from the fact that he never could be induced in any way or shape to receive any acknowledgment from the proprietor of the Public Advertiser, for the great benefit and popularity he conferred on this paper by his writings, and to which he was fairly entitled. When the first genuine edition of his letters was on the point of publication, Mr. Woodfall again urged him either to accept half its profits, or to point out some public charity or other institution to which an equal sum might be presented. His reply to this request is contained in a paragraph of one of his Private Letters, No. 59, and confers credit on both the parties. "What you say about the profits is very handsome. I like to deal with such men. As for myself be assured that *I am far above all pecuniary views*, and no other person I think has any claim to share with you. Make the most of it, therefore; and let your views in life be directed to a solid, however moderate independence: without it no man can be happy nor even honest." In this last sentence he reasoned from the sphere

of life in which he was accustomed to move; and, confining it to this sphere, the transactions of every day show us that he reasoned correctly. It is an additional proof, as well of his affluence, as of his generosity, that not long after the commencement of his correspondence with the printer of the Public Advertiser, he wrote to him as follows: "For the matter of assistance, be assured, that, if a question should arise upon any writings of mine, you shall not want it;—in point of money be assured you shall never suffer." In perfect and honourable consonance with which, when the printer was at length involved in a prosecution in consequence of JUNIUS's letter to the king, he wrote to him as follows: "If your affair should come to trial, and you should be found guilty, you will then let me know what expense falls particularly on yourself: for I understand you are engaged with other proprietors. Some way or other *you* shall be reimbursed."

That JUNIUS moved in the immediate circle of the court, and was intimately and confidentially connected, either directly or indirectly, with all the public offices of government, is, if possible, still clearer than that he was a man of independent property; for the feature that peculiarly characterised him, at the time of his writing, and that cannot even now be contemplated without surprise, was the facility with which he became acquainted with every ministerial manœuvre, whether public or private, from almost the very instant of its conception. At the first moment the partisans of the prime minister were extolling his official integrity and virtue, in not only resisting the terms offered by Mr. Vaughan for the purchase of the reversion of a patent-place in Jamaica, but in commencing a prosecution against him for thus attempting to corrupt him, JUNIUS, in his letter of Nov. 29, 1769, vol. i. p. 185, exposed this affectation of coyness, as he calls it, by proving that the minister was not only privy to, but a party concerned in, the sale of another patent place, though the former had often been disposed of before in a manner somewhat if not altogether similar. The particulars of this transaction are given in his letter to the Duke of Grafton, Dec. 12, 1769, vol. i. p. 187, and in his private note to Mr. Woodfall of the same date, No. 15. The rapidity with which the affair of general Gansel reached him has been already noticed. In his letter to the duke of Bedford he narrates facts which could scarcely be known but to persons immediately acquainted with the family. And when the printer was threatened with a prosecution in consequence of this letter, he says to him in a private note, "it is clearly my opinion that you have nothing to fear from the duke of Bedford. I reserve some things expressly to awe him in case he should think of bringing you before the house of lords. I am sure I could threaten him privately with such a storm as would make him tremble even in his grave." He was equally acquainted with the domestic concerns of lord Hartford's family. Of a Mr. Swinney, a correspondent of the printer's, he observes in another confidential letter,

"That Swinney is a wretched but a dangerous fool: he had the impudence to go to lord Sackville, whom he had never spoken to, and to ask him whether or no he was the author of JUNIUS—take care of him." This anecdote is not a little curious: the fact was true, and occurred but a day or two before the letter was written: but how JUNIUS, unless he had been lord Sackville himself, should have been so soon acquainted with it, baffles all conjecture. In reality several persons to whom this transaction has been related, connecting it with other circumstances of a similar tendency, have ventured, but too precipitately, to attribute the letters of JUNIUS to his lordship.

And again more particularly:

These few desultory and imperfect hints are the whole that the writer of this essay has been able to collect concerning the author of the letters of JUNIUS. Yet desultory and imperfect as they are he still hopes that they may not be utterly destitute both of interest and utility. Although they do not undertake positively to ascertain who the author was, they offer a fair test to point out negatively who he was not; and to enable us to reject the pretensions of a host of persons, whose friends have claimed for them so distinguished an honour.

From the observations contained in this essay it should seem to follow unquestionably that the author of the letters of JUNIUS was an Englishman of highly cultivated education, deeply versed in the language, the laws, the constitution and history of his native country: that he was a man of easy if not of affluent circumstances, of unsullied honour and generosity, who had it equally in his heart and in his power to contribute to the necessities of other persons, and especially of those who were exposed to troubles of any kind on his own account: that he was in habits of confidential intercourse, if not with different members of the cabinet, with politicians who were most intimately familiar with the court, and entrusted with all its secrets: that he had attained an age which would allow him, without vanity, to boast of an ample knowledge and experience of the world: that during the years 1767, 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771, and part of 1772, he resided almost constantly in London or its vicinity, devoting a very large portion of his time to political concerns, and publishing his political lucubrations, under different signatures, in the Public Advertiser: that in his natural temper, he was quick, irritable and impetuous; subject to political prejudicies and strong personal animosities; but possessed of a high independent spirit; honestly attached to the principles of the constitution, and fearless and indefatigable in maintaining them; that he was strict in his moral conduct, and in his attention to public decorum; an avowed member of the established church, and, though acquainted with English judicature not a lawyer by profession.

What other characteristics he may have possessed we know not; but these are sufficient; and the claimant who cannot produce them conjointly is in vain brought forward as the author of the letters of JUNIUS.

From this high and in many respects appropriate panegyric on a favourite author, we very reluctantly detract the smallest portion; but the present work affords but too many proofs that Junius was not always discriminate in the objects of his approbation; that he was inconsistent and variable in his opinions of statesmen; and that he was very far from being scrupulous with regard to facts, which he asserted with the most imposing hardihood. Among the instances of these it will be sufficient to repeat what is mentioned by the editor, that of all the politicians of Junius's day, no man was more obnoxious to censure than Mr. Grenville, yet he is never mentioned but with respect. His opinions, or at least his treatment of Wilkes was at one time contemptuous, and then in a high degree confidential. Lord Chatham, whom Junius afterwards praised so eloquently, was at an early period an object of his utmost abhorrence. There is a letter signed Poplicola in 1767, in which that nobleman is attacked with as much severity, and almost in the same style as that afterwards employed against the duke of Grafton. The bitter invective too against the duke for his conduct with regard to the timber in Whittlebury forest, is now proved to be without the slightest foundation; so that we must be content to consider the letters of Junius rather as exquisite personal satires, than as fair representations of men and things, or fit materials for history.

Who is not Junius the editor feels less difficulty in declaring. The pretensions of Lloyd, of Roberts, of Dyer, of the Rev. Philip Rosenhagen, and of Wilkes, are all examined and refuted decisively, nor is there more trouble in settling forever the controversy with regard to Mr. Burke, to Flood the Irish orator, and even to our revolutionary general Charles Lee, whose name was once advanced as a claimant. More attentive examination is due to the pretensions of Boyd, Dunning, and Hamilton, between whom, as far as we can discern, the public suspicion has been of late years divided.

The argument against Boyd is to our minds quite conclusive. We have room to extract no more than that part of it in which, speaking of the grounds on which the late Mr. Woodfall might have proceeded, in declaring, as he did peremptorily, that Boyd was not Junius, the writer of the preliminary essay enumerates the characteristic differences between them.

Woodfall well knew the hand-writings of both Junius and Boyd, and was in possession of many copies of both; and knowing them, he well knew they were different. He well knew that Junius was a man directly implicated in the circle of the court, and immediately privy to its most secret intrigues: and that Boyd was very differently situated, and that whatever information he collected was by circuitous channels alone. Junius he knew to be a man of affluence, considerably superior to his own wants, refusing remunerations to which he was entitled, and offering reimbursements to those who suffered on his account—Boyd to be labouring under great pecuniary difficulties, and ready to accept whatever was offered him; or, in the language of Mr. Almon, "a broken gentleman without a guinea in his pocket." Junius he knew to be a man of considerably more than his own age, who from a long and matured experience of the world, was entitled to read him lessons of moral and prudential philosophy; Boyd to be at the same time a very young man, who had not even reached his majority, totally without plan, and almost without experience of any kind, who in the prospect of divulging himself to Woodfall, could not possibly have written to him "after a LONG *experience of the world*, I affirm before God I never knew a rogue who was not unhappy." Boyd he knew to be an imitator and copyist of Junius; Junius to be no imitator or copyist of any man, and least of all of himself. Junius he knew to be a decided mixt-monarchist, who opposed the ministry upon constitutional principles; Boyd to be a wild, random republican, who opposed them upon revolutionary views: Junius to be a writer who could not have adopted the signature of Democrates or Democraticus; Boyd a writer who could, and who, we are told did do so, in perfect uniformity with his political creed. Woodfall, it is true, did not pretend to know Junius personally, but from his hand-writing, his style of composition, age, politics, rank in life, and pecuniary affluence, he was perfectly assured that JUNIUS COULD NOT BE BOYD.

With regard to the second he observes:

Of all the reputed authors of these celebrated addresses, Dunning, lord Ashburton, offers the largest aggregate of claim in his favour; and, but for a few facts which seem decisive against him, might fairly be admitted to have been the real Junius. His age and rank in life, his talents and learning, his brilliant wit, and sarcastic habit, his common residence, during the period in question, his political principles, attachments and antipathies, conspire in

rhetorical powers, and a very competent judge, as well as many other persons, thought.

"It may be added, that his style of composition was entirely different from that of this writer. * * * * That he had none of that minute *commissarial* knowledge of petty military matters, which is displayed in some of the earlier papers of JUNIUS.

"And finally it may be observed, that the figures and allusions of JUNIUS are often of so different a race from those which our author [Hamilton] would have used, that he never spoke of some of them without the strongest disapprobation; and particularly when a friend, for the purpose of drawing him out, affected to think him the writer of these papers; and bantering him on the subject, taxed him with that passage in which a nobleman, then in a high office, is said to have 'travelled through every sign in the political zodiac, from the SCORPION, in which he *stung* lord Chatham, to the hopes of a VIRGIN,' &c. as if this imagery were much in his style—Mr. Hamilton with great vehemence exclaimed, 'had I written such a sentence as that, I should have thought I had forfeited all pretensions to good taste in composition forever!'".

Mr. Malone further observes, that Hamilton filled the office of chancellor of the exchequer in Ireland, from September 1763 to April 1784, during the very period in which all the letters of JUNIUS appeared before the public; and it will not very readily be credited by any one that this is likely to have been the exact quarter from which the writer of the letters in question fulminated his severe criminations against government. The subject moreover of parliamentary reform, for which JUNIUS was so zealous an advocate, Mr. Malone expressly tells us was considered by Hamilton to be "of so dangerous a tendency, that he once said to a friend now living, that he would sooner suffer his right hand to be cut off, than vote for it."

The only reason indeed that appears for these letters having ever been attributed to Hamilton is, that on a certain morning he told the duke of Richmond, as has been already hinted at, the *substance* of a letter of JUNIUS which he pretended to have just read in the Public Advertiser; but which, on consulting the Public Advertiser, was found not to appear there, an apology instead of it being offered for its postponement till the next day, when the letter thus previously adverted to by Hamilton did actually make its appearance. That Hamilton, therefore, had a knowledge of the existence and purport of this letter is unquestionable; but without conceiving him the author of it, it is easy to account for the fact, by supposing him (as we have supposed already) to have had it read to him by his friend Woodfall, antecedently to its being printed.

After disposing of all these claims, we are surprised at the introduction of lord George Sackville's name. The evidence is

however, we think, very inconclusive in his favour: indeed there does not seem much room for doubt, if we can trust to the authenticity of one of the letters in this collection ascribed to Junius, in which he accuses lord George of a want of personal courage; an imputation not easily made by any man against himself.

The private correspondence with Woodfall relates chiefly to the manner in which they are to communicate together, with occasional remarks, which are in the true spirit of Junius. We shall insert a few of them.

SIR, Sept. 10, 1769.

The last letter you printed was idle and improper, and I assure you printed against my own opinion. The truth is, there are people about me, whom I would wish not to contradict, and who had rather see Junius in the papers ever so improperly than not at all. I wish it could be recalled. Suppose you were to say—*We have some reason to suspect that the last letter signed Junius in this paper, was not written by the real Junius, though the observation escaped us at the time:* or, if you can hit off any thing yourself more plausible, you will much oblige me, but without a positive assertion. Don't let it be the same day with the enclosed. Begging your pardon for this trouble, I remain your friend and humble servant, C.

Thursday night, Oct. 5, 1769.

I shall be glad to see the pacquet you speak of. It cannot come from the Cavendishes, though there be no end of the family. They would not be so silly as to put their arms on the cover. As to me, be assured that it is not in the nature of things, that they, or you, or any body else should ever know me, unless I make myself known. All arts or inquiries, or rewards would be equally ineffectual.

As to *you*, it is clearly my opinion, that you have nothing to fear from the duke of Bedford. I reserve some things expressly to awe him, in case he should think of bringing you before the house of lords. I am sure I can threaten him privately with such a storm, as would make him tremble even in his grave. You may send to-morrow to the same place without farther notice; and if you have any thing of your own to communicate, I shall be glad to hear it. C.

SIR, December 12, 1769.

You may tell Mr. A. B. C. that I did not receive his letter till last night, and have not had time to look into the paper annexed. I cannot at present understand what use I can make of it. It certainly shall not be an ungenerous one to him. If he or his counsel *know how to act*, I have saved him already,

and really without intending it. The facts are all literally true. Mr. Hine's place is customer at the port of Exeter. Colonel Burgoyne received 4000*l.* for it. To mend the matter, the money was raised by contribution, and the subscribers quartered upon Mr. Hine. Among the rest, one doctor Brook, a physician at Exeter, has 100*l.* a year out of the salary. I think you might give these particulars in your own way to the public. As to yourself, I am convinced the ministry will not venture to attack you, they dare not submit to such an inquiry. If they do, show no fear, but tell them plainly you will justify, and subpœna Mr. Hine, Burgoyne, and Bradshaw of the treasury—that will silence them at once. As to the house of commons there may be more danger. But even there I am fully satisfied the ministry will exert themselves to quash such an inquiry, and on the other side, you will have friends:—but they have been so grossly abused on all sides, that they will hardly begin with *you*.

Tell A. B. C. his paper shall be returned. I am now meditating a capital, and I hope a final piece—you shall hear of it shortly.

SIR, Dec. 26, 1769.

With the inclosed alterations I should think our paper might appear. As to embowelling, do whatever you think proper, provided you leave it intelligible to vulgar capacities; but would not it be the shortest way at once to print it, in an anonymous pamphlet? Judge for yourself. I enter seriously into the anxiety of your situation, at the same time I am strongly inclined to think that you will not be called upon. They cannot do it without subjecting Hine's affair to an inquiry, which would be worse than death to the minister. As it is, they are more seriously stabbed with this last stroke than all the rest. At any rate, stand firm—(I mean with all the humble appearances of contrition)—if you trim or faulter, you will lose friends without gaining others. A. B. C. has done right in publishing his letter, it defends him more effectually than all his nonsense. I believe I shall give him a lift, for I really think he has been punished infinitely beyond his merits. I doubt much whether I shall ever have the pleasure of knowing you; but if things take the turn I expect, you shall know *me by my works*. C.

SIR, Monday Evening, Nov. 12, 1770.

The enclosed, though begun within these few days, has been greatly laboured. It is very correctly copied, and I beg you will take care that it be literally printed as it stands. I don't think you run the least risk. We have got the rascal down, let us strangle him if it be possible. This paper should properly have appeared to-morrow, but I could not compass it, so let it be announced to-morrow, and printed Wednesday. If you should have any fears, I entreat you send it early enough to Miller, to appear to-morrow night in the London Evening Post. In that case, you will oblige me by informing the pub-

lic to-morrow, in *your own paper*, that a real Junius will appear at night in the London. Miller, I am sure, will have no scruples.

Lord Mansfield has thrown ministry into confusion, by suddenly resigning the office of speaker of the house of lords.

SIR, Feb. 21, 1771.

It will be very difficult, if not impracticable for me to get your note. I presume it relates to Vindex. I leave it to you to alter or omit as you think proper—or burn it. I think the argument about Gibraltar, &c. is too good to be lost; as to the satirical part, I must tell you (and with positive certainty) that our gracious ——— is as callous as stockfish to every thing but the reproach of *cowardice*. That alone is able to set the humours afloat. After a paper of that kind he won't eat meat for a week.

You may rely upon it, the ministry are sick of prosecutions. Those against Junius cost the treasury above six thousand pounds, and after all they got nothing but disgrace. After the paper you have printed to-day (signed Brutus) one would think you feared nothing. For my own part I can very truly assure you that nothing would afflict me more than to have drawn you into a personal danger, because it admits of no recompence. A little expense is not to be regarded, and I hope these papers have reimbursed you. I never will send you any thing that *I* think dangerous; but the risk is yours, and you must determine for yourself. C.

All the above is private.

Thursday, June 20, 1771.

I am strangely partial to the enclosed. It is finished with the utmost care. If I find myself mistaken in my judgment of this paper, I positively will never write again. C.

Let it be announced to-morrow, Junius to the duke of Grafton for Saturday.

I think Wilkes has closed well. I hope he will keep his resolution not to write any more.

(Secret.)

Beware of David Garrick,* he was sent to pump you, and went directly to Richmond to tell the king I should write no more.

* Garrick had received a letter from Woodfall just before the above note of Junius was sent to the printer, in which Garrick was told, in confidence, that there were some doubts whether Junius would continue to write much longer. Garrick flew with the intelligence to Mr. Ramus, one of the pages to the king, who immediately conveyed it to his majesty, at that time residing at Richmond, and from the peculiar sources of information that were open to this extraordinary writer, Junius was apprised of the whole transaction on the ensuing morning, and wrote the above postscript, and the letter that follows it, in consequence.

To Mr. David Garrick. Nov. 10, 1771.

I am very exactly informed of your impertinent inquiries, and of the information you so busily sent to Richmond, and with what triumph and exultation it was received. I knew every particular of it the next day. Now mark me, vagabond! Keep to your pantomimes, or be assured you shall hear of it. Meddle no more, thou busy informer! It is in *my* power to make you curse the hour in which you dared to interfere with JUNIUS.

I would send the above to Garrick directly, but that I would avoid having this hand too commonly seen. Oblige me, then, so much as to have it copied in any hand, and send by the penny-post, that is if you dislike sending it in your own writing. I must be more cautious than ever. I am sure I should not survive a discovery three days; or, if I did, they would attaint me by bill. Change to the *Somerset coffee-house*, and let no mortal know the alteration. I am persuaded you are too honest a man to contribute in any way to my destruction. Act honourably by me, and at a proper time you shall know me.

I think the second page, with the widest lines, looks best. What is your essential reason for the change? I send you some more sheets. I think the paper is not so good as *Wheble's*—but I may be mistaken—the type is good. The aspersions thrown upon my letter to the bill of rights, should be refuted by publication.

Prevail upon Mr. Wilkes to let you have extracts of my second and third letters to him. It will make the book still more new. I would see them before they are printed, but keep this last to yourself.

About Nov. 15, 1771.

If you can find the date of the duke of Bedford's flogging, insert it in the note. I think it was soon after the Westminster election. The *Philos* are not to be placed as notes, except where I mention it particularly. I have no doubt of what you say about David Garrick—so drop the note. The truth is, that in order to curry favour, he made himself a greater rascal than he was. Depend upon what I tell you—the king understood that he had found out the secret by his own cunning and activity. As it is important to deter him from meddling, I desire you will tell him that I am aware of his practices, and will certainly be revenged, if he does not desist. An appeal to the public from Junius would destroy him.

Let me know whether Mr. Wilkes will give you the extracts.

I cannot proceed without answers to those seven queries.

Think no more of Junius Americanus.* Let him reprint his letters him-

* Junius Americanus was a frequent writer in the Public Advertiser during the years 1769, 1770, and 1771. His letters chiefly related, as his signature readily suggests, to the disputes of the cabinet with the American colonies; and, in the course of his strictures, he attributed to Junius doctrines, in relation to their dependance on the legislature of Great Britain, which he had never avowed, nor even inclined to. At this time there was some idea of publishing them collectively. They were written by a Dr. Charles Lee, as may be seen by a reference to the private correspondence of Junius and Mr. Wilkes.

self. He acts most dishonourably, in suffering Junius to be so traduced; but this falsehood will all revert upon Horne. In the mean time, I laugh at him.

With submission I think it is not your interest to declare that I have done.

As to yourself, I really think you are in no danger. *You* are not the object, and punishing *you* (unless it answered the purpose of stopping the press) would be no gratification to the king. If undesignedly I should send you any thing you may think dangerous, judge for yourself, or take any opinion you think proper. You cannot offend or afflict me but by hazarding your own safety. They talk of farther informations, but they will always hold that language *in terrorem*.

Don't always use the same signal—any absurd Latin verse will answer the purpose.

Let me know about what time you may want more copy.

Upon reflection, I think it absolutely necessary to send that note to D. G. only say *practices* instead of *impertinent inquiries*. I think you have no measures to keep with a man who could betray a confidential letter, for so base a purpose as pleasing * Tell me how long it may be before you want more copy. I want rest most severely, and am going to find it in the country for a few days. Cumbriensis has taken greatly.

The letters of Junius to Wilkes are on the politics of the city, but are written in his characteristic manner.

The original letters of Junius which follow next in order, are printed with but little variation from the common editions.

The miscellaneous letters written by the same author under different signatures, occupy more than three hundred pages of the second volume: they are written with more apparent haste and more loosely than his more laboured letters of Junius, but they bear throughout the stamp of his intellect. There is about them the same fierce unsparing spirit of personal invective, the same polished sarcasm, the same terse sententiousness of style, which belong to the more caustic and dignified Junius. There may be even detected many ideas, and even some phrases employed under other signatures, which were afterwards elaborated and polished in the style of Junius.

On the whole, this work must become we think the standard edition of Junius, till some more fortunate publisher shall open a new track of conjecture, or obtain some nearer glimpse of the nameless shade.

Z.

NOTES OF A DESULTORY READER.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In a letter of Mr. Fox to Mr. Trotter, given in the Port Folio for May last, he says, "If there is an Apolonius Rhodius where you are, pray look at Medea's speech, lib. iv. v. 365, and you will perceive, that even in Dido's finest speech, *Nec tibi diva parens, &c.* he (Virgil) has imitated a good deal, and especially those expressive and sudden turns, *Neque te teneo, &c.* but then he has made wonderful improvements, and, on the whole, it is perhaps, the finest thing in all poetry."

I have not looked into Apolonius Rhodius, but I have into Valerius Flaccus, who translated into Latin verse the Argonauticon of Apolonius, for the passage alluded to by Mr. Fox, and so far as it may be supposed to be correctly translated, I am compelled to say, that Virgil appears to have much more closely imitated the Lamentation of Ariadne by Catullus than that of Medea by Apolonius. Nor with due allowance for the probable inferiority of a translation (though Valerius Flaccus is said to have improved upon his original) should I hesitate to give the preference to the passage in Catullus, whose beauty I have already noted, and observed that it would not suffer on a comparison with the passage in Virgil, cited by Mr. Fox. The speech of Ariadne begins at the 132d line of the Epithalamium Pelei et Thetydos, and the following lines are those, I suppose, to resemble the *Nec tibi diva parens, &c.* of Virgil.

> Quænam te genuit sola sub rupe lœna?
> Quod mare conceptum spumantibus expuit undis?
> Quæ Syrtis, quæ Scylla rapax, quæ vasta Charibdis,
> Talia quí reddis pro dulci præmia vita?

It is not unfair to conclude, that Mr. Fox's classical acquirements did not render him familiar with the poetry of Catullus (the Greek authors he says himself are his favourites) but what shall we say of them when we find, that instead of the Argonauticon of Apolonius Rhodius, Virgil has unequivocally borrowed his *Nec tibi diva parens, &c.* from Homer, as it is equally evident Catullus did his *Quænam te genuit, &c.* I avail myself of Pope's translation in support of my position.

O man unpitying! if of man thy race;
But sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrace,
Nor ever am'rous hero caused thy birth,
Nor ever tender goddess brought thee forth:
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,
And raging seas produced thee in a storm.

Illiad, lib. xvi. *line* 46.

As to those "expressive and sudden turns," the *neque te teneo, &c.* taken notice of by Mr. Fox, they are frequent in the speech of Ariadne. For instance:

Nam quo me referam? quali spe perdita nitar?
Idomeniosne petam monteis? Ah! gurgite lato,
Discernens pontum truculentum dividit æquor.

And in the following exclamation,

Jupiter omnipotens, utinam ne tempore primo,
Gnosia Cecropiæ tetigissent littora puppes!

We trace Virgil again, where he makes Dido say,

Felix heu nimium felix, si littora tantum,
Numquam Dardaniæ tetigissent nostra carinæ!

But notwithstanding these evidences of imitation, I agree with Mr. Fox, that Virgil, upon the whole, has improved upon his original, whether it be Apolonius, Catullus, or Homer. The lamentation of Ariadne in Catullus, though highly impassioned and pathetic, is nothing more than a *fœminea ululatus*, the wailing of a lost Calista, whereas Virgil gives us the *furens quid fœmina possit*, the whole progress of an injured woman's grief, distraction, and despair, embellishing and heightening the narration with the most lugubrious and appropriate imagery: such as,

Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido
Mortem orat: tædet cœli convexa tueri, &c.

Multaque præterea vatum prædicta piorum
Terribili monitu horrificant. Agit ipse furentem
In somnis ferus Æneas: semperque relinqui
Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam, ac Tyrios deserta quærere terra.

By the statutes of English literature, Thomson is established a poet; and so likewise is Young. Each of them writes in blank verse, and is supposed to write it well; but in other respects, they are wholly dissimilar, the one being as much distinguished by a copiousness, as the other is by a paucity of words. Take for instance, Thomson's episode of Lavinia and Palemon, and Young's of Lysander and Aspasia, both pathetic and well told. Cowper's Crazy Kate is most in the manner of Young. Perhaps it would be found on a comparison, that Young makes less use of inversion than any of our blank verse poets, his collocation being nearly that of prose, or at least not more inverted than our rhyming versification.

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There appears to me much reason to believe, that the *Namby Pamby* and ballad style of poetry is more to the taste of the present day, than the better model furnished by Dryden and Pope. These writers are seldom quoted, probably little read, and seem to be in a great measure superceded by their minors in merit as in age, by Collins, by Gray, Southey, Scott, Burns, &c. Gifford, and the author of the Pursuits of Literature, have indeed made a stand in behalf of the elder school, but their efforts have not availed against the overwhelming torrent of madrigal, sonnet, sing-song, and ballad. Collins without doubt has merit, so has the costive Gray, so too the exuberant Southey, the truly Caledonian Scott, the no less national Burns, and probably all the rest of them, in their way: and he that cannot relish them may have just cause to lament a deficiency in his department of taste; but yet can we say of any of these, what Voltaire says of Pope, whom he even prefers to Horace and Boileau?

dans Horace avec Boileau;
Vous y cherchez le vrai, vous y gouties le beau;
Quelques traits échappes d'une utile morale
Dans leurs piquans écrits brillent par intervalle.
Mais Pope approfondit ce qu'ils ont effleuré,
D'un esprit plus hardi, d'un pas plus assuré,
Il porta le flambeau dans l'abime de l'etré,
Et l'homme avec lui seul apprit à se connoitre.
L'art quelquesfois frivole et quelquefois divin
L'art de vers est dans Pope utile au genre humain.

Voltaire au Roi de Prusse.

Unquestionably, next to Shakspeare, Pope, of all the English poets, Milton not excepted, deserves most to be read, to be studied and remembered. And this, no less for his matter than his elegant poetry; his correct, graceful, spirited, dignified, and where required, enthusiastically pathetic diction. What, in this latter kind, has any language superior to his elegy to an unfortunate lady, and more particularly his Eloisa to Abelard?

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Where was this bard of Twickenham's "guide, philosopher, and friend," lord Bolingbroke, when he ventured this but half-way compliment to sir Robert Walpole?

> Seen him I have, but in his happier hour,
> Of social pleasure, ill exchang'd for power;
> Seen him uncumber'd by the venal tribe,
> Smile without art, and win without a bribe.

But Mr. Burke will not admit that he ever won by bribes. He asserts that he was an honourable man, whose partisans were retained solely by their attachment to him. Still, with great deference to Mr. Burke, there is much reason to believe, that he was an accomplished intriguer, and one who possessed the happy knack of managing the worldly-wise by those ingenious divices which are calculated to engage and bind them to interest, not always identifying with that of their country. Sir Robert was one of your placid men. As his son Horace tells us, he could even suffer a clumsy or careless shaver to cut him repeatedly without whining or testifying the slighest displeasure at it; and this is a temperament peculiarly befitting a swimmer with the stream, which a political man must first be before he can expect to direct its course. A coldness under physical evil, or heartless peccadillos, though abstractedly it may be a virtue, is too apt to degenerate into an insensibility to moral turpitude; and he that can witness the triumph of this without feeling his cheek glow and his heart swell with indignation, can easily be brought to tolerate, if not practise it himself. If I understand the character of the late Mr. Charles Fox, it was this leaven of what the world calls good nature in his composition, that led him into a conduct so opposite to that of his exquisitely

sensible friend Burke. The one has the better temper, the other the acuter moral sense, the main ingredient in the composition of a principled man.

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Of all the contrivances of party-men to turn the tables on their adversaries and to put them in the wrong, that of lord Bolingbroke, in respect to the play of Cato, as related by Dr. Johnson, was perhaps the most pointed and happy. After this play had been acted many nights under the thundering plaudits of the whigs, overwhelming, as they supposed, the tories with the odium justly due to the maintainers of slavish principles, lord Bolingbroke requested the play, and taking his seat in a stage box, freely joined in the applause of the performance, and after it was over, calling Booth, who had acted the part of Cato, to his box, presented him with a purse of fifty guineas, for supporting, as he said, *the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator*. What an admirable *riposte* to the partisans of the minister! They had as much, and more money to give in their turn, says Johnson, but the misfortune was, they could not find such a saying to accompany it. Johnson, as a tory, evidently chuckles at the incident, and was no doubt glad of the opportunity of giving it longevity, by inserting it in his Lives. It is questionable, however, whether Mr. Burke would not have been willing, good thing as it is, to let it sink into oblivion. Though not cotemporary with Bolingbroke, Pope, and the rest of them, and therefore never in collision with them, he does not like them. He is often pointed against lord Bolingbroke, and though he sometimes quotes Addison, it is believed he never does Pope. But quære.

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Mr. Hume appears to be established in public opinion as our most perspicuous, correct, elegant, and judicious historian. In this class of writers, he seems to be what Virgil is among the poets: but his remarks, though just, are not often what the French would call *recherchees*, or distinguished by a deep and refined discrimination, in the manner of Tacitus or Rochefoucault, they are for the most part very obvious, and such as naturally arise from the subject, which may be one cause of the

general approbation his history has received. Nevertheless, he sometimes evinces an intimate acquaintance with the human heart, in tracing the combinations, by which men first deceiving themselves, administer fuel to their passions, under a persuasion that they are but fulfilling their duties. The following maxim I select as illustrative of my meaning. "When ambition," says the historian, "can be so happy as to cover its enterprises even to the person himself, under the appearance of principle, it is the most incurable and inflexible of all human passions." To this source might probably be traced the most unrelenting persecutions, both civil and religious. An oppressor generally finds some apology to himself for his conduct; and perhaps even Robespierre might have persuaded himself that the interest of his country was in some measure combined with the preservation of his individual power.

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The many objections which have been made to the style of Mr. Gibbon, are at least a proof that he is no ordinary common place writer. He is said to be affected; but may not all attempts to be conspicuous and to excel by deviating from the beaten tract, be called affectation? The maxim of *ars est celare artem* is doubtless well worthy the attention of a writer; nor do I know that Mr. Gibbon has been remarkably neglectful of it. Had he written like Hume or Robertson, he would have been called a servile imitator; as he has aimed at peculiarity, he is termed affected. He will be read, however, and admired so long as the effusions of a fine and freely indulged imagination shall continue to have attractions: and for my own part, I can readily forgive him the passages both in his history and his life, which have rendered him obnoxious to this censure of his disapprovers. In the latter, the following is probably one that is branded as "exhibiting marks of excessive vanity and conceit." Speaking of finishing his history he says: "It was on the day, or rather night of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer house in my garden: after laying down my pen I took several turns in a *berceau* or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air

was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."

AMERICAN SCENERY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LEMON HILL, which the annexed plate represents, is the seat of Henry Pratt, esq. of Philadelphia; it is situated on a beautiful part of the river Schuylkill, about two and a half miles from the city. The prospect from it is elegant and extensive; the grounds are in the highest state of cultivation; the hot-house is admirably stored, and the picturesque and ornamental improvements, are highly creditable to the taste of the present liberal proprietor.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE LATIN COMEDY.

(*Continued from page 55.*)

TERENCE.

TERENCE has none of the faults of Plautus, excepting his uniformity of subject, which he could not entirely avoid. But he has overcome it as well as he could, on a theatre where it was not permitted to exhibit an intrigue with a free woman. He could not, as Plautus did, give to his young men other than courtesans for mistresses. But he has given these persons a sort of rank which excites an interest in their behalf. He generally sup-

A View of Lemon Hill the Seat of Henry Pratt Esqr

poses that they are the children of noble parents, by whom they were sold or lost in their infancy. Their birth is recognized at the conclusion of the piece: a catastrophe which does not militate with what preceded, because the author describes them as possessing good manners and entertaining a passion but for a single object. He does not exhibit a single instance of those low characters which disgust us in Plautus; he has no buffoonery, no licentiousness, no vulgarity, no impertinence. Among the ancient comic writers, who have descended to us, he is the only one who has depicted decent manners, who has spoken the language of the passions and the tone of nature. His moral is sound and instructive, his pleasantry is exquisite, his dialogue is sprightly, natural and easy. All the decencies of the stage are observed in the conduct and plan of his pieces. In what then has he failed? he wants more force and invention in his intrigue, more interest in his subjects, more of the comic in his characters.

There is a verse, in which he is mentioned, attributed to Julius Cæsar. "And thou, oh, *half-Menander;* thou art placed among our greatest writers, and thou hast merited it by the purity of thy style. I wished that to the charm of thy writings thou hadst added that comic force which was only wanted to place thee on an equality with the Greeks, and that thou hadst not been so inferior to them in this respect. In this only wert thou deficient, oh! Terence, and this I regret."

Who were the Greek writers that possessed this comic vein which Terence wanted? and in what respect could he be called the *half-Menander?* We know that he generally took two Greek pieces to make one of his own, and as he never has any involution of action, it is probable that the pieces from which he borrowed were extremely simple. His execution is, in general, very good; it is only in invention that he is feeble; and, why did he not rely in this respect on the Greeks? this is one of those questions which can never be solved, in consequence of our loss of many ancient authors.

Terence was born in Africa and educated at Rome. He must have been removed thither very early in life, as is evinced by his familiarity with the Latin idiom. Afranius, a comic poet, who had some reputation at the same period, says, *no one can be*

compared with Terence. When he offered his first work, *Adrian* to the ediles, who were in the habit of purchasing pieces for representation at the public games which they gave the people, the ediles, before they made a bargain, sent him to Cecilius, a comic writer, whose success had given him great weight in these matters. The old poet was at the table, when Terence, young and unknown, presented himself to him with an appearance by no means imposing. Cecilius gave him a seat near the couch on which he was reclining, Terence began to read. He had not finished the first scene, before Cecilius rose, invited him to supper and made him sit at his table. At the end of the repast, when the comedy was concluded, he loaded him with applause: an instance of kindness and candour which is the more interesting, because it is rare to behold eminent writers disposed to praise their rivals and love their successors.

Terence was a slave: so was Phædrus, the fabulist. Plautus was obliged to work in a mill: Horace was the son of a freedman. On the other hand Cæsar and Frederic cultivated letters, which prove that study may elevate the lowest conditions, and that it cannot degrade the most lofty.

It seems that they saw the truth of this at Rome, even long before the time of Augustus; for Scipio and Lælius were supposed to have assisted in the composition of these comedies. It is certain, that he was honoured with their friendship; it is very probable, that he was assisted by their advice and that their good taste directed him to Plautus as a model.

If he congratulated himself on the favour of Cecilius, he could not be so grateful to a certain Luscius, an old poet, of whom he complains in one of his prologues, as the most zealous and bitter of his detractors. Luscius treated Terence as a plagiarist because he had translated from the Greeks, and Terence replies to him: "are not all our pieces borrowed from that source?" It seems that Luscius did not understand the art of borrowing so well as Terence did.

Nor was he always happy on the stage. His piece entitled *Hecyra, the mother-in-law*, was not finished; because in the midst of the representation, an exhibition of gladiators was announced, and the people ran in crowds into the circus in order

to retain their places, and the actors, being no longer attended to, were obliged to quit the stage. Of all the productions of Terence the subject of this appears to me most interesting:—it is deficient only in action and business. But the fable would serve for what is now called a *drama*, which, if managed with art, would produce great effect. The following is a sketch of the plot. A young Athenian, in the confusion of one of the ancient festivals, at which time great freedom prevailed, as he is going home at night from a feast, encounters a young girl, in a dark and crooked street, upon whom he commits violence. He proceeds to the house of his mistress, to whom he recounts this adventure, and gives a ring which he had taken from the unfortunate object of his passion. Some time after, his father makes him marry. Being still enamoured of his mistress he treats his wife, for two months, with the greatest indifference. She submits to his coldness with unalterable sweetness and patience; she utters no complaint and dreams of nothing but the means of making him love her. In this she is the more successful; because he becomes weary of the ill humour of his mistress, who was displeased at his marriage. In fine, he entirely abandons her and devotes himself to his wife; whom, however, he is soon obliged to leave for sometime on account of business. The action of the piece commences at the moment of the return of Pamphilus, and what has just been related is unfolded in the prologue. Upon his arrival, Pamphilus learns that Philumena, his wife, not being able to live with her step-mother, had resided for some time past with her own parents: that on that very day his mother had gone to visit her daughter-in-law, but was not admitted. He goes himself and learns that his wife had been delivered in secret, having concealed her pregnancy from all the world. He is not astonished at this mysteriousness, because upon recollecting his conduct towards her immediately after their marriage, and comparing it with the period of the birth of the child, he is convinced that it is an illegitimate issue. His agony at this conviction of her guilt is excessive, and he resolves never to see her again. But his parents and those of his wife, being ignorant of these conjugal secrets, are at a loss to account for his behaviour, and suspect that his attachment to

Bacchis, his mistress, has been revived. The two fathers go to her; they represent the mischief which she occasions and the danger she incurs by thus seducing a young man of family from his duty. Bacchis protests that since the marriage there had been no intercourse between them. They ask if she will affirm this fact in the presence of Philumena and her mother. To this she consents, and the interview produces an explanation which removes every difficulty. The mother of Philumena recognises on the finger of Bacchis the ring of her daughter, the same ring which had been taken from her finger in the abominable conflict between drunken passion and helpless virtue. The wretched daughter had communicated the fatal adventure to her mother; who, not being able to foresee what would pass between the husband and wife, and hoping the marriage would conceal the misfortune, had preserved the secret.

It is to be remarked that this piece, which possesses more interest perhaps than every thing else from the same pen, is but coldly conducted. Philumena does not appear upon the stage; her situation is no apology for this, for nothing would be more easy than to suppose her delivered in secret at the house of her mother, a short time before the return of her husband. Bacchis is introduced only for the purpose of unravelling the plot. These are the two persons who could give the greatest interest to the scene. On the contrary the whole dialogue is taken up in disputes between the two fathers and the mother, equally useless and unentertaining. This piece affords the strongest illustration of the remark that Terence wants dramatic effect, and in fact the ancient comedy has not sufficient of what is called the business of the stage, an art in which the French excel.

What appears to us strange, and belongs to that difference of manners which must be noted carefully in our comparisons between the ancient and modern theatre, is, the singular bargain which is made in one of his pieces, *The Eunuch*, between Phædria, the lover of the courtesan Thais, and Thrason, his rival. Thais ingeniously asks Phædria, whom she loves, to relinquish his place for a couple of days to Thrason, who has promised her a young slave, which she wishes to obtain, that she may re-

store it to its parents. The intention is good, but the proposition appears to us very extraordinary; yet Phædria consents to it. He does more; at the end of the piece a parasite of Thrason's represents to the young lover of Thais that this captain is wealthy and fond of expensive living, that Thais has the same propensity, and that as Phædria has not the means of gratifying her fully, he proposes to him to divide with the captain; to this he consents. Nevertheless he is represented throughout the piece as very fond and very jealous. But so it is, where the customs of a people permit no other sort of love than that of courtesans, there is necessarily more of debauchery than passion: and this shows how much more favourable to dramatic effect are our manners than those of the ancients.

The most feeble of this author's writings is the piece entitled HEAUTONTIMORUMENOS, a Greek word, which signifies *a man who punishes himself*. We see here one excess running into another. A father separates his son from a courtesan, whom he loves, and compels him to travel: no sooner is he gone than he abandons himself to despair for his absence. He retires to the country, where he devotes himself to the rudest labours. His distress may be conceived; but as soon as his son returns, he becomes the pander of his passions and the accomplice of his slaves, whom he encourages in lies and spunging. Every thing is in extremes. The plot, moreover, turns upon a deception somewhat like that of *the Adelphi;* but it is very much out of place here, because there is no one to be deceived.

The six comedies which we have from the pen of Terence, were composed before he had attained his thirty-fifth year. After he wrote them, he undertook a voyage to Greece and was lost on his return. But as to the duration of his voyage, or the time and the manner of his death, we have nothing but dubious tradition.

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GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF JERUSALEM.

From Chateaubriand's Travels.

THE account given by this amusing and eloquent traveller, is unfortunately too long for insertion in its entire form, and we

have therefore been under the necessity of grouping the most curious passages, so as to present to our readers a general view of this venerable city, at so recent a period as 1806.

On the 6th of October we quitted Elisha's spring, and set out for Jerusalem. We left on the right, the mount where Christ fasted forty days, which rises above Jericho, exactly opposite to Mount Abarim, whence Moses before his death, surveyed the Land of Promise. As we entered the mountains of Judea, we saw the remains of a Roman aqueduct. The abbé Mariti, haunted by the recollection of the monks, insists that this aqueduct belonged to some ancient fraternity, or served to irrigate the adjacent lands, when the sugar-cane was cultivated in the plain of Jericho. If the mere inspection of the work were not sufficient to confute this absurd idea, we might consult Adrichomius, in his *Theatrum Terræ Sanctæ*, the *Elucidatio historica Terræ Sanctæ*, by Quaresmius, and most of the travellers already quoted. The road which we pursued among the mountains was broad and sometimes paved; it is perhaps an ancient Roman way. We passed the foot of a mountain formerly crowned with a Gothic castle, which protected and commanded the road. We then descended into a deep gloomy valley, called in Hebrew Adommin, or the place of blood. Here stood a small town belonging to the tribe of Judah, and in this lonely spot the Samaritan succoured the wounded traveller. We here met the pacha's cavalry proceeding to the other side of the Jordan, on an expedition which I shall have occasion to notice hereafter; fortunately night concealed us from the view of these troops.

We passed through Bahurim, where David, fleeing before Absalom, was stoned by Shimei. A little farther we alighted at the fountain where Christ was accustomed to rest with his apostles as he returned from Jericho. We began to ascend the back of the Mount of Olives, and came to the village of Bethany, where the ruins of Martha's house, and the sepulchre of Lazarus are still shown. We then descended the Mount of Olives which overlooks Jerusalem, and crossed the brook Cedron in the valley of Jehoshaphat. A path winding at the foot of the temple, and leading over Mount Sion, led us to the pilgrims' gate, after making the complete circuit of the city. It was midnight. Ali Aga obtained admission for us. The six Arabs returned to Bethlehem, and we repaired to the convent.

About nine the next morning I sallied from the convent attended by two friars, a drogman, my servant, and a janissary. I repaired to the church which encloses the tomb of Jesus Christ. All preceding travellers have described this church, the most venerable in the world, whether we think as philosophers, or as christians. Here I am reduced to an absolute dilemma. Shall I give an accurate delineation of the sacred scenes? If so I can but repeat what has been said before; never was subject less known to modern readers, and never was subject more completely exhausted. Shall I omit the description of those

places? In this case should I not leave out the most important part of my travels, and exclude what constitutes their object and their end?

After copying from an ancient writer a minute description of the church, he proceeds:

It is obvious, in the first place, that the church of the Holy Sepulchre is composed of three churches: that of the Holy Sepulchre, properly so called; that of Calvary; and the church of the Discovery of the Holy Cross.

The first is built in the valley at the foot of Calvary, on the spot where it is known that the body of Christ was deposited. This church is in the form of a cross, the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre constituting in fact the nave of the edifice. It is circular, like the Pantheon at Rome, and is lighted only by a dome, beneath which is the sepulchre. Sixteen marble columns adorn the circumference of this rotunda: they are connected by seventeen arches, and support an upper gallery, likewise composed of sixteen columns and seventeen arches, of smaller dimensions than those of the lower range. Niches corresponding with the arches appear above the frieze of the second gallery, and the dome springs from the arch of these niches. The latter were formerly decorated with mosaics, representing the twelve apostles, St. Helena, the emperor Constantine, and three other portraits unknown.

The choir of the church of the Holy Sepulchre is to the east of the nave of the tomb: it is double, as in the ancient cathedrals; that is to say, it has first a place with stalls for the priests, and beyond that a sanctuary raised two steps above it. Round this double sanctuary run the aisles of the choir, and in these aisles are situated the chapels described by Deshayes.

It is likewise in the aisle on the right behind the choir, that we find the two flights of steps leading, the one to the church of Calvary, the other to the church of the discovery of the Holy Cross. The first ascends to the top of Calvary, the second conducts you down underneath it: for the cross was erected on the summit of Golgotha, and found again under that hill. To sum up then what we have already said, the church of the Holy Sepulchre is built at the foot of Calvary; its eastern part adjoins that eminence, beneath and upon which have been constructed two other churches, connected by walls and vaulted staircases with the principal edifice.

The architecture of the church is evidently of the age of Constantine: the Corinthian order prevails throughout. The columns are either too heavy or too slender, and their diameter is almost always disproportionate to their height. Some double columns which support the frieze of the choir are, however, in a very good style. The church being lofty and spacious, the profile of the cornices displays a considerable degree of grandeur; but as the arches which separate the choir from the nave were stopped up about sixty years ago, the horizontal line is broken, and you no longer enjoy a view of the whole of the vaulted roof.

The church has no vestibule, nor any other entrance than two side doors, only one of which is ever opened. Thus this structure appears to have never had any exterior decorations. It is besides concealed by shabby buildings, and by the Greek convents erected close to its walls.

The small structure of marble which covers the Holy Sepulchre, is in the figure of a canopy, adorned with semi-gothic arches; it rises with elegance under the dome, by which it receives light, but it is spoiled by a massive chapel which the Armenians have obtained permission to erect at one end of it. The interior of this canopy presents to the view a very plain tomb of white marble, which adjoins on one side to the wall of the monument, and serves the Catholic religious for an altar. This is the tomb of Jesus Christ.

Christian readers will perhaps inquire, what were my feelings on entering this awful place. I really cannot tell. So many reflections rushed at once upon my mind, that I was unable to dwell upon any particular idea. I continued near a half an hour upon my knees in the little chamber of the Holy Sepulchre, with my eyes rivetted on the stone, from which I had not the power to turn them. One of the two religious who accompanied me remained prostrate on the marble by my side, while the other, with the Testament in his hand, read to me by the light of the lamps the passages relating to the sacred tomb. Between each verse he repeated a prayer: *Domine Jesu Christe, qui in horâ diei vespertinâ de cruce depositus, in brachiis dulcissimæ matris tuæ restitutus fuisti, horâque ultimâ in hoc sanctissimo monumento corpus tuum exanime contulisti*, &c. All I can say is, that when I beheld this triumphant sepulchre, I felt nothing but my own weakness; and that when my guide exclaimed with St. Paul, "O death, where is thy victory! O grave, where is thy sting!" I listened as if death were about to reply that he was conquered, and enchained in this monument.

We visited all the stations till we came to the summit of Calvary. Where shall we look in antiquity for any thing so impressive, so wonderful, as the last scenes described by the evangelists? These are not the absurd adventures of a piety foreign to human nature: it is the most pathetic history—a history which not only extorts tears by its beauty, but whose consequences, applied to the universe, have changed the face of the earth. I had just beheld the monuments of Greece, and my mind was still profoundly impressed with their grandeur; but how far inferior were the sensations which they excited to those which I felt at the sight of the places commemorated in the gospel!

The church of the Holy Sepulchre, composed of several churches, erected upon an unequal surface, illumined by a multitude of lamps, is singularly mysterious; a sombre light pervades it, favourable to piety and profound devotion. Christian priests, of various sects, inhabit different parts of the edifice. From the arches above, where they nestle like pigeons, from the chapels below, and subterraneous vaults, their songs are heard at all hours both of the day and night; the organ of the Latin monks, the cymbals of the Abys-

sinian priest, the voice of the Greek caloyer, the prayer of the solitary Armenian, the plaintive accents of the Coptic friar, alternately, or all at once assail your ear: you know not whence these concerts proceed; you inhale the perfume of incense, without perceiving the hand that burns it; you merely perceive the pontiff who is going to celebrate the most awful of mysteries on the very spot where they were accomplished, pass quickly by, glide behind the columns, and vanish in the gloom of the temple.

I did not leave the sacred structure without stopping at the monuments of Godfrey and Baldwin. They face the entrance of the church, and stand against the wall of the choir. I saluted the ashes of these royal chevaliers, who were worthy of reposing near the tomb which they had rescued. These ashes are those of Frenchmen, and they are the only mortal remains interred beneath the shadow of the tomb of Christ. What an honourable distinction for my country!

I returned to the convent at eleven o'clock, and an hour afterwards I again left it to follow the *Via Dolorosa*. This is the name given to the way by which the Saviour of the world passed from the residence of Pilate to Calvary.

Pilate's house* is a ruin from which you survey the extensive site of Solomon's temple, and the mosque erected on that site.

Christ, having been scourged with rods, crowned with thorns, and dressed in a purple robe, was presented to the Jews by Pilate. *Ecce Homo!* exclaimed the judge, and you still see the window from which these memorable words were pronounced.

According to the tradition current among the Latins at Jerusalem, the crown of Jesus Christ was taken from the thorny tree, called *Lycium Spinosum*. Hasselquist, a skilful botanist, is however, of opinion, that the *nabka* of the Arabs was employed for that purpose. The reason which he gives for this deserves to be mentioned.

"It is highly probable," says he, "that the *nabka* furnished the crown which was put on the head of our Saviour. It is common in the east. A plant better adapted for this purpose could not have been selected; for it is armed with thorns, its branches are supple and pliant, and its leaf is of a dark green, like that of ivy. Perhaps, in order to add insult to punishment, the enemies of Christ chose a plant nearly resembling that made use of to crown the emperors and the generals of armies."

Another tradition at Jerusalem preserves the sentence pronounced by Pilate on the Saviour of the world, in these words:

Jesum Nazarenum, subversorem gentis, contemptorem Cæsaris, et falsum Messiam, ut majorum suæ gentis testimonio probatum est, ducite ad communis supplicii locum, ut cum indicibili regiæ majestatis in medio duorum latronum cruci affigite. I, lictor, expedi cruces.

* The governor of Jerusalem formerly resided in this building, but at present these ruins serve only for stabling for his horses.

A hundred paces from the arch of the *Ecce Homo*, I was shown on the left the ruins of a church formerly dedicated to *Our Lady of Grief*. It was on this spot that Mary, who had been at first driven away by the guards, met her son bending beneath the weight of the cross. This circumstance is not recorded by the Evangelists; but it is generally believed, on the authority of St. Boniface, and St. Anselm. The former says, that the Virgin sunk to the ground as if lifeless, and could not utter a single words—*nec verbum dicere potuit*. St. Anselm asserts that Christ saluted her in these words: *Salve, Mater!* As John relates that Mary was at the foot of the cross, this account of the fathers is highly probable. Religion is not disposed to reject these traditions, which show how profoundly the wonderful and sublime history of the passion is engraven on the memory of man. Eighteen centuries of persecutions without end, of incessant revolutions, of continually increasing ruins, have not been able to erase or hide the traces of a mother going to weep over her son.

Fifty paces farther we came to the spot where Simon, the Cyrenean, assisted Jesus to bear his cross.—"And as they led him away, they laid hold upon one Simon, a Cyrenean, coming out of the country, and on him they laid the cross, that he might bear it after Jesus."*

Here the road, which before ran east and west, makes an angle, and turns to the north. I saw on the right the place where dwelt the indigent Lazarus, and on the opposite side of the street, the residence of the obdurate rich man. "There was a certain rich man who was clothed in purple, and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day. And there was a certain beggar, named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover, the dogs came and licked his sores. And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried. And in hell he lift up his eyes, being in great torments."†

St. Chrysostom, St. Ambrose, and St. Cyril, have looked upon the history of Lazarus and the rich man as not merely a parable, but a real and well known fact. The Jews themselves have preserved the name of the rich man, whom they call Nabal.

Having passed the house of the rich man, you turn to the right, and again proceed in a westerly direction. At the entrance of the street, which leads up to Calvary, Christ was met by the holy women, who deplored his fate.—"And there followed him a great company of people, and of women, which also bewailed and lamented him. But Jesus turning unto them, said: Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children."‡

One hundred and ten paces farther is shown the site of the house of Veronica, and the spot where that pious woman wiped the face of the Lord. The original name of this female was Berenice: by the transposition of two

* Luke xxiii. 26. † Luke xvi. 19—23. ‡ Luke xxiii. 27, 28.

letters, it was afterwards altered into *Vera-icon*, true image; besides, the change of *b* into *v* is very frequent in the ancient languages.

Proceeding about another hundred paces, you come to the Judicial Gate, by which criminals were led to be executed on Golgotha. That hill now enclosed within the new city, was without the walls of ancient Jerusalem.

The distance from the Judicial Gate to the summit of Calvary, is about two hundred paces. Here terminates the *Via Dolorosa*, which may be in the whole about a mile in length. We have seen that Calvary is at present comprised in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. If those who read the history of the passion in the gospels are overcome with sacred melancholy and profound admiration, what must be his feelings who traces the scenes themselves at the foot of Mount Sion, in sight of the temple, and within the very walls of Jerusalem?

After this description of the *Via Dolorosa*, and the church of the Holy Sepulchre, I shall say very little concerning the other places of devotion in the city. I shall merely enumerate them in the order in which they were visited by me during my stay at Jerusalem.

1. The house of Anna, the priest, near David's Gate, at the foot of Mount Sion, within the wall of the city. The Armenians possess the church erected on the ruins of this house.

2. The place where our Saviour appeared to Mary Magdalen. Mary, the mother of James, and Mary Salome, between the castle and the gate of Mount Sion.

3. The house of Simon the Pharisee, where Magdalen confessed her sins. Here, in the eastern part of the city, is a church totally in ruins.

4. The monastery of St. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Virgin, and the grotto of the immaculate conception, under the church of the monastery. This convent has been turned into a mosque, but admission may be obtained for a trifling sum.

5. The prison of St. Peter, near Calvary. This consists of nothing but old walls, in which are yet shown some iron staples.

6. Zebedee's house, situated very near St. Peter's prison; now a spacious church belonging to the Greek patriarch.

7. The house of Mary, the mother of John Mark, where St. Peter took refuge when he had been set at liberty by the angel. It is a church, the duty of which is performed by the Syrians.

8. The place of the martyrdom of St. James the Great. This is the Armenian convent, the church of which is very rich and elegant. Of the Armenian patriarch I shall speak hereafter.

The reader has now before him a complete view of the Christian monuments in Jerusalem. Let us now visit the exterior of the holy city.

It took me two hours to get through the *Via Dolorosa* on foot. I made a point of daily revisiting this sacred road as well as the church of Calvary, that no essential circumstance might escape my memory. It was, therefore, two

o'clock on the 7th of October, when I finished my first survey of the holy places. I then mounted my horse with Ali Aga, the drogman, Michael and my servants. We went out by the gate of Jaffa, to make the complete circuit of Jerusalem. We were abundantly provided with arms, dressed in the French fashion, and fully determined not to submit to any insult. Thanks to the renown of our victories, the times are greatly altered; for, during the reign of Louis XIII, his ambassador, Deshayes, had the greatest difficulty in the world to obain permission to enter Jerusalem with his sword.

Turning to the left as soon as we had passed the gate, we proceeded southward, and passed the Pool of Beersheba, a broad, deep ditch, but without water; and then ascended Mount Sion, part of which is now without the city.

The name of Sion doubtless awakens grand ideas in the mind of the reader, who is curious to hear something concerning this mount, so mysterious in Scripture, so highly celebrated in Solomon's Song—this mount, the subject of the benedictions or of the tears of the prophets, and whose misfortunes have been sung by Racine.

This hill, of a yellowish colour and barren appearance, opens in form of a crescent towards Jerusalem, is about as high as Montmartre at Paris, but rounder at the top. This sacred summit is distinguished by three monuments, or more properly by three ruins: the house of Caiaphas, the place where Christ celebrated his last supper, and the tomb or palace of David. From the top of the hill you see, to the south, the valley of Ben-Hinnon; beyond this the Field of Blood, purchased with the thirty pieces of silver given to Judas, the Hill of Evil Counsel, the tombs of the Judges, and the whole desert towards Hebron and Bethlehem. To the north, the wall of Jerusalem, which passes over the top of Sion, intercepts the view of the city, the site of which gradually slopes from this place towards the valley of Jehoshaphat.

The residence of Caiaphas is now a church, the duty of which is performed by the Armenians. David's tomb is a small vaulted room, containing three sepulchres of dark-coloured stone; and on the spot where Christ held his last supper, stands a mosque and a Turkish hospital, formerly a church and monastery occupied by the fathers of the Holy Land. This last sanctuary is equally celebrated in the Old and in the New Testament. Here David built himself a palace and a tomb; here he kept for three months the ark of the covenant; here Christ held his last passover, and instituted the sacrament of the Eucharist; here he appeared to his disciples on the day of his resurrection; and here the Holy Ghost descended on the apostles. The place hallowed by the last supper was transformed into the first Christian temple the world ever beheld, where St. James the Less was consecrated the first Christian bishop of Jerusalem, and St. Peter held the first council of the church. Finally, it was from this spot that the apostles, in compliance with the injunction, to go and teach all nations, departed without purse and without scrip, to seat their religion upon all the thrones of the earth.

Having descended Mount Sion, on the east side, we came at its foot, to the fountain and pool of Siloe, where Christ restored sight to the blind man. The spring issues from a rock, and runs in a silent stream, according to the testimony of Jeremiah, which is contradicted by a passage of St. Jerome. It has a kind of ebb and flood, sometimes discharging its current like the fountain of Vaucluse, at others retaining and scarcely suffering it to run at all. The Levites sprinkled the water of Siloe on the altar at the feast of Tabernacles, singing, *Hauritetis aquas in gaudio de fontibus Salvatoris.* Milton mentions this spring, instead of Castalia's fount, in the beautiful invocation with which his poem opens:

> ——Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
> Of Oreb or of Sinai didst inspire
> That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
> In the beginning how the heav'ns and earth
> Rose out of chaos; or if Sion hill
> Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
> Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
> Invoke thy aid to my advent'rous song.

Some relate that this spring suddenly issued from the ground to allay the thirst of Isaiah when the prophet was sawed in two with a wooden saw by the command of Manasses; while others assert that it first appeared during the reign of Hezekiah, by whom we have the admirable song, beginning: I said in the cutting off of my days I shall go to the gates of the grave."

According to Josephus, this miraculous spring flowed for the army of Titus, and refused its waters to the guilty Jews. The pool, or rather the two pools of the same name are quite close to the spring. They are still used for washing linen as formerly; and we there saw women, who ran away abusing us. The water of the spring is brackish, and has a very disagreeable taste; people still bathe their eyes with it, in memory of the miracle performed on the man born blind.

Near this spring is shown the spot where Isaiah was put to death, in the manner above mentioned. Here you also find a village called Siloan; at the foot of this village is another fountain, denominated in Scripture, Rogel. Opposite to this fountain is a third, which receives its name from the Blessed Virgin. It is conjectured that Mary came hither to fetch water, as the daughters of Laban resorted to the well from which Jacob removed the stone. The Virgin's fountain mingles its stream with that of the fountain of Siloe.

Here, as St Jerome remarks, you are at the foot of Mount Moria, under the walls of the Temple, and nearly opposite to the Sterquilinarian Gate. We advanced to the eastern angle of the wall of the city, and entered the valley of Jehoshaphat. It runs from north to south between the Mount of Olives and Mount Moria; and the brook Cedron flows through the middle of it. This stream is dry the greatest part of the year, but after storms, or in rainy springs, a current of a red colour rolls along its channel.

The valley of Jehoshaphat exhibits a desolate appearance: the west side is a high chalk cliff, supporting the walls of the city, above which you perceive Jerusalem itself; while the east side is formed by the Mount of Olives and the Mount of Offence, *Mons Offensionis*, thus denominated from Solomon's idolatry. These two contiguous hills are nearly naked, and of a dull red colour. On their desolate sides are seen here and there a few black and parched vines, some groves of wild olive-trees, wastes covered with hysop, chapels, oratories, and mosques in ruins. At the bottom of the valley you discover a bridge of a single arch, thrown across the channel of the brook Cedron. The stones in the Jews' cemetery look like a heap of rubbish at the foot of the Mount of Offence, below the Arabian village of Siloan, the paltry houses of which can scarcely be distinguished from the surrounding sepulchres. Three antique monuments, the tombs of Zachariah, Jehoshaphat, and Absalom, appear conspicuous amid this scene of desolation. From the dullness of Jerusalem, whence no smoke rises, no noise proceeds; from the solitude of these hills, where no living creature is to be seen; from the ruinous state of these tombs, overthrown, broken, and half open, you would imagine that the last trump had already sounded, and that the valley of Jehoshaphat was about to render up its dead.

On the brink and near the source of Cedron, we entered the garden of Olivet. It belongs to the Latin fathers, who purchased it at their own expense, and contains eight large and extremely ancient olive-trees. The olive may be said to be immortal, since a fresh tree springs up from the old stump. In the citadel of Athens was preserved an olive-tree, whose origin dated as far back as the foundation of the city. Those in the garden of Olivet at Jerusalem, are, at least, of the time of the Eastern Empire, as is demonstrated by the following circumstance. In Turkey, every olive-tree found standing by the Musselmans when they conquered Asia, pays one medine to the treasury, while each of those planted since the conquest is taxed half its produce by the Grand Signior. Now the eight olive-trees of which we are speaking are charged only eight medines.

At the entrance of this garden we alighted from our horses, and proceeded on foot to the stations of the Mount. The village of Gethsemane was at some distance from the garden of Olivet. It is at present confounded with this garden, according to the remark of Thevenot and Roger. The first place we visited was the sepulchre of the Virgin Mary: it it a subterraneous church, to which you descend by a handsome flight of fifty steps; it is shared by all the Christian sects, nay, even the Turks have an oratory in this place, but the Catholics possess the tomb of the Virgin. Though Mary did not die at Jerusalem, yet, according to the opinion of several of the fathers, she was miraculously buried at Gethsemane by the apostles. Euthymius relates the history of this marvellous funeral. St. Thomas having caused the coffin to be opened, nothing was found in it but a virgin robe, the simple and mean garment of that queen of glory, whom the angels had conveyed to heaven.

The tombs of St. Joseph, St. Joachim, and St. Anne, are also to be seen in this subterraneous church.

On leaving the Virgin's sepulchre, we went to see the grotto in the garden of Olivet, where our Saviour sweated blood as he uttered the words: "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me."

This grotto is irregular: altars have been erected in it. A few paces from it is shown the place where Judas betrayed his master with a kiss. To what multifarious sufferings was Christ pleased to submit! He experienced those most painful circumstances of life, which virtue itself is scarcely able to surmount. At the moment when an angel is obliged to descend from heaven to support the Deity, sinking beneath the weight of human wo, this gracious and compassionate Redeemer is betrayed by one of those for whom he suffers!

On leaving the grotto of the Cup of Bitterness, and ascending by a rugged winding path, the drogman stopped us near a rock, where it is said that Christ surveying the guilty city, bewailed the approaching desolation of Sion. Baronius observes, that Titus pitched his tents on the very spot where our Saviour had predicted the destruction of Jerusalem. Doubdan, who contests this opinion, without mentioning Baronius, conjectures that the sixth Roman legion encamped on the top of the Mount of Olives, and not on the side of the hill. This criticism is too rigid, and the remark of Baronius is not the less excellent, or the less just.

From the rock of the prediction, we ascended to some grottos on the right of the road. They are called the Tombs of the Prophets; they have nothing worthy of notice, neither, indeed, is it known exactly what prophets they were whose remains are here deposited.

A little above these grottos we found a kind of reservoir consisting of twelve arches. Here it was that the apostles composed the first symbol of our faith.

You now ascend a little higher, and come to the ruins or rather to the naked site of a chapel. An invariable tradition records that in this place Christ recited the Lord's Prayer.

"And it came to pass, that as he was praying in a certain place, when he ceased, one of his disciples said unto him, Lord teach us to pray as John also taught his disciples. And he said unto them, When ye pray say: "Our Father which art in Heaven," &c.

Thus the profession of faith of all mankind, and the universal prayer, were composed nearly on the same spot.

Thirty paces further, bearing a little towards the north, is an olive-tree, at the foot of which the Son of the Eternal Arbiter foretold the general judgment.

Lastly, proceeding about fifty paces farther on the mountain, you come to a small mosque, of an octagonal form, the relic of a church formerly erected

on the spot from which Christ ascended to heaven after his resurrection. On the rock may be discerned the print of a man's left foot; the mark of the right also was formerly to be seen: most of the pilgrims assure us that the Turks removed the latter, and placed it in the mosque of the temple, but father Roger positively declares that it is not there. I am silent, out of respect, without however being convinced, before authorities of considerable weight; St. Augustine, St. Jerome, St Paulina, Sulpicius, Severus, the venerable Bede, all travellers, ancient and modern, assure us that this is a print of the foot of Jesus Christ. From an examination of this print, it has been concluded that our Saviour had his face towards the north at the moment of his ascension, as if to renounce the south, involved in errors, and to call to the faith barbarians, destined to overthrow the temples of false gods, to create new nations, and to plant the standard of the cross on the walls of Jerusalem.

St. Helena caused a church to be erected on the spot where now stands the octagonal mosque. St. Jerome informs us that it was found impossible to cover in that part of the roof through which Christ pursued his heaven-ward route. The venerable Bede declares that in his time, on the eve of the ascension, the Mount of Olives was all night seen covered with flames. Nothing obliges to give credit to these traditions, which I record merely in illustration of history and manners; but if Decartes or Newton had doubted of these miracles as philosophers, Racine and Milton would not have rejected them as poets.

Such is the gospel history explained by monuments. We have seen it commence at Bethlehem, proceed to the *denouement* at the mansion of Pilate, arrive at the catastrophe on Calvary, and conclude on the Mount of Olives. The very spot of the ascension is not quite on the top of the Mount, but two or three hundred paces below its highest summit.

We descended the Mount of Olives, and again mounting our horses, continued our excursion. We left the valley of Jehoshaphat behind us, and proceeded by a steep road to the northern angle of the city: then turning to the west and keeping along the wall that faces the north, we reached the grotto where Jeremiah composed his Lamentations. We were not far from the Sepulchres of the Kings, but we relinquished our intention of seeing them that day, because it was too late: and returned to the gate of Jaffa by which we had set out from Jerusalem. It was exactly seven o'clock when we arrived at the convent.

FRENCH LITERATURE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

OF FRENCH POETRY BEFORE AND SINCE THE TIME OF MAROT TO THAT OF CORNEILLE.

(*Continued from p.* 80.)

Our versifiers who so frequently harrâss the public with complaints of the fickleness of their mistresses, have done no more than paraphrase the following verses by Marot, which they certainly have not equalled. They have imitated and turned in a hundred ways the ingenious idea of the original.

Amour trouva celle qui m'est amere,
Et j'y étois, j'en sçais bien mieux le compte:
Bon jour, dit-il, bon jour, Vénus ma mere.
Puis tout-à-coup il voit qu'il se mécompte,
Dont la couleur au visage lui monte,
D'avoir failli, honteux, Dieu sçait combien!
Non, non, amour, ce dis-je, n'ayez honte:
Plus clair-voyans que vous s'y trompent bien.

The following has less spirit but more sensibility:

Un jour la Dame, en qui si fort je pense,
Me dit un mot de moi tant estimé,
Que je ne pus en faire récompense,
Fors de l'avoir en mon cœur imprimé:
Me dit avec un ris accoutumé,
Je crois qu'il faut qu'à t'aimer je parvienne:
Je lui répons, garde n'ai qu'il m'advienne
Un si grand bien, et si j'ose affirmer,
Que je devrois craindre que cela ne vienne;
Car j'aime trop, quand on me veut aimer.

Voltaire has frequently cited the following epigram, which is of a character altogether different: it is what Despréaux would call the *badinage* of Marot:

Monsieur l'Abbé et Monsieur son Valet
Sont faits égaux tous deux comme de cire:
L'un est grand fol, l'autre petit folet;
L'un veut railler, l'autre gaudir et rire;
L'un boit du bon, l'autre ne boit du pire:
Mais un débat, un soir, entr'eux s'émeut;

Car Maistre Abbé, toute la nuit, ne veut
Estre sans vin, que sans secours ne meure;
Et son Valet jamais dormir ne peut,
Tandis qu'au pot une goutte en demeure.

We recollect the tragical end of Semblançay, superintendant of finances under Francis I, who suffered death, though innocent. He was brought to the block by the criminal lieutenant Maillard, whose character was as bad as that of Semblançay was the reverse. On this subject we have an epigram by Marot, after the manner of the ancients, who sometimes introduced noble subjects. This is by no means inconsistent with the character of an epigram, which may assume every tone, and conclude with a beautiful thought or a jest. That of Marot is the more remarkable, since it is the only one in which he has soared to a height, not his own.

Lorsque Maillart, Juge d'Enfer, menoit
A Montfaucon Semblançay l'ame rendre,
A votre avis, lequel des deux tenoit
Meilleur maintien? Pour vous le faire entendre,
Maillart sembloit l'homme que mort va prendre;
Et Semblançay fut si ferme vieillart,
Que l'on croyoit, pour vrai, qu'il menast pendre,
A Montfaucon, le Lieutenant Maillart.

But we must consider Marot in the easy familiarity of style and his love letters: for his works are filled with love matters which vexed his repose and embellished his verses, as is often the case. We know what eclat, at the court of Francis I, was excited by his attentions to Diana of Poictiers, who was afterwards queen of France under the reign of Henry II; and Margaret of Valois, afterwards duchess of Alençon and then queen of Navarre. These names confer honour on poetry and the poet who aspired so high. Diana, the most celebrated beauty of her day, listened to the vows of the poet before she heard those of the king. It appears that they did not live happily together, as they separated in a quarrel. Marot disgraced his talents so far as to employ them against her who first awoke his song. The thought is so painful that we must seek some apology for him in the belief that he still loved, while he described the injuries that

he had suffered: and *we pardon many things in love when enraged.* But Diana could not forgive him: she exerted her influence with Henry then dauphin, to have Marot committed to prison, accusing him of favouring the new doctrines of the reformists. He was subjected to a criminal process, during the absence of Francis I, who loved and protected him, and who was then a prisoner in Spain. He was set at liberty by the express order of the king, whose interference he had solicited in a piece of poetical pleasantry entitled *l'Enfer*, which he composed in prison, for his genius and gayety never deserted him. This *Enfer* [Hell] is the court of justice, and the judges are his demons. On this occasion he derived great assistance from Margaret de Valois, the sister of the king, whose valet de chambre he had been. In a susceptible heart gratitude soon ripened into love, and that of Marot for Margaret blazed with the more fervour in proportion as it was well received. A letter which she wrote to him, but which is now only known by the reply, must have afforded him so much the greater pleasure, since it was accompanied by a command that it should be burnt. He commences in this manner:

Bien heureuse est la main qui la ploya
Et qui vers moi de grace l'envoya;
Bien heureux est qui envoyer la sut
Et plus heureux celui qui la recut.

He describes with great sensibility the regret which he feels and the effort that it requires to throw the letter into the fire.

Au cune fois au feu je la mettais
Pour la brûler, puis sondain l'en ôtais,
Puis l'y remis, et puis l'en reculai;
Mais à la fin à regret la brûlai,
Disant, ô lettre! (après l'avoir baisée)
Puisqu'il le faut, tu seras embrâsée.
Car j'aime mieux deuil en obéissant,
Que tout plaisir en désobéissant.

La Fontaine, who studied Marot, appears to have copied the picture, which we have just seen, in that part of one of his best fables, where he speaks of mice.

Mettent le nez à l'air, montrent un peu la tête,
Puis rentrent dans leurs nids écrats,
Puis resortant font quatre pas,
Puis enfin se mettent en quête.

But the *chef-d'œuvre* of Marot in this species of composition is the address to Francis I, in which he informs him how he had been robbed by his servant. Take away what has become antiquated in the language and the construction, and it is a model of narration, delicacy and good humour.

On dit bien vrai, la mauvaise fortune
Ne vient jamais, qu'elle n'en apporte une,
On deux ou trois fois avecques elle (Sire);
Votre cœur noble en sçauroit bien que dire:
Et moi chetif, qui ne suis Roi, ni rien,
L'ai éprouvé. Et vous conterai bien,
Si vous voulez, comment vint la besogne.
J'avois un jour un Valet de Gascogne,
Gourmant, ivrogne, et assuré menteur,
Pipeur, larron, jureur, blasphémateur,
Sentant la hart de cent pas à la ronde,
Au demeurant le meilleur fils du monde,

These verses, so pleasant in the enumeration of the good qualities of this valet, have become proverbial, and are repeated every day and in the same sense.

Ce vénérable Hillot fut averti,
De quelqu'argent que m'aviez départi,
Et que ma bourse avoit grosse apostume:
Si se leva plutost que de coutume,
Et me va pendre en tapinois icelle:
Puis la vous met trés-bien sous son esselle,
Argent et tout, (cela se doit entendre;)
Et ne crois point que ce fut pour la rendre,
Car oncques puis n'en ai oui parler.
Bref le vilain ne s'en voulut aller
Pour si petit, mais encore il me happe
Saye, bonnets, chausses, pourpoint et cappe;
De mes habits (en effet) il pilla
Tous les plus beaux: et puis s'en habilla
Si justement, qu'a le voir ainsi etre,
Vous l'eussiez pris (en plein jour) pour son maistre.

Finalement, de ma chambre il s'en va
Droit à l'étable, où deux chevaux trouva:
Laisse le pire, et sur le meilleur monte,
Pique et s'en va. Pour abréger le conte,
Soyez certain qu'au partir dudit lieu
N'oublia rien, fors à me dire adieu.
Ainsi s'en va, chatouilleux de la gorge,
Ledit Valet, monté comme un Saint George;
Et vous laissa Monsieur dormir son saoul,
Qui au reveil n'eust sçu finer d'un soul:
Ce Monsieur-là (Sire) c'étoit moi-même.
Qui sans mentir, fus au matin bien bleame,
Quand je me vis sans honneste vesture,
Et fort fâché de perdre ma monture:
Mais de l'argent que vous m'aviez donné,
Je ne fus point de le perdre étonné;
Car votre argent, très-debonnaire Prince,
Sans point de faute, est sujet à la pince.
Bientost après cette fortune-là,
Une autre pire encore se mesla
De m'assaillir, et chacun jour m'assaut;
Me menaçant de me donner le saut,
Et de ce saut m'envoyer à l'envers,
Rimer sous terre, et y faire des vers.
C'est une longue, et lourde maladie
De trois bons mois, qui m'a toute étourdie
La pauvre teste, et ne veut terminer;
Ains me contraint d'apprendre à cheminer,
Tant foible suis. Bref á ce triste corps,
(Dont je vous parle) il n'est demeuré, fors
Le pauvre esprit, qui lamente et soupire,
Et en pleurant tasche à vous faire rire.
Voila comment, depuis neuf mois en ça,
Je suis traité. Or ce que me laissa
Mon larronneau, long-tems a, l'ai vendu,
Et en sirops, et julepz dépendu:
Ce néanmoins, ce que je vous en mande
N'est pour vous faire ou requeste ou demande:
Je ne veux point tant de gens ressembler,
Qui n'ont souci autre, que d'assembler.
Tant qu'ils vivront, ils demanderont eux,
Mais je commence à devenir honteux,
Et ne veux plus à vos dons m'arrester.
Je ne dis pas, si voulez rien prester,

Que ne le prenne. Il n'est point de prestеur,
(S'il le veut prester) qui ne fasse un debteur.
Et savez-vous; (Sire) comment je paie?
Nul ne le sçait, si premier ne l'essaie.
Vous me devrez (si je puis) du retour:
Et je vous veux faire encore un bon tour.
A celle fin, qu'il n'y ait faute nulle,
Je vous ferai une belle cedulle,
A vous payer (sans usure s'entend)
Quand on verra tout le monde content:
Ou si voulez, à payer ce sera,
Quand votre los et renom cessera.

Since the days of Horace, language has never received so delicate a polish.

Je sçai assez que vous n'avez pas peur,
Que je m'enfuie, ou que je sois trompeur:
Mais il fait bon assurer ce qu'on preste:
Bref, votre paye, ainsi que je l'arreste,
Est aussi sûre, avenant mon trépas,
Comme avenant que je ne meure pas.
Avisez donc, si vous avez desir
De rien prester, vous me ferez plaisir:
Car puis un peu, j'ai basti à Clément,
Là où j'ai fait un grand déboursement:
Et à Marot, qui est un peu plus loin:
Tout tombera, qui n'en aura le soin.
Voilà le point principal de ma lettre:
Vous sçavez tout, il n'y faut plus rien mettre.
Rien mettre; las! certes et si ferai,
Et ce faisant, mon style j'enflerai,
Disant: O Roi amoureux des neuf Muses!
Roi en qui sont leurs sciences infuses,
Roi, plus que Mars, d'honneur environné,
Roi, le plus Roi, qui fut onc couronné;
Dieu tout puissant te doint, pour t'étrenner,
Les quatre coins du monde à gouverner,
Tant pour le bien de la ronde machine,
Que pour autant que sur tous en es digne.

We may easily imagine that Francis I, who gloried in the title of *Father of Letters*, was willing to become the creditor of a debtor who borrowed with so good a grace. Marot more than once stood in need of the liberality and protection of his mas-

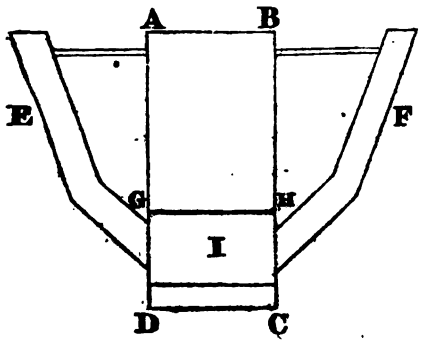
ter. His successes in love and poetry created enemies, and the freedom of his opinions and conversation irritated them still more, and furnished them with weapons against himself. Nothing is easier than to find objections against a man who has a lively head and an open heart. He was often obliged to leave France, and at last died an exile, after a life as irregular as that of Tasso, and nearly from the same causes: though less unfortunate, because happiness or misery depend so much upon the character; and that of Marot was as much distinguished for gayety as Tasso's was marked by melancholy.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PLAN FOR HEATING A BATH.

Mr. Oldschool,

The practice of warm bathing is one whose tendency to preserve the health of the vigorous, and to restore that of the sick is so generally allowed, and which is so conducive to cleanliness and comfort, that were it not for several inconveniences, it would no doubt be generally adopted. Among these, that of heating a sufficient quantity of water, with the ordinary means of a private family, is the principal, which, however, may be entirely obviated, by adding to the common bath an apparatus now used in France, which is very simple and easily procured.



A B C D is a cylindrical metal vessel, about ten inches in diameter, and of such a height that when placed upright, in a full bath, the top will be two or three inches above the surface of the water. At G H is a moveable grate or circle of sheet-iron, pierced with a number of

holes. E and F are two tubes, two or three inches in diameter, open at top, and communicating below with the part I. At the bottom of I is a quantity of lead or iron, sufficient to make the whole sink and to keep it in an upright position.

To use this contrivance, a charcoal fire being kindled on the grate is abundantly supplied with fresh air through the tubes E and F; the whole is placed in the full bath, where it is suffered to remain for three or four hours, when it will acquire a very agreeable temperature.

This apparatus may be made of copper, sheet-iron, or tin; but in case of the latter being used, care must be taken that the fire be kindled while the vessel is in the water, and must be extinguished before or immediately after taking it out.

St. Mary's county, Maryland. I. B.

AN AMERICAN FRIGATE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

(*From Clarke's Travels.*)

THE arrival of an American frigate, for the first time, at Constantinople, caused considerable sensation, not only among the Turks, but also throughout the whole diplomatic corps stationed in Pera. This ship, commanded by captain Bainbridge, came from Algiers, with a letter and presents from the Dey to the Sultan and Capudan Pacha. The presents consisted of tigers and other animals, sent with a view to conciliate the Turkish government, whom the Dey had offended. When she came to an anchor, and a message went to the Porte that an American frigate was in the harbour, the Turks were altogether unable to comprehend where the country was situated whose flag they were to salute. A great deal of time was therefore lost in settling this important point, and in considering how to receive the stranger. In the mean time we went on board, to visit the captain; and were sitting with him in his cabin, when a messenger came from the Turkish government to ask whether America

were not otherwise called the New World; and, being answered in the affirmative, assured the captain that he was welcome, and would be treated with the utmost cordiality and respect. The messengers from the Dey were then ordered on board the Capudan Pacha's ship; who, receiving the letter from their sovereign with great rage, first spat, and then stamped upon it; telling them to go back to their master, and inform him, that he would be served after the same manner, whenever the Turkish admiral met him. Captain Bainbridge was, however, received with every mark of attention, and rewarded with magnificent presents. The fine order of his ship, and the healthy state of her crew, became topics of general conversation in Pera; and the different ministers strove who should first receive him in their palaces. We accompanied him in his long boat to the Black Sea, as he was desirous of hoisting there, for the first time, the American flag: and, upon his return, were amused by a very singular entertainment at his table during dinner. Upon the four corners were as many decanters, containing fresh water from the four quarters of the globe. The natives of Europe, Asia, Africa and America, sat down together to the same table, and were regaled with flesh, fruit, bread, and other viands; while, of every article, a sample from each quarter of the globe was presented at the same time. The means of accomplishing this are easily explained, by his having touched at Algiers, in his passage from America, and being at anchor so near the shores both of Europe and Asia.

ATROCITIES AT JAFFA, IMPUTED TO BONAPARTE, DISPROVED.

Jaffa appeared to be almost in as forlorn a state as Rama; the air itself was still infected with the smell of unburied bodies. We went to the house of the English consul, whose gray hairs had not exempted him from French extortion. He had just ventured to hoist again the British flag upon the roof of his dwelling; and he told us, with tears in his eyes, that it was the only proof of welcome he could offer to us, as the French officers, under Bonaparte, had stripped him of every thing he possessed. However, in the midst of all the complaints against the French,

not a single syllable ever escaped his lips respecting the enormities supposed to be committed, by means of Bonaparte's orders or connivance, in the town and neighbourhood of Jaffa. As there are so many living witnesses to attest the truth of this representation, and the character of no ordinary individual is so much implicated in its result, the utmost attention will be here paid to every particular likely to illustrate the fact; and for this especial reason, *because that individual is our enemy.* At the time we were in Jaffa, so soon after the supposed transactions are said to have occurred, the indignation of our consul, and of the inhabitants in general, against the French, were of so deep a nature, that there is nothing they would not have said, to vilify Bonaparte, or his officers: but this accusation they never even hinted. Nor is this all. Upon the evening of our arrival at Jaffa, walking with captain Culverhouse along the shore to the south of the town, in order to join some of our party who were gone in search of plants and shells, a powerful and most offensive smell, as from dead bodies, which we had before experienced more than once, in approaching the town, caused us to hesitate whether we should proceed or return. At this moment, the author observed the remains of bodies in the sand, and captain Culverhouse, being in doubt whether they belonged to human bodies or to those of cattle, removed a part of the sand with his sword, and uncovered part of a hand and arm. Upon this, calling to our friends, we told them what we had discovered; and returning to the consul's house, asked him the cause of the revolting spectacle we had witnessed. He told us, that these were the remains of bodies carried thither, during the late plague, for interment; but that the sea, frequently removing the sand which covered them, caused them to be thus exposed; and he cautioned us in future against walking that way, as the infection might possibly be retained, not only by those bodies, but by the clothes, and other things there deposited.

Some years after, captain Wright, who is now no more, waited upon the author, at Ibbotson's hotel, in Vere street, London, to give an account of what he jocosely termed his *scepticism* upon this subject; when these and the following particulars were related to him, and an appeal made to the testi-

mony of captain Culverhouse, Mr. Cripps, Mr. Loudon, and others who were with us in Jaffa, as to the fact. Captain Wright still maintained the charge; and the author, finding the testimony afforded by himself and his friends liable to give offence, reserved all he had to say upon the subject until it should appear in its proper place, as connected with the history of his travels; always, however, urging the same statement, when appealed to for information. A few months after captain Wright's visit, captain Culverhouse, who had been employed in a distant part of the kingdom, recruiting for the navy, came to London; and meeting the author in public company at table, asked him, with a smile, what he thought of the reports circulated concerning the massacre, &c. at Jaffa. The author answered by saying, that it had long been his intention to write to captain Culverhouse upon the subject, and that it was very gratifying to him to find the purport of his letter so satisfactorily anticipated. Captain Culverhouse then, before the whole company present, expressed his astonishment at the industrious propagation of a story whereof the inhabitants of Jaffa were ignorant, and of which he had never heard a syllable until his arrival in England. The author knows not where this story originated; nor is it of any consequence to the testimony he thinks it now a duty to communicate.

The following ceremony appears to have a singular degree of resemblance with the practices of the Shaking Quakers in our own country.

In a mosque at Tophana was exhibited the dance of the Dervishes; and in another, at Scutary, the exhibition of the howling priests; ceremonies so extraordinary, that it is necessary to see them, in order to believe that they are really practised by human beings, as acts of devotion. We saw them both, and first were conducted to behold the dance at Tophana.

As we entered the mosque, we observed twelve or fourteen Dervishes walking slowly round, before a superior, in a small space surrounded with rails, beneath the dome of the building. Several spectators were stationed on the outside of the railing; and being, as usual, ordered to take off our shoes, we joined the party. In a gallery over the entrance were stationed two or three performers on the tambourine and Turkish pipes. Presently

the Dervishes, crossing their arms over their breasts, and with each of their hands grasping their shoulders, began obeisance to the superior, who stood with his back against the wall, facing the door of the mosque. Then each, in succession, as he passed the superior, having finished his bow, began to turn round, first slowly, but afterwards with such velocity, that his long garments flying out in the rotatory motion, the whole party appeared spinning like so many umbrellas upon their handles. As they began, their hands were disengaged from their shoulders, and raised gradually above their heads. At length, as the velocity of the whirl increased, they were all seen, with their arms extended horizontally, and their eyes closed, turning with inconceivable rapidity. The music, accompanied by voices, served to animate them; while a steady old fellow, in a green pelisse, continued to walk among them, with a fixed countenance, and expressing as much care and watchfulness as if his life would expire with the slightest failure in the ceremony. I noticed a method they all observed in the exhibition; it was that of turning one of their feet, with the toes as much inward as possible, at every whirl of the body, while the other foot kept its natural position. The elder of these Dervishes appeared to me to perform the task with so little labour or exertion, that, although their bodies were in violent agitation, their countenances resembled those of persons in an easy sleep. The younger part of the dancers moved with no less velocity than the others; but it seemed in them a less mechanical operation. This extraordinary exercise continued for the space of fifteen minutes; a length of time, it might be supposed, sufficient to exhaust life itself during such an exertion; and our eyes began to ache with the sight of so many objects all turning one way. Suddenly, on a signal given by the directors of the dance, unobserved by the spectators, the Dervishes all stopped at the same instant, like the wheels of a machine, and what is more extraordinary, all in one circle, with their faces invariably towards the centre, crossing their arms on their breasts, and grasping their shoulders as before, bowing together with the utmost regularity, at the same instant, almost to the ground. We regarded them with astonishment, not one of them being in the slightest degree out of

breath, heated, or having his countenance at all changed. After this they began to walk, as at first; each following the other within the railing, and passing the superior as before. As soon as their obeisance had been made, they began to turn again. This second exhibition lasted as long as the first, and was similarly concluded. They then began to turn for the third time; and, as the dance lengthened, the music grew louder and more animating. Perspiration became evident on the features of the Dervishes; the extended garments of some among them began to droop; and little accidents occurred, such as their striking against each other: they nevertheless persevered, until large drops of sweat falling from their bodies upon the floor, such a degree of friction was thereby occasioned, that the noise of their feet rubbing the floor was heard by the spectators. Upon this, the third and last signal was made for them to halt, and the dance ended.

This extraordinary performance is considered miraculous by the Turks. By their law, every species of dancing is prohibited; and yet, in such veneration is this ceremony held, that an attempt to abolish it would excite insurrection among the people.

DESCRIPTION OF THE SERAGLIO.

A SECOND visit, which I made to the interior of the Seraglio, was not attended by any very interesting discovery; but, as it enabled me to describe, with minuteness, scenes hitherto impervious to European eyes, the reader may be gratified by the observations made within those walls. Every one is curious to know what exists within recesses which have been long closed against the intrusion of Christians. In vain does the eye, roaming from the towers of Galata, Pera, and Constantinople, attempt to penetrate the thick gloom of cypresses and domes, which distinguishes the most beautiful part of Constantinople. Imagination magnifies things unknown: and when, in addition to the curiosity always excited by mystery, the reflection is suggested, that ancient Byzantium occupied the site of the sultan's palace, a thirst of inquiry is proportionably augmented. I promise to conduct my readers not only within the

retirement of the Seraglio, but into the charem itself, and the most secluded haunts of the Turkish sovereign. Would only I could also promise a degree of satisfaction, in this respect, adequate to their desire of information!

It so happened that the gardener of the Grand Signior, during our residence in Constantinople, was a German. This person used to mix with the society in Pera, and often joined in the evening parties given by the different foreign ministers. In this manner we became acquainted with him; and were invited to his apartments within the walls of the Seraglio, close to the gates of the sultan's garden. We were accompanied during our first visit, by his intimate friend, the secretary and chaplain of the Swedish mission; who but a short time before, had succeeded in obtaining a sight of the four principal sultanas and the sultan mother, in consequence of his frequent visits to the gardener. They were sitting together one morning, when the cries of the black eunuchs, opening the door of the charem, which communicated with the Seraglio gardens, announced that these ladies were going to take the air. In order to do this, it was necessary to pass the gates adjoining the gardener's lodge, where an *arabat* was stationed to receive them, in which it was usual for them to drive round the walks of the Seraglio, within the walls of the palace. Upon those occasions, the black eunuchs examine every part of the garden, and run before the women, calling out to all persons to avoid approaching or beholding them, under pain of death. The gardener, and his friend the Swede, instantly closed all the shutters, and locked the doors. The black eunuchs, arriving soon after, and finding the lodge shut, supposed the gardener to be absent. Presently followed the sultan mother, with the four principal sultanas, who were in high glee, romping and laughing with each other. A small scullery window, of the gardener's lodge, looked directly towards the gate through which these ladies were to pass, and was separated from it only by a few yards. Here, through two small gimlet holes, bored for the purpose, they beheld very distinctly the features of the women, whom they described as possessing extraordinary beauty. Three of the four were Georgians, having dark complexions and very long dark hair; but the fourth was remarkably fair; and her hair, also of singular length and thickness, was of a flaxen colour: neither were their teeth dyed black, as those of Turkish women generally are. The Swedish gentleman said, he was almost sure they suspected they were seen, from the address they manifested, in displaying their charms, and in loitering at the gate. This gave him and his friend no small degree of terror, as they would have paid for their curiosity with their lives, if any such suspicion had entered the minds of the black eunuchs. He described their dresses as rich beyond all that can be imagined. Long spangled robes, open in front, with pantaloons embroidered in gold and silver, and covered by a profusion of pearls and precious stones, displayed their persons to great advantage; but were so heavy, as actually to encumber their motion, and almost to impede their walking. Their hair hung in loose and

very thick tresses on each side their cheeks; falling quite down to the waist, and covering their shoulders behind. Those tresses were quite powdered with diamonds, not displayed according to any studied arrangement, but as if carelessly scattered by handfuls, among their flowing locks. On the top of their heads, and rather leaning to one side, they wore, each of them a small circular patch or diadem. Their faces, necks, and even their breasts, were quite exposed, not one of them having any veil.

The German gardener who had daily access to different parts of the Seraglio, offered to conduct us not only over the gardens, but promised if we would come singly during the season of the *Ramadan*, when the guards, being up all night, would be stupefied during the day with sleep and intoxication, to undertake the greater risk of showing us the interior of the *charem*, or apartments of the women; that is to say, of that part of it which they inhabit during the summer, for they were still in their winter chambers. We readily accepted his offer: I only solicited the further indulgence of being accompanied by a French artist of the name of Preaux, whose extraordinary promptitude in design would enable him to bring away sketches of any thing we might find interesting, either in the charem, or gardens of the Seraglio. The apprehensions of monsieur Preaux were, however, so great, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could prevail upon him to venture into the Seraglio: and he afterwards either lost, or secreted, the only drawings which his fears would allow him to make while he was there.

We left Pera, in a gondola, about seven o'clock in the morning; embarking at Tophana, and steering towards that gate of the Seraglio which faces the Bosporus on the south-eastern side, where the entrance to the Seraglio gardens and the gardener's lodge are situated. A bostanghy, as a sort of porter, is usually seated, with his attendants, within the portal. Upon entering the Seraglio, the spectator is struck by a wild and confused assemblage of great and interesting objects: among the first of these are, enormous cypresses, massive and lofty masonry, neglected and broken sarcophagi, high rising mounds, and a long gloomy avenue, leading from the gates of the garden between the double walls of the Seraglio. This gate is the same by which the Sultanas came out for the airing before alluded to; and the gardener's lodge is on the right hand of it. The avenue extending from it, towards the west, offers a broad and beautiful, although solitary, walk, to a very considerble extent, shut in by high walls on both sides. Directly opposite this entrance of the Seraglio is a very lofty mound, or bank, covered by large trees, and traversed by terraces, over which, on the top, are walls with turrets. On the right hand, after entering, are the large wooden folding doors of the Grand Signior's gardens; and near them lie many fragments of ancient marbles, appropriated to the vilest purposes; among others, a sarcophagus of one block of marble, covered with a simple, though unmeaning bas-relief. Entering the gardens by the folding doors, a pleasing *coup-d'œil* of trellis-work and covered

walks is displayed, more after the taste of Holland than that of any other country. Various and very despicable *jets-d'eau*, straight gravel-walks, and borders disposed in parallelograms, with the exception of a long green-house filled with orange-trees, compose all that appears in the small spot which bears the name of the Seraglio gardens. The view, on entering, is down the principal gravel walk; and all the walks meet at a central point, beneath a dome of the same trellis-work by which they are covered. Small fountains spout a few quarts of water into large shells, or form parachutes over lighted bougies, by the sides of the walks. The trellis-work is of wood, painted white, and covered by jasmine; and this, as it does not conceal the artificial frame by which it is supported, produces a wretched effect. On the outside of the trellis-work appear small parterres, edged with box, containing very common flowers, and adorned with fountains. On the right hand, after entering the garden, appears the magnificent kiosk, which constitutes the Sultan's summer residence; and further on is the orangery before mentioned, occupying the whole extent of the wall on that side. Exactly opposite to the garden gates is the door of the *charem*, or palace of the women belonging to the Grand Signior; a building not unlike one of the small colleges in Cambridge, and enclosing the same sort of cloistered court. One side of this building extends across the upper extremity of the garden, so that the windows look into it. Below these windows are two small green houses, filled with very common plants, and a number of Canary birds. Before the charem windows, on the right hand, is a ponderous, gloomy, wooden door; and this, creaking on its massive hinges, opens to the quadrangle, or interior court of the charem itself. We will keep this door shut for a short time, in order to describe the Seraglio garden more minutely; and afterwards open it, to gratify the reader's curiosity.

Still facing the charem, on the left hand, is a paved ascent, leading through a handsome guilded iron gate, from the lower to the upper garden. Here is a kiosk, which I shall presently describe. Returning from the charem to the door by which we first entered, a lofty wall on the right hand supports a terrace with a few small parterres: these, at a considerable height above the lower garden, constitute what is now called the upper garden of the Seraglio; and, till within these few years, it was the only one.

Having thus completed the tour of this small and insignificant spot of ground, let us now enter the kiosk, which I first mentioned as the Sultan's summer residence. It is situated on the sea-shore, and commands one of the finest views the eye ever beheld, of Scutary and the Asiatic coast, the mouth of the canal, and a moving picture of ships, gondolas, dolphins, birds, with all the floating pageantry of this vast metropolis, such as no other capital in the world can pretend to exhibit. The kiosk itself, fashioned after the airy fantastic style of eastern architecture, presents a spacious chamber, covered by a dome, from which, towards the sea, advances a raised platform surrounded by windows, and terminated by a divan. On the right and left are

the private apartments of the sultan and his ladies. From the centre of the dome is suspended a large lustre, presented by the English ambassador. Above the raised platform hangs another lustre of smaller size, but more elegant. Immediately over the sofas constituting the divan, are mirrors engraved with Turkish inscriptions, poetry, and passages from the Koran. The sofas are of white satin, beautifully embroidered by the women of the Seraglio.

Leaving the platform, on the left hand is the sultan's private chamber of repose, the floor of which is surrounded by couches of very costly workmanship. Opposite to this chamber, on the other side of the kiósk, a door opens to the apartment in which are placed the attendant sultanas, the sultan mother, or any ladies in residence with the sovereign. This room corresponds exactly with the sultan's chamber, except that the couches are more magnificently embroidered.

A small staircase leads from these apartments, to two chambers below, paved with marble, and as cold as any cellar. Here a more numerous assemblage of women are buried, as it were, during the heat of summer. The first is a sort of antechamber to the other, by the door of which in a nook of the wall, are placed the sultan's slippers, of common yellow morocco, and coarse workmanship. Having entered the marble chamber immediately below the kiosk, a marble basin presents itself, with a fountain in the centre, containing water to a depth of about three inches, and a few very small fishes. Answering to the platform mentioned in the description of the kiosk, is another, exactly of a similar nature, closely latticed, where the ladies sit during the season of their residence in this place. I was pleased with observing a few things they had carelessly left upon the sofas, and which characterized their mode of life. Among these was an English writing-box, of black varnished wood, with a sliding cover, and drawers, the drawers contained coloured writing-paper, reed-pens, perfumed wax, and little bags made of embroided satin, in which their billets-doux are sent by negro slaves, who are both mutes and eunuchs. That liqueurs are drunk in these secluded chambers is evident; for we found labels for bottles, neatly cut out with scissars, bearing Turkish inscriptions, with the words, "*Roseglio*," "*Golden Water*," and "*Water of Life*." Having now seen every part of this building, we returned to the garden, by the entrance which admitted us to the kiosk.

Our next and principal object was the examination of the CHAREM; and, as the undertaking was attended with danger, we first took care to see that the garden was cleared of bostanghies, and other attendants; as our curiosity, if detected, would, beyond all doubt, have cost us our lives upon the spot. A catastrophe of this nature has been already related by Le Bruyn.

Having inspected every alley and corner of the garden, we advanced, half-breathless, and on tiptoe, to the great wooden door of the passage which leads to the inner court of this mysterious edifice. We succeeded in forcing this open; but the noise of its grating hinges, amidst the profound silence of the place, went to our very hearts. We then entered a small quadrangle, exact-

ly resembling that of Queen's college, Cambridge, filled with weeds. It was divided into two parts, one raised above the other; the principal side of the court containing an open cloister, supported by small white marble columns. Every thing appeared in a neglected state. The women only reside here during the summer. Their winter apartments may be compared to the late bastile of France; and the decoration of these apartments is even inferior to that which I shall presently describe. From this court, forcing open a small window near the ground, we climbed into the building, and alighted upon a long range of wooden beds, or couches, covered by mats, prepared for the reception of an hundred slaves: these reached the whole extent of a very long corridor. From hence, passing some narrow passages, the floors of which were also matted, we came to a staircase leading to the upper apartments. Of such irregular and confused architecture it is difficult to give any adequate description. We passed from the lower dormitory of the slaves to another above: this was divided into two tiers; so that one half of the numerous attendants it was designed to accommodate slept over the other, upon a sort of shelf or scaffold near the ceiling. From this second corridor we entered into a third, a long matted passage: on the left of this were small apartments for slaves of higher rank: and upon the right, a series of rooms looking towards the sea. By continuing along this corridor, we at last entered the great *chamber of audience*, in which the sultan mother receives visits of ceremony, from the sultanas, and other distinguished ladies of the charem. Nothing can be imagined better suited to theatrical representation than this chamber; and I regret the loss of the very accurate drawing which I caused monsieur Preaux to complete upon the spot. It is exactly such an apartment as the best painters of scenic decoration would have selected, to afford a striking idea of the pomp, the seclusion, and the magnificence, of the Ottoman court. The stage is best suited for its representation; and therefore the reader is requested to have the stage in his imagination while it is described. It was surrounded with enormous mirrors, the costly donations of infidel kings, as they are styled by the present possessors. These mirrors, the women of the seraglio sometimes break in their frolics. At the upper end is the throne, a sort of cage, in which the sultana sits, surrounded by latticed blinds; for even here her person is held too sacred to be exposed to the common observation of slaves and females of the charem. A lofty flight of broad steps, covered with crimson cloth, leads to this cage, as to a throne. Immediately in front of it are two burnished chairs of state, covered with crimson velvet and gold, one on each side the entrance. To the right and the left of the throne, and upon a level with it, are the sleeping apartments of the sultan mother, and her principal females in waiting. The external windows of the throne are all latticed: on one side they look towards the sea; and on the other into the quadrangle of the charem; the chamber itself occupying the whole breadth of the building, on the side of the quadran-

gle into which it looks. The area below the latticed throne, or the front of the stage (to follow the idea before proposed) is set apart for attendants, for the dancers, for actors, music, refreshments, and whatsoever is brought into the charem for the amusement of the court. This place is covered with Persian mats; but these are removed when the sultana is here, and the richest carpets substituted in their place.

Beyond the great chamber of audience is the *assembly room* of the sultan, when he is in the charem. Here we observe the magnificent lustre before mentioned. The sultan sometimes visits this chamber during the winter, to hear music, and to amuse himself with his favourites. It is surrounded by mirrors. The other ornaments display that strange mixture of magnificence and wretchedness, which characterize all the state chambers of the Turkish grandees. Leaving the assembly room by the same door through which we entered, and continuing along the passage, as before, which runs parallel to the sea-shore, we at length reached, what might be termed the *sanctum sanctorum* of this Paphian temple, the baths of the sultan mother and the four principal sultanas. These are small but very elegant, constructed of white marble, and lighted by ground glass above. At the upper end is a raised sudatory and bath for the sultan mother, concealed by lattice-work from the rest of the apartment. Fountains play constantly into the floor of this bath, from all its sides; and every degree of refined luxury has been added to the work, which a people, of all others best versed in the ceremonies of the bath, have been capable of inventing or requiring.

Leaving the bath, and returning along the passage by which we came, we entered what is called the *chamber of repose*. Nothing need be said of it, except that it commands the finest view any where afforded from this point of the seraglio. It forms a part of the building well known to strangers, from the circumstance of its being supported, towards the sea, by twelve columns of that beautiful and rare breccia, the *viride Lacedæmonium* of Pliny, called by Italians, *Il verde antico*. These columns are of the finest quality ever seen; and each of them consist of one entire stone. The two interior pillars are of green Egyptian breccia, more beautiful than any specimen of the kind existing.

We now proceeded to that part of the charem which looks into the seraglio garden, and entered a large apartment, called *chalved yiertzy*, or, as the French would express it, *salle de promenade*. Here the other ladies of the charem entertain themselves, by hearing and seeing comedies, farcical representations, dances, and music. We found it in the state of an old lumber-room. Large dusty pier-glasses, in heavy gilded frames, neglected and broken, stood, like the Vicar of Wakefield's family picture, leaning against the wall, the whole length of one side of the room. Old furniture; shabby bureaus of the worst English work, made of oak, walnut, or mahogany; inlaid broken cabinets; scattered fragments of chandeliers; scraps of paper, silk rags, and empty confectionary boxes; were the only objects in this part of the palace.

From this room, we descended into the court of the charem; and having crossed it, ascended, by a flight of steps, to an upper parterre, for the purpose of examining a part of the building appropriated to the inferior ladies of the Seraglio. Finding it exactly upon the plan of the rest, only worse furnished, and in a more wretched state, we returned, to quit the charem entirely, and effect our retreat to the garden. The reader may imagine our consternation on finding that the great door was closed upon us, and that we were locked in. Listening, to ascertain if any one was stirring, we discovered that a slave had entered to feed some turkeys, who were gobbling and making a great noise at a small distance. We profited by their tumult, to force back the huge lock of the gate with a large stone, which fortunately yielded to our blows, and we made our escape.

We now quitted the lower garden of the Seraglio, and ascended by a paved road, towards the *chamber of the garden of hyacinths*. This promised to be interesting, as we were told the sultan passed almost all his private hours in that apartment; and the view of it might make us acquainted with occupations and amusements, which characterise the man, devested of the outward parade of the sultan. We presently turned from the paved ascent, towards the right, and entered a small garden, laid out into very neat oblong borders, edged with porcelain, or Dutch tiles. Here no plant is suffered to grow, except the hyacinth; whence the name of this garden, and the chamber it contains. We examined this apartment, by looking through a window. Nothing can be more magnificent. Three sides of it were surrounded by a divan, the cushions and pillows of which were of black embroidered satin. Opposite the windows of the chamber was a fire-place, after the ordinary European fashion; and each side of this, a door covered with hangings of crimson cloth. Between each of these doors and the fire-place appeared a glass-case, containing the sultan's private library; every volume being in manuscript, and upon shelves, one above the other, and the title of each book written on the edges of its leaves. From the ceiling of the room, which was of burnished gold, opposite each of the doors, and also opposite to the fire-place, hung three gilt cages, containing small figures of artificial birds: these sung by mechanism. In the centre of the room stood an enormous gilt brasier, supported, in an ewer, by four massive claws, like vessels seen under sideboards in England. Opposite to the entrance, on one side of the apartment, was a raised bench, crossing a door, on which were placed an embroidered napkin, a vase, and basin, for washing the beard and hands. Over this bench, upon the wall, was suspended the large embroidered *porte feuille*, worked with silver thread on yellow leather, which is carried in procession when the sultan goes to mosque, or elsewhere in public, to contain the petitions presented by his subjects. In a nook close to the door was also a pair of yellow boots; and on the bench, by the ewer, a pair of slippers of the same materials. These are placed at the entrance of every apartment frequented by the sultan. The floor was covered with Gobelin's tapestry; and the ceil-

ing, as before stated, magnificently gilded and burnished. Groups of arms, such as pistols, sabres, and poignards, were disposed, with very singular taste and effect, on the different compartments of the walls; the handles and scabbards of which were covered with diamonds of very large size: these, as they glittered around, gave a most gorgeous effect to the splendour of this sumptuous chamber.

We had scarce ended our survey of this costly scene, when, to our great dismay, a bostanghy made his appearance within the apartment; but, fortunately for us, his head was turned from the window, and we immediately sunk below it, creeping upon our hands and knees, until we got clear of the garden of hyacinths. Thence, ascending to the upper walks, we passed an aviary of nightingales.

The walks in the upper garden are very small, in wretched condition, and laid out in worse taste than the fore court of a Dutchman's house in the suburbs of the Hague. Small as they are, they constituted, until lately, the whole of the Seraglio gardens near the sea; and from them may be seen the whole prospect of the entrance to the canal, and the opposite coast of Scutary. Here, in an old kiosk, is seen a very ordinary marble slab, supported on iron cramps: this, nevertheless, was a present from Charles the twelfth of Sweden. It is precisely the sort of sideboard seen in the lowest inns of England; and, while it may be said no person would pay half the amount of its freight to send it back again, it shows the nature of the presents then made to the Porte by foreign princes. From these formal parterres we descended to the gardener's lodge, and left the gardens by the gate through which we entered.

I never should have offered so copious a detail of the scenery of this remarkable place, if I did not believe that an account of the interior of the Seraglio would be satisfactory, from the secluded nature of the objects to which it bears reference, and the little probability there is of so favourable an opportunity being again granted, to any traveller, for its investigation.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF GENERAL GREENE.

Camp Charlotte, December 6, 1780.

GENERAL GATES,

Dear sir—Agreeable to my instructions I have taken the opinion of the general and other principal officers of the army, upon the practicability of holding a court of inquiry into your conduct, during your command in this department. They are

unanimous in the opinion that it is not practicable, agreeable to the tenor of my instructions, and that it would not be prudent to call baron Steuben from Virginia without farther information from that quarter; and that the circumstances of this army would not admit of the inquiry being made, even if the baron was here.

Your earnest desire to have the court held, would have induced me to call the baron to this army, had the officers been of opinion that our circumstances would admit of the inquiry being made, unless the operations of the enemy in Virginia had rendered his continuance there very essential, in which case I am persuaded you would neither wish nor expect it.

I flatter myself you are fully convinced that I am equally anxious with yourself for having the court convened, and no less desirous of giving you an early opportunity of justifying yourself to the world, than you are of submitting your conduct to an impartial inquiry. As soon as the state of this army will admit of my convening a court, agreeable to the tenor of my instruction, I will give you immediate notice thereof.

I am, with esteem, &c.

Camp Charlotte, December 6, 1780.

GOVERNOR NASH, *North Carolina.*

Sir—I wrote your excellency from general Parsons on my way to camp, which I hope you have received. On my arrival here I find nothing but the shadow of an army in the midst of distress. War is a precarious business where every precaution is taken, and subject to great and sudden changes. Nothing therefore should be left to chance, but what cannot be avoided. In all governments much depends upon opinion; but more in this than almost any other, from the circumstances of the currency and the division of sentiment among the inhabitants. The liberties of a people are a great object, and the security of their property little less so; I persuade myself, therefore, if the inhabitants are rightly informed, they cannot be averse to taking such measures, and submitting to those inconveniences which are best calculated for their final security, especially as many have already felt the ravaging hand of war.

It don't admit of doubt but that the enemy mean to prosecute offensive operations against this state. The only matter of uncertainty is the force to be employed and the particular places of destination. Part of the troops said to be embarking at New-york, mentioned in my former letter, have arrived at Charlestown, and the rest cannot be far distant. The small force which we have in the field is very incompetent to give protection to this state, nor would a large body of militia remedy the evil, as our difficulties in the article of provision and forage are not less than the want of men, and these evils must constantly increase so long as the war is carried on by the militia of the country. It requires more than double the number of militia to be kept in the field, attended with infinitely more waste and expense than would be necessary to give full security to the country with a regular and permanent army; add to these, obstructions to business, and the distress it spreads among the inhabitants at large; and no one who has the true interest of his country at heart can hesitate about the propriety of filling the continental battalions, agreeable to the late requisitions of congress, which I wish may take place immediately; and if it can be effected by draft, as I am persuaded if it can, it would damp the enemy's hopes more than ten victories.

It appears to me the misfortunes which have attended this quarter, have been owing to the commanding officer's putting too much to the hazard, and this, I fear, with a view of complying with the wishes and impatience of the inhabitants. By trying to save too much, we often lose all.

It is natural for people who are affected with the calamities of war, to wish to make a great effort to remove the evil: but ill-judged exertions only serve to fix the chains so much the faster. It is my wish, and it shall be my endeavour, to render this state every service in my power; and I hope every aid and support will be given me necessary to crown my exertions with success. I may not always agree with the people respecting the manner of conducting the war; but they may be assured I have their true interest at heart. The king of Prussia says, in defending a country you must attend to great objects and submit to partial evils.

It is natural for an army that is in distress to lose its discipline and invade the rights and property of the citizens; nor is it possible in many cases to avoid it, without arriving to desperation. Soldiers feel like other men, and their measures should not be insulted if they cannot be remedied. Many affect to express their apprehensions of the ambitious views of an army. Nothing can be more idle: for what can be effected by an army when left to itself, which can scarcely be subsisted aided by all the powers of government. It is my wish to pay the most sacred regard to the laws and constitution of the state; but the emergencies of war are often so pressing, that it becomes necessary to invade the rights of the citizens to prevent public calamities. The occasion must always give satisfaction to the measure, and few but the captious will cavil at the matter. This is often what we are drove to at the northward, and the commander in chief never hesitates to take what is necessary for the support of the army: at the same time, we consider it as a great misfortune to be reduced to this necessity, for nothing is more destructive to the discipline and good government of an army; and for this reason I could wish that the state would take measures for giving us the most effectual support. Every possible severity shall be exercised to preserve the property of the people from unjust invasions. Many may think that war can be accommodated to civil convenience; but he who undertakes to conduct it upon this principle will soon sacrifice the people he means to protect.

I am really apprehensive for the salt and other public property upon the sea board: it is an object of so much importance to us, that I think no time should be lost in removing it into the interior country, and I wish your excellency to press the matter, as I have done, upon the board of war. I have appointed lieutenant colonel Edward Carrington deputy quartermaster-general for the southern army, and am to request that your excellency will comply with all his requisitions in the line of his department as fully as if made by myself. I shall be happy to hear when and where the assembly is to sit, that I may prepare my requisitions to lay before them at the first of their meeting.

I am, &c.

Charlotte, December 7, 1780.

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

Sir—I arrived at this place on the 2d of this instant; general Gates having reached this some days before me, with a part of the troops under his command, the rest being on their march from Hillsborough. General Smallwood was below this about fifteen miles, towards the Waxaws, where he had been for a considerable time before general Gates marched from Hillsborough. On my arrival I sent for him; but he was gone down towards Camden in pursuit of a party of tories, and did not arrive in camp *until the* night before last. Immediately I called a council respecting the practicability of holding a court of inquiry upon general Gates's conduct during his command in this department. The question stated to the council and the answers of the members, are inclosed in the papers from No. 1 to 5.

I wrote your excellency at Richmond, that I should leave baron Steuben to take command in Virginia, which I accordingly did; and to endeavour, if possible, to make an arrangement of that line; since which I have not heard from him, nor have I heard whether the enemy have left Chesapeake bay or not. As I passed through Petersburgh an express arrived from below, with intelligence that the enemy had returned; but having heard nothing further of the matter, conclude the report must have been premature.

To give your excellency an idea of the state and condition of the troops of this army, if it deserves the name of one, I enclose you an extract of a letter wrote by general Gates to the board of war, No. 6. Nothing can be more wretched and distressing than the miserable condition of the troops, starving with cold and hunger. Those of the Virginia line are literally naked, and a great part totally unfit for any kind of duty, and must remain so until clothing can be had from the northward. I have written to governor Jefferson not to send forward any more, until they are well clothed and properly equipped.

As I expected, so I find the great bodies of militia that have been in the field, and the manner in which they came out (being all on horseback) has laid waste all the country, in such a manner that I am really afraid it will be impossible to subsist the

few troops we have, and if we can get subsisted at all, it must be by moving to the provision, for they have no way of bringing it to the army.

I have desired the board of war of this state not to call out any more militia until we can be better satisfied about the means of subsistence for the regular troops and the militia from Virginia.

Lord Cornwallis lies with his principal force at a place called Winnsborough, about half way between Camden and Ninety-six, at both of which places the enemy have a post strongly fortified. At Camden they have seven redoubts, at Ninety-six not more than three, but very strong. Part, if not the whole of the embarkation mentioned in your excellency's last letter as taking place at Newyork, have arrived at Charlestown, and it is said lord Cornwallis is preparing for some movement.

I have parties exploring the rivers Dan, Yadkin, and Catabaw, and am not without hopes we shall be able to assist the army by water transportation. It is next to impossible to get a sufficiency of wagons to draw provisions and forage the very great distance we are obliged to fetch it to feed the army.

The inhabitants of this country live too remote from one another to be animated into great exertions, and the people appear, notwithstanding their danger, very intent upon their own private affairs.

Inclosed, No. 7 and 8, are the reports of general Sumpter's last action, and of lieutenant colonel Washington's stratagem, by which he took colonel Rugely and his party.

I find when baron Steuben comes forward there will be a difficulty between him and general Smallwood. The latter declares he never will submit to the command of the former, and insists upon having his commission dated back to as early a period as he had a right to promotion. When that was, I know not, as I know of no principles of promotion from brigadiers to major-general, except their seniority or special merit. What is best to be done in the affair? Before I order the baron on I wish your excellency's advice in the matter. I fear our army is always to be convulsed by extraordinary claims and special appointments. They are both exceeding good men: it is pity a dispute should arise between them, so injurious to the service as it must be.

My ideas respecting the powers given by congress for exchanging prisoners of war in this department, perfectly correspond with your excellency's. I had no idea that it extended to the convention troops, and by my inquiry only meant to learn your advice, so as my conduct might correspond with your views.

All the prisoners taken by colonel Campbell, and others, have been dismissed, paroled, and enlisted in the militia service for three months, except one hundred and thirty. Thus we have lost by the folly (not to say any thing worse) of those who had them in charge, upwards of six hundred men. I am told lord Cornwallis has lately made a proposition to general Smallwood for exchanging all the prisoners in North and South Carolina. If it is upon terms just and equal, I shall avail myself of it, for a great number of prisoners is a heavy weight upon our hands.

I am too little informed of the resources still left in this country, and of the enemy's designs, to tell what disposition to make, or how to dispose of the little force we have in the field. I shall do the best I can, and keep your excellency constantly advised of my situation.

General Gates sets out to-morrow for the northward. Many officers think very favourably of his conduct, and that whenever an inquiry takes place, he will honourably acquit himself.

I am, with great esteem and regard, &c.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE ADVERSARIA, OR EVENING RECREATIONS, No. VIII.

To read what books and see what friends I please.—POPE.

ALOYS REDING, THE SWISS PATRIOT.

WHEN the canton of Schwitz was surrounded by the French revolutionary troops, and the last ray of hope had vanished from its inhabitants, the enthusiasm of the people was at its highest pitch. Matrons and young women assisted in drawing the cannon along the most rough and inaccessible roads. The old men and children wished to share the glory of falling with their liber-

ties; they were almost all furnished with arms; and the cowards who sought to escape danger were forced to join the banners they had deserted. The men unshaken and unruffled, like the rocks on which they stood, courageously awaited the occasion of sacrificing themselves to their country. Skirting the verdant haunts of Mozgarten, the sacred monument of the ancient valour of the Swiss, they were resolved, if unable to leave liberty to their posterity, to set them the example of a defence worthy of it.

Aloys Reding of Schwitz, who commanded the allies, a hero and a sage, who in peaceable times had been the advocate of reforms and ameliorations, but who resented the offer of changes from an armed enemy, thus addressed his troops:

"Brave comrades, dear fellow citizens, behold us at a decisive moment. Surrounded by enemies, abandoned by friends, there now remains for us only to ascertain whether we wish courageously to imitate the example set us by our ancestors at Mozgarten. A death almost certain awaits us. If any one fears it let him retire, and no reproach on our part shall follow him. Let us not impose on each other in that solemn hour. I had rather have a hundred men prepared for all events, on whom I can rely, than five hundred, who, taking themselves to flight, will produce confusion, and by their perfidious flight would sacrifice the heroes who were desirous of still defending themselves. As to myself, I promise not to abandon you even in the greatest peril. *Death and no retreat.* If you share in my resolution depute two men from each rank, and let them swear to me in your name that you will be faithful to your promises."

The words of the hero were heard in the greatest silence, and with the most religious attention; hardy warriors shed tears of tenderness, and when the address was closed a thousand cries were heard, "We will share your lot! we will never abandon you!" Two men came from each rank to pledge fidelity in life and death to the chief. Europe was a witness to the valour of these mountaineers, admired their efforts, and commisserated their ill success.

Zschokke, prefect of the canton of Basle, in his *History of the Destruction of the Democratic Republics of Schwitz, Uri, and Unter Walden*, from which this fragment is taken and translated, assures his readers that the speech is authentic and correct.

SUPERIOR TALENTS seem to give no security for propriety of conduct: on the contrary, having a natural tendency to nourish pride, they often betray the possessor into such mistakes as men more moderately gifted never commit. Ability, therefore, is not wisdom; and an ounce of grace is a better guard against gross absurdity than the brighest talents in the world.

—

THE BEGGAR.

Poetry, the offspring of sensibility and feeling, when regulated by good taste, controlled by judgment, and refined by delicacy, possesses a charm which penetrates the bosom of the reader, though he may know no more of the parties with whom he sympathises than he learns from the verses under his perusal; while characters also drawn from life with discrimination, delight by their vigour and fancy. The following is an animated *portrait:* it speaks feelingly to the best affections of the heart: it is drawn from nature.

Of late I saw him on his staff reclin'd,
Bow'd down beneath a weary weight of woes,
Without a roof to shelter from the wind
His head, all hoar with many a winter's snows.
All trembling he approached—he strove to speak;
The voice of Misery scarce my ear assail'd;
A flood of sorrow swept his furrowed cheek;
Remembrance check'd him, and his utterance fail'd.
For he had known full many a better day,
And when the poor man at his household bent,
He drove him not with aching heart away,
But freely shar'd what Providence had sent.
How hard for him, the stranger's boon to crave,
And live to want the mite his bounty gave!

—

STYLE.

Perhaps nothing contributes so much to the fame of a writer as his style. It is this which forces the homage of readers, even when they despise his sentiments or view his facts with the eye of incredulity. From what other cause is it that Hume is the companion of every reader, whilst Carter, and Clarendon, and

Henry, repose unmolested, save by the moths, on the shelves of the curious. Dr. Blair has bestowed much attention upon this subject, and his experience has dictated some directions for forming a good style, from which, however, no very great advantages may be hoped; for style like genius cannot be formed by rules. If style be *the peculiar manner in which a man expresses his conceptions by means of language*, critical rules, however useful, in affairs of grammar, cannot form a style. A good style is only to be acquired by an attentive perusal of the most classical writers, and by depositing in the memory a copious fund of *names of ideas*. The causes of criticism will then serve to prevent us from deviating from the strict bounds of grammar. Johnson, and Blair, and Hume, may improve; but the rudiments must be formed by our own thoughts. I must not be understood as attempting to persuade any foolish wight that style is all that is necessary to preserve his name from oblivion. The most brilliant or the most fascinating style cannot conceal poverty of thought; but the most valuable instruction will not be relished unless it be conveyed in a pleasing manner. Quintillian will express my meaning:

Curam verborum, rerum esse volo solicitudinem.

"I would have a writer to be careful about words," says this skilful rhetorician, "and anxious about things."

MILTON'S IL PENSEROSO.

The following lines, first published in the year 1647, have much intrinsic merit; but if they were, as a learned commentator suggests, the occasion of the Penseroso of Milton, as being the "plan which is there drawn out into larger dimensions," they have a merit beyond their own in the opinion of every lover of English poetry.

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights,
  Wherein you spend your folly;
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
  But only melancholy;
  Oh! sweetest melancholy!

Welcome folded arms and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies;
A look that's fasten'd to the ground;
A tongue chain'd up without a sound.
Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale Passion loves;
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls,
A midnight bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon.
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley:
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

—

HOME.

Mrs. Grant of Laggan, has recently issued from her poetical loom a fabric, whose texture exhibits all the wildness of fancy and the beauty of taste. In the following artless lines she has depicted feelings, which though familiar to every feeling mind, are never contemplated without lively sensations of pleasure.

Dear lowly cottage! o'er whose humble thatch,
The dewy moss has velvet verdure spread;
Once more with trem'lous hands, thy ready latch
I lift, and to thy lintel bow my head.
Dear are thy inmates! Beauty's roseate smile
And eye soft melting hail my wish'd return;
Loud clamours, infant joy; around meanwhile
Maturer breasts with silent rapture burn.
Within these narrow walls I reign secure,
And duteous love, and prompt obedience find,
Nor sigh to view my destiny obscure,
Where all is lowly, but each owner's mind
Content, if pilgrims passing by our cell,
Say with her sister Peace, "there Virtue loves to dwell."

—

THE MODERN DRAMA.

The influence which the stage has on the morals and manners of the people at large is so universally admitted, that all periodical writers, who assume to themselves peculiarly the office of public censors and critics, have thought it right to exercise this privilege in controling licentiousness, or applauding

merit. Several of the papers in the Spectator contain much judicious remark and useful observation on the plays which appeared, as well as upon the several performers of the time. Prior to the time of the Spectator, the stage was an entertainment more calculated for the dissipated and vicious part of the community, than for the improvement of the mind or the refinement of the passions. The reproach of Johnson on the dramatic writers of the reign of Charles the second was but too well deserved.

Intrigue was plot, obscænity was wit.

With the exception of the inimitable and immortal Shakspeare and the excellent Ben Jonson, few, if any of the dramatic productions of that period were such as could be represented without offending common decency. The performances on the stage deservedly incurred the censure of some of the clergy, who very justly thought that the immorality which was permitted, went very far to corrupt the morals of the people. From this censure the stage has not to this day recovered. The plays which succeeded did not deserve this indiscriminate censure. Though not entirely free from the looseness and obscenity which disgraced the plays of their predecessors, they abounded with much genuine wit and humour. The productions of Wycherly, Congreve, Farquhar, and other writers of that period, exhibit in every page proofs of the most genuine comic humour. *The Old Bachelor*, *the Plain Dealer*, and several other plays of that school, though they were received with applause at the time of their first performance, would not be tolerated by an audience of the present day. Yet all admirers of true dramatic excellence cannot but lament that so much of excellent comic genius should be entirely banished from the stage. But in avoiding this extreme, have not our present dramatic writers fallen into an error of another sort? Have not they, by attempting to introduce sentimental comedy, lost sight of what ought to be its true and legitimate department. Our modern comedies, in their humorous scenes, degenerate into farce, and their graver ones have too much of a tragical cast. Thus, a species of drama is introduced, which can lay claim to the title neither of tragedy nor comedy. Thus, *Pizarro is called a play*, *Adelmorn a re-*

mantic drama, and the *Castle Spectre* is simply a *drama*. Such heterogeneous mixtures of laughable and serious events cannot convey any permanent pleasure to the spectator.

The drama ought "to hold the mirror up to nature;" but in many of our modern productions we meet with nothing drawn from nature: all is improbable and consequently offensive to reason. Show and splendour, dress and decoration, compensate for the want of probability or connexion; and though for the moment our eyes may be dazzled or our ears captivated, yet the illusion of show and magnificence vanishes so quickly, that nothing can remain for reason to reflect upon with pleasure or satisfaction. In modern comedy, the characters of *Ranger, Belmour, and Roebuck*, are extinct. *Charles Surface* is the last of this race of *bucks;* the modern fine gentleman is dwindled into the insipid *Tom Shuffleton*; and the only characters that at all excite our laughter are the *Dr. Ollapods* and the *Timothy Tandems*. The flashes of wit that used to set the audience in a roar are over; and if we laugh at all it must be at the repetition of a set of phrases, which in themselves are too absurd even to excite a smile, and entirely depend for their effect upon the ludicrous dress and physiognomy of the actor. It is much to be wished, that some of our best comedies could be so altered and curtailed, as to suit them to the taste of an audience of the present age, since every candid and judicious critic must allow them to possess more of the true spirit of comedy, than the productions of our modern authors can aspire to. Some of them have been restored to the theatre by judicious alterations; and it would be doing an essential service to the stage, to bring again into notice the names of Fletcher, Wycherly, and Farquhar.

Baltimore.

LEVITY.

Milk-maid, milk-below, milk-tail.—All these are allusive among Londoners to the *made milk*, *milk below proof*, and *pale milk*, with which, by the help of dilution and other ingenious processes, their town is so abundantly supplied.

Overseers of the poor, &c. Men very apt to *overlook* many abuses which they ought to *look into* and correct in the establishments over which they preside.

—

Nautilus, originally *naughty lass*, a little shell-fish, which, in calm weather, may be seen floating about on the surface of the ocean, exposing itself to being picked up by every common sailor that may be passing in its way.

—

Bounty, a sum of money paid to a soldier or sailor upon his enlistment, and by the acceptance of which he becomes *bound* and *tied* to the service.

—

Anchor of brandy, &c. a vessel holding several gallons, so called because its contents are sufficient to keep Bacchus himself from moving.

—

Antimony, a mineral, the name of which originated with those who, from its possessing almost all the characters of a metal, took it into their sagacious heads that money might be made of it; but who, finding that it wanted the most essential of qualities, malleability, in their disappointment, called it *anti-money*, and then *seem a metal*, from which last comes the present generic term of a *semi-metal*.

—

Ledger, or *Leger*, a name probably from the French *leger*, light, of little weight, given ironically to the chief, and commonly the *heaviest*, book used in a counting-house.

—

Prior, formerly spelt *pryer*, from the verb *to pry*. These holy gentlemen enjoyed great influence in the ages of superstition, and insinuated themselves, in the character of confessors, into families of all ranks, pried most assiduously into all their secrets and are said to have profited not a little by their knowledge. Hence they were termed *pryers*.

—

Coroner, *Coroner's Inquest*.—These words plainly express their derivation from the *carrion*-crows, who go from place to

place to sit upon dead bodies. Every reader knows that it is a very ancient custom for the officer now termed *coroner*, when any person is found dead, to go, with a jury of twelve men, to sit upon the body; and this motley group is termed *coroner's inquest*, which is simply *carrioners in quest* of a body.

—

Medical—At the beginning of last century, it was customary for all physicians who were in want of employment, to frequent Button's coffee-house, whither persons dangerously ill used to send for advice. On the arrival of a messenger on this errand, all the sons of Æsculapius would rise in the greatest hurry to inquire which of them were wanted, at the same time crying, *Me d'ye call?* From this circumstance they were here first dubbed *medical men*.

—

Weapons, warlike instruments, so called, because their office is to make so many *weep on*.

—

Scymetar, a kind of broadsword used by the Turks, from *See meat hear!* an exclamation common among these barbarians, while, merciless as Shylock, they exult over the *two-pound slices* that result from the exercise of this instrument of human butchery.

—

Scarify, among surgeons, to lance a wound, to make incisions, because patients are so frequently *scared* at those sharp operations.

—

Probate, a legal certificate of a will; a name wittily given by the learned profession to an instrument commonly expensive in proportion to the wealth of a testator, because it is usually the first of the many means by which they contrive to get at, dip into, or *probe it;* that is to say, the property of the defunct.

—

Two reverend gentlemen who were conversing together, one complained to the other that he found it a great hardship to preach twice a week. "Well," said the other, "I preach twice on a Sunday, and *make nothing of it*."

That Ned's kind to inferiors no wonder supplies;
Where it was that he found them creates the surprise.

—

A dramatic author on presenting a farce to Mr. Kemble, for the New Theatre Royal Covent Garden, assured him in his letter that it was a production by no means to be laughed at.

—

A bricklayer who was working at the top of a house, happening to fall down through the rafters, and not being hurt, he bounced up, and cried, with a triumphant tone, to his fellow labourers: "I defy any man to go *through his work* as quick as I did."

—

The rustic amusement of cudgel playing, remarked an eminent barrister jocosely, ought to be prevented, as it affects the "security of the crown."

—

A person called upon a comb-maker, who was then at work, to let him know he was drawn for the militia; "I don't care," answered the comb-maker, "I am too young for service."—"Too young and about thirty! What do you mean?" "No matter for that," rejoined the comb-maker, "I can swear that I am now *cutting my teeth.*"

—

A gentleman invited his friend to dine with him, and amongst other dishes brought to table, was a roasted hare, which was admired by all the company as to its fineness and freshness, but it was not so well cooked as it might have been. One of the gentlemen present, therefore, took the liberty of saying it was not well drest. "I wonder at that," says the gentleman of the house. "Why," returned the gentleman, "he may be a good cook, but he is a very bad *hare dresser.*"

—

One day, during the last term, as a certain solicitor of no gentleman-like appearance, was passing through Lincoln's inn, with his professional bag under his arm, he was accosted by a Jew, with, "Cloash to shell, *old* cloash!" The lawyer somewhat nettled at this address, from a supposition that Moses

mistook him for an inhabitant of Duke's Place, snatched a bundle of papers from their damask repository, and replied, No, damn your blood, sir, *they are all new suits.*

—

Trapp'd by my neighbour in his clover,
Three pigs I feed you to recover—
Before the court you gravely stand,
And stroke your wig, and smooth your band;
Then, taking up the kingdom's story,
You ope your case with Alfred's glory;
Of Norman William's curfew bell,
And Cœur de Lion's prowess tell;
How through the ravag'd fields of France
Edwards and Henries shook the lance;
How great Eliza o'er the main
Pursu'd the shatter'd pride of Spain,
And Orange broke a tyrant's chain.
All this, good sir, is mighty fine;
But now, an' please you, to my swine!

—

Jerry dying intestate, his relatives claim'd,
Whilst his widow most vilely his mem'ry defam'd—
'What,' she cry'd, 'must I suffer, because the curst knave,
Without leaving a will, is laid snug in his grave?'
'That's no wonder,' says one, 'for 'tis very well known,
Since his marriage, poor man! he'd no will of his own.'

—

A coach-maker, remarking the fashionable stages or carriages, said, 'that a *sociable* was all the *ton* during the *honey moon*, and a *sulky* after.'

—

The *King of Rome*, is a remarkably sound sleeper, and well deserving the title of young *Nap.*

—

An honest Yorkshireman amusing himself in poaching, had his gun taken from him by a justice of the peace. Soon after, he was unfortunate enough to be informed against for sedition, in saying he wished Bonaparte would land in Yorkshire. Being

brought before the bench of magistrates, of which the aforesaid justice was chairman, he acknowledged the words; 'but,' said he, 'my reason for saying so was, that I thought your worship would *take his gun from him.*

—

A gentleman entering the room of some friends with a gloomy face, after having dined with an admiral who was not famous for his hospitality, was rallied on his appearance, and asked if he had dined to his satiafaction. 'No,' replied the disappointed guest, growlingly, 'the admiral may be a very good sea-lord, but he is a very bad land-lord.

—

A young author was reading a tragedy to monsieur Piron, who soon discovered that he was a great plagiarist. The poet, perceiving Piron very often pull off his hat at the end of a line, asked him the reason. 'I cannot pass a very old acquaintance,' replied the critic, 'without that civility.'

—

A very thin audience attending the third representation of a new comedy, the author observed, 'Oh, it is entirely owing to the war.' 'Oh, no,' cried the manager, 'it is actually owing to the *piece.*'

—

A thief, having stolen a cup out of a tavern, was pursued, and a great mob was raised around him. A bystander was asked, what was the matter. 'Nothing replied he: a poor fellow has only *taken a cup too much.*'

SELECTED POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

HORACE IN LONDON.

The merry wags who have so long regaled the town by fugitive poetry in the gazettes, under the name of Horace in London, and more recently in the volume of Rejected Addresses, have at length reared their perennial monument in the shape of a droll and humorous duodecimo. We have heretofore copied so frequently the productions of these gay and good-humoured wits, that we have not much to transcribe which will be perfectly new to our

readers. The following are however selected, as being at once exquisite and original.

THE BAILIFF.

Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus.

The pauper poet, pure in zeal,
Who aims the Muse's crown to steal,
Need steal no crown of baser sort,
To buy a goose, or pay for port.
He needs not Fortune's poison'd source,
Nor guard the House of Commons yields,
Whether by Newgate lie his course,
The Fleet, King's Bench, or Cold Bath Fields.
For I, whom late, *impransus*, walking,
The Muse beyond the verge had led;
Behold a huge bumbailiff stalking,
Who star'd, but touch'd me not, and fled!
A bailiff, black and big like him,
So scowling, desperate, and grim,
No lock-up house, the gloomy den
Of all the tribe shall breed again.
Place me beyond the verge afar,
Where alleys blind the light debar,
Or bid me fascinated lie
Beneath the creeping catchpole's eye;
Place me where spunging houses round
Attest that bail is never found;
Where poets starve who write for bread,
And writs are more than poems read;
Still will I quaff the Muse's spring,
In reason's spite a rhyming sinner,
I'll sometimes for a supper sing,
And sometimes whistle for a dinner.

THE TERMAGANT.

Ieci beatis nunc Arabum invides.

TO LUCY.

Ah, Lucy, how chang'd are my prospects in life,
Since first you awaken'd love's flame!
So humble a bride, such a petulant wife,
Gadzooks! I scarce think you the same.

That badge which the husband's ascendance secures,
(The poor *sans culottes* never wore 'em)
You arrogate now as prescriptively yours,
In spite of all sense and decorum.

No longer your smile like a sunbeam appears,
But clouds your fair visage deform,
Which quickly find vent in a deluge of tears,
Or burst into thunder and storm.

O! who will now question that Venus's dove
Transform'd to a vulture may feed
On the sensitive heart of the victim of love,
Condemn'd in close fetters to bleed;

Since you whom so lately an angel I thought,
Now acting the termagant's part,
Exult o'er the fetters which wedlock has wrought,
And tear without mercy my heart.

Your temper is changed from serene to perverse,
Your tongue from endearment to clatter:
I took you for better, as well as for worse,
But find you are wholly the latter.

—

TO APOLLO.

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem.

What asks the bard who first invades
With votive verse Apollo's shrine,
And lulls with midnight serenades
Thee, male Duenna of the Nine?

Not ven'son, darling of the church,
Mutton will serve his turn as well;
Nor costly turtle dress'd by Birch—
He spurns the *fat* to sound the *shell*.

Fearing to trust to dubious *stocks*,
He ne'er invests his money there,
And views with scorn the *London docks*,
Perch'd on his castle in the air.

Ye sunburnt peasantry of Gaul,
Go prune your vines for Norfolk's lord,
His jovial table welcomes all,
And laughing plenty crowns his board.

Favourite of Bacchus! see him lay
His comrades senseless on the floor,
And then march soberly away,
With bottles three, ay, sometimes four.

My skill in wines is quickly said,
I drink them both to make me merry;
Claret and port alike are red,
Champagne is white, and so is sherry.

Grant me, ye powers, a middle state,
Remote from poverty and wealth;
Above the poor, below the great,
A body and a mind in health.

And when old Time upon his head,
His snowy bounty shall impart,
Oh grant that he may never spread
Its freezing influence to my heart.

O Diva, gratum quæ regis Antium.

TO FORTUNE.

Goddess! by grateful gulls ador'd,
Whose wand can make a clown a lord,
And lords to coachmen humble:
Whose Midas touch our gold supplies,
Then bids our wealth in paper rise,
Rise? zounds! I should say tumble!

Thee, barking *Fire*, Assurance baits;
With face as brazen as her plates
She in thy lobby lingers:
But fire, alas! to smoke will turn,
And sharers, though no houses burn,
Are sure to burn their fingers.

In troubled *water* others fish,
Locks, docks, canals, their utmost wish;
They're welcome if they love it:
They who on water money lend,
Can seldom manage in the end,
To keep their heads above it.

Who sinks in *earth* but sinks in cash;
'Tis to make nothing but a smash,
Do nothing, but undoing;
New bridges halt amid the flood,
New roads desert us in the mud,
And turn out "roads to ruin."

The knavish crew, in bubbles skill'd,
Next, high in *air* their castles build,
But air too mocks their trouble;
Balloons to earth too quickly slope,
And WINDSOR'S *gas*, like WINDSOR'S *soap*,
When blown, appears a bubble.

Oh Fortune! in thy giddy march,
Kick down (and welcome) *Highgate Arch*,
But be content with one ill,
When from the gallery ruin nods,
Oh! whisper silence to the gods,
And spare the *Muses' Tunnell!**

Grim bankruptcy thy path besets
With one great seal and three gazettes
Suspended from her shoulders:
Diggers and miners swell her train,
Who having *bored* the earth in vain,
Now *bore* the poor shareholders.

While vulgar dupes compell'd to pay,
Decoy'd too far to fly away,
Are caught and pluck'd like tame ducks,
Their pools of fancied wealth are lakes
Wherein their cash makes ducks and drakes,
Till they themselves are lame ducks.

* This alludes to a ridiculous farce, which met with undeserved favour at the time of its appearance, and is now deservedly forgotten.

Farces like those to send adrift,
Blind goddess, give my farce a lift,
And bid me touch the Spanish:
Too weak to brave the critics' scorn,
So shall it serve the weak to warn,
And quack impostors banish.

Those rampant "minions of their breed,"
Too long from KETCH's halter freed,
Pursue their slippery courses.
Gorged with their asinine repast,
Oh! grant they may devour at last
Themselves, like Duncan's horses.

LOB'S POUND.

The poet rejoiceth in the return of tranquillity after the imprisonment of sir Francis Burdett in the Tower.

Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero.

"Now broach ye a pipe of the best Malvoisie,"
'Tis sold at the Marmion tavern,
Come, feast upon turtle, and sing a Scotch glee,
And dance round the table in grand jubilee,
Like so many bags in a cavern.

'Tis wrong to draw corks in the midst of a row,
Old Port is the devil when shaken;
The captain was novel, I needs must allow;
An Englishman's house was his castle till now,
But castles are now and then taken.

Dame Fortune had given sir Francis a dram—
Your drunkards will never be quiet;
He said, "Mr. Sergeant, your warrant's a sham,
Upheld by the rabble; I'll stay where I am."
So London was all in a riot.

But soon Mr. Sergeant surmounted the basement,
Which only made John Bull the gladder;
For back he was pushed to his utter amazement;
The baronet smil'd when he saw from the casement
His enemies mounting a ladder.

At length all the constables broke in below;
Quoth Gibbs, "It is legal, depend on't."
Thus riding in chase of a doe or a roe,
The flying bumbailiff cries "*yoix! tally ho!*"
And seizes the luckless defendant.

Sir Francis, determin'd the question to try,
Was quietly reading law Latin;
Not able, and therefore not willing to fly,
He saw all the parliament forces draw nigh,
As firm as the chair that he sat in.

His lady was by, and she play'd on her lute,
And sung "*Will you come to the bower,*"
The *Sergeant at Arms*, who was hitherto mute,
Advanc'd and exclaim'd, like an ill-natur'd brute,
"Sir Knight, *Will you come to the Tower?*"

He mounted the carriage, by numbers oppress'd,
But first, with a dubious intention,
Like queen Cleopatra he secretly press'd
Two serpents, in tender adieu to his breast,
Whose names I had rather not mention.

'Tis thus other Wimbledon heroes attain
The summit of posthumous fame;
They dodge their pursuers through alley and lane,
But when they discover resistance is vain,
They kick up a dust, and die game.

WIT ON THE WING.

Otium Divos rogat in patenti.

TO GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER.

The youth from his indentures freed,
Who mounts astride the winged steed,
The muses' hunt to follow;
With terror eyes the yawning pit,
And for a modicum of wit
Petitions great Apollo.

For wit the quarto-building wight
Invokes the gods; the jilt in spite
Eludes the man of letters.

Wit through the wire-wove margin glides,
And all the gilded pomp derides,
Of red morocco fetters.

Vain is the smart port-folio set,
The costly inkstand black as jet,
The desk of polish'd level;
The well-shorn pens to use at will:—
'Tis no great task to cut a quill—
To cut a joke's the devil!

Happy, for rural business fit,
Who merely tills his mother wit,
In humble life he settles;
Unskill'd in repartee to shine,
He ne'er exclaims, "descend ye *nine!*
But when he plays at skittles.

They who neglect their proper home
To dig for ore in Greece or Rome,
Are poor Quixotic vandals;
'Twas well enough in needy Goths,
But why should we, like foolish moths,
Buzz round the Roman candles?

Care swarms in rivers, roads, and bogs,
Its plagues spring up like Pharaoh's frogs,
Too numerous to bury;
It roams through London streets at large,
And now bestrides a lord mayor's barge,
And now a Vauxhall wherry.

The man who no vertigo feels,
When borne aloft on Fortune's wheels,
But at their motion titters;
Pitying the sons of care and strife,
Enjoys the present sweets of life,
Nor heeds its future bitters.

Poor *Tobin* died, alas! too soon,
E'er with chaste ray his *Honey Moon*
Had shone to glad the nation:

Others, I will not mention who,
For many a year may (*entre nous*)
Outlive their own damnation.

Who creep in prose, or soar in rhyme,
Alike must bow the knee to Time,
From Massinger to Murphy;
And all who flit on Lethe's brink,
Too weak to swim, alas! must sink,
From Davenant to Durfey.

Your rival muses, like two wives
Assail your pate, and while each strives
To win you to her quarrel,
Like Garrick painted by sir Joe,
You stand between them, at a loss
On which to weave the laurel.

My muse is of the ostrich sort,
Her eggs of fortune's gale the sport,
She in the sand conceals 'em:
By no intrusive wanderer found,
Till watchman Phœbus walks his round,
And with his lamp reveals 'em.

But should the god's revealing ray
Destroy her fragile web to-day,
She'll spin again to-morrow;
These trifles ne'er her mind annoy,
Who never knew a parent's joy,
Ne'er felt a parent's sorrow.

—

COBBETT.

Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus.

Where halts the Richmond coach to bait,
With ears erect and mouth dilate,
(Believe it future ages)
I saw the Naiads quit the Thames,
Fishers their nets, and boys their games,
To dive in Cobbett's pages.

Cobbett, huzza! I burn! I rave!
Laws, locks, and Lincoln gaol I brave;
Spare, Anarch lov'd yet dreaded,
The bard who hails you tumult's god,
And lauds your pen like Herme's rod,
Gall-tipp'd and serpent-headed.

With yours, his own, and Horne Tooke's tongues,
The baronet's exhaustless lungs,
The dog of hell outwarble:
While you his Gorgon vipers wield,
Back on your master turn the shield,
And change his heart to marble.

The *cat o' nine tails* you abuse,
And billingsgate each classic muse;
Henceforth another cue get:
The assailant now the *Nine* assail,
Each muse contributing a *tail*,
To whip you into Newgate.

When jacobins, in reason's trance,
Rul'd, mob on mob, devoted France,
Reacting on reaction;
You baffled, tooth and nail for law,
And hid beneath the lion's paw,
The cloven foot of faction.

Hail, Botley Bifrons! sinuous eel!
How shall the Muse your course reveal?
In what Pindarics word it?
Round like a weathercock you flit,
As interest veers, now puffing Pitt,
And now inflating Burdett.

E'en Windham, chivalrous no more,
In your hot water dipp'd his oar,
And let your torrent turn him;
He hymn'd your worth, your virtues sung,
And lick'd with metaphysic tongue
The foot ordain'd to spurn him.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

STANZAS.

Silent Nature has courted a moment of rest,
Not a murmur is heard to awaken the wood;
The Sun in serenity fades in the west,
And sheds his last lingering ray o'er the flood.

So—soon shall the light of my life dimly fade,
Forever shall set its last lingering ray;
And the cold silent tomb, in its somberous shade,
Embrace my sad dust, as it moulders away.

For, oh! the sweet dream of life's pleasures has fled;
And with it the purest endearments of bliss;
Which the moments I prized, so bewitchingly shed
In the heavenly thrill of her rapturous kiss!

Alas! that so soon the bright vision should vanish,
And the pearl of my soul as the dew melt away!
Sweet spirit! no change can thy memory banish,
Till lifeless with thine lays my sorrowful clay.

No never! while fated unfriended to rove,
To the world shall I number one sigh or regret;
Extinguished and gone is the light of my love,
And dreary is all—since I cannot forget!

Then turn, my sad heart! to the wanderer's home—
To the kind parent earth, that soon dries the moist eye;
Thy haven of rest is the cold silent tomb,
That knows not the pain of a tear or a sigh.

F.

Baltimore, June, 1813.

—

TO A SINGLE BIRD.

Sad warbler thou but sing'st in vain:
Not one of thy own plume is near,
Thy dying melody to cheer,
Or answer to thy mournful strain.

Sad is thy solitude, and sad thy lay;
Sad as the songs of her forlorn,
Who from her kindred spirit torn,
Sighs out the cheerless day,
And chides the ling'ring hours that slowly wear away.

But sadder is that maid than thee;
More silent her anxiety;
For when pale eve thy prison vails,
Thy mournful voice no longer wails.

But night to her no comfort brings,
Save that her tear unnoticed springs.

Yes, while this eye and sorrow sleeps,
The vigils of her grief she keeps;
Sad thought bedews her wakeful eye,
Still sorrow pains her breast, and trembles thro' her sigh!

X. X.

SONG,

Written for and sung before the first City Troop on the 4th of July.

Tune—"The glasses sparkle on the board."

The first of freedom's chosen band
Revisits earth to-day;
The love he bears his native land,
Not death can wear away.
From heav'nly bowers, this guest of ours,
Descends and warms the soul;
With hearts of flame, his honour'd name,
We'll pledge in freedom's bowl.

What though that fond paternal face,
So dear to ev'ry eye;
Eludes the patriot's warm embrace,
Translated to the sky.
Our guest is near, we feel him here;
We feel him in the soul:
Illustrious shade, we undismay'd
Can pledge thee in the bowl.

We know thee by this patriot love,
This pant for honest fame;
For none but Washington above,
Can breathe so pure a flame.
Then comrades join, with sparkling wine,
These feelings to the soul,
So warm and dear, with cordial cheer,
We'll pledge in freedom's bowl.

—

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE GALLANT CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE.

Ah! who would loiter on life's utmost verge,
A weary wight; a melancholy blank;
Still gaze with dubious horror on the surge,
And shrink and tremble on the joyless bank!

See yonder sad and solitary thing,
Of vermil youth and beauty what remains!
Lost is the mem'ry; lost th' elastic spring;
The flush of life; the frolick of the veins!

Though gorgeous spring his vision strives to greet,
And flings her rainbow lustres round his head;
Bathes all his senses in Arabian sweet,
He looks and wonders where these charms have fled.

Such was not LAWRENCE! his heroic frame
With nobler fate indulgent heav'n had blest;
In the meridian of his life and fame,
He rush'd in splendor to the land of rest.

Heroic glory! though thy light illumes
With beams so lovely, 'tis a hasty glare;
Thy flame burns bright and sparkling, but consumes
The life it renders so divinely fair!

The soft and gentle courtesies of life,
All whisper'd, Lawrence! to prolong thy day;
The tender friend, the fond and loving wife,
Allur'd thee from the fields of war away.

Why should the hero bear the cruel brunt!
Expose a life to love and friendship dear!
Why should *he* combat danger's scowling front,
To reap the barren glory of a tear!

Sternly inflexible he still remains;
He scorns the olive round his brows to twine;
With noble pride he bursts such gentle chains,
And cries, my country *I am wholly thine!*

Before him full his country's genius stands,
Her downcast eyes betok'ning deep concern;
And mournfully she proffers to his hands,
The star of glory, and the silent urn!

And while on each the astonish'd hero gaz'd,
Anxious to grasp the proffer'd prize, so fair;
Lo! on the urn the star of glory blaz'd,
And all its wand'ring radiance gathered there.

I come! I come! he cried with ravish'd breath;
Welcome to me the slumber dark and deep;
Let but such glory twinkle round my death,
I still shall triumph in the hour of sleep.

Yes, noble soul! thy glory is secure;
For now, surviving thy unhappy date,
It burns and sparkles with a blaze more pure,
Remov'd beyond the hostile reach of fate.

Thy worth full well thy gallant foemen knew;
Hush'd was the shout of joy, to honour just;
They paus'd, and as a debt to valour due,
They shed the tear of pity on thy dust!

When fortune favour'd bravery so well,
And Lawrence laid the pride of Britain low;
The orphan whose unhappy father fell,*
Now found another parent in the foe.

* A son of one of the hands who was slain on board of the Peacock, was taken by captain Lawrence into his own family.

But say what lips can tell with unconcern,*
These cruel tidings to the widow'd fair;
Who waits with anxious heart his glad return,
And joys to greet him with a cherub heir.

Illustrious mourner! hug the dear deceit;
This fond delusion—it will soothe thy breast:
O may the pitying shade of Lawrence greet
Thy midnight slumbers with a dream so blest.

Unhappy babe! thy mangled parent lies
Far, far from thee, amidst a hostile race;
Inexorable fate has seal'd his eyes,
Ah! never to behold that smiling face!

Yet, O my country! hasten to be just;
And since the hero's splendid course has run,
Repay the debt thou owest to his dust,
In kind protection to his infant son.

Even Victory, when gallant Lawrence fell,
Mourn'd for the hapless fate of one so brave;
And when her lips pronounced the sad farewell,
Reluctant dropt a star upon the grave.†

Then learn, ye comrades of th' illustrious dead,
Heroic faith and honour to revere;
For Lawrence slumbers in his lowly bed,
Embalm'd by Albion's and Columbia's tear!

* The widow of the deceased remains in ignorance of his death. This it has been thought in her critical situation dangerous to develop: she has lately been brought to bed of a son.

† Captain Lawrence was buried in the flag of the Chesapeake, which he defended so bravely.

Stuart pinx.t Rollinson sc.t

JAMES LAWRENCE ESQ.R

Late of the United States Navy

THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.
COWPER.

VOL. II. SEPTEMBER, 1813. No. 3.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BIOGRAPHY OF CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE.

THE recent annals of our navy have presented so unbroken a succession of brilliant victories, achieved with comparatively trifling loss, as to excite throughout the country a pure and almost unmingled sentiment of triumph and congratulation. But there is in human affairs no security against accident or misfortune, and we have been, therefore, at last, summoned to the melancholy office of mourning the loss of one of those distinguished seamen, whose gallantry was but yesterday the boast of us all. The glory which he created for himself and for his country will, however, long survive the disaster which closed his existence; and we deem it a national duty, as well as a grateful return, for the proud satisfaction with which our hearts once swelled at his successes, to contribute our efforts to extend and perpetuate his fame.

CAPTAIN JAMES LAWRENCE was born on the 1st of October, 1781, at Burlington, in New Jersey, and was the youngest son of John Lawrence, esq. counseller at law of that place. Soon after his birth he had the misfortune to lose his mother, and the care of his early years devolved on his two sisters, who seem to have cultivated the moral qualities of his heart with singular success. At the age of twelve, he evinced a strong partiality

for the sea; but his father disapproving of that plan of life, and wishing him to pursue the profession of law, young Lawrence acquiesced, and passed with reputation through the grammar school at Burlington, when finding that the pecuniary situation of his father would not furnish him the means of completing his education at any college or university, he commenced the study of law with his brother, the late John Lawrence, esq. at Woodbury. He was now only thirteen years of age, a period of life when the grave pursuits of jurisprudence can scarcely be presumed to have many attractions for a young and ardent fancy, already inflamed with the love of wandering. He continued, however, a reluctant student for about two years, when the death of his father leaving him more at liberty to pursue his favourite inclination, he prevailed on his brother to place him under the care of Mr. Griscomb, at Burlington, for the purpose of studying navigation. He here remained for three months, at the expiration of which time, on application to the navy department he received a warrant as midshipman, on the 4th of September, 1798.

His first voyage was in the ship Ganges, captain Tingey, on a cruise to the West Indies. He afterwards sailed in different vessels for upwards of two years, and was then made an acting lieutenant on board the frigate Adams, captain Robinson, where he continued till the reduction of the navy; in consequence of which his appointment was not confirmed, and he remained in the rank of midshipman.

On the commencement of the war with Tripoli, in 1801, he was promoted to a lieutenancy, and sailed to the Mediterranean as first lieutenant of the schooner Enterprise, in 1803.

While in this situation, he bore a conspicuous part in an adventure of singular boldness, the destruction of the frigate Philadelphia. Lieutenant (now commodore) Decatur, who then commanded the Enterprise, selected, chiefly from his own crew, seventy volunteers, and taking Lawrence as his second in command, embarked on board the ketch Intrepid, and sailed from Syracuse on the 3d February, 1804, accompanied by the United States' brig Syren, lieutenant Stewart, who was to aid with his boats and to receive the crew of the ketch, in case it should be found expedient to use her as a fireship.

After fifteen days of very tempestuous weather, they arrived at the harbour of Tripoli a little before sunset. It had been arranged between lieutenants Decatur and Stewart, that the ketch should enter the harbour about ten o'clock that night, attended by the boats of the Syren. On arriving off the harbour, the Syren, in consequence of a change of wind, had been thrown six or eight miles without the Intrepid. The wind at this time was fair, but fast declining, and lieutenant Decatur apprehended that, should he wait for the Syren's boats to come up, it might be too late to make the attack that night. Such delay might be fatal to the enterprise, as they could not remain longer on the coast, their provisions being nearly exhausted. For these reasons he determined to adventure into the harbour alone, which he did about eight o'clock.

An idea may be formed of the extreme hazard of this enterprise from the situation of the frigate. She was moored within half gun-shot of the bashaw's castle, and of the principal battery. Two of the enemy's cruisers lay within two cables' length, on the starboard quarter, and their gun-boats within half gunshot, on the starboard bow. All the guns of the frigate were mounted and loaded. Such were the immediate perils that our hero ventured to encounter with a single ketch, beside the other dangers that abound in a strongly fortified harbour.

Although it was only three miles from the entrance to the place where the frigate lay, yet, in consequence of the lightness of the wind, they did not get within hail of her until eleven o'clock. When they had approached within two hundred yards, they were hailed and ordered to anchor, or they would be fired into. Lieutenant Decatur ordered a Maltese pilot, who was on board the ketch, to answer that they had lost their anchors in a gale of wind on the coast, and therefore could not comply with their request. By this time it had become perfectly calm, and they were about fifty yards from the frigate. Lieutenant Decatur ordered a small boat that was alongside of the ketch, to take a rope and make it fast to the frigate's fore chains: this being done they began to warp the ketch alongside. It was not until this moment that the enemy suspected the character of their visitor, and great confusion immediately ensued. This enabled our ad-

venturers to get alongside of the frigate, when Decatur immediately sprang aboard, followed by Mr. Charles Morris,* midshipman. These two were nearly a minute on the deck, before their companions could succeed in mounting the side. Fortunately, the Turks had not sufficiently recovered from their surprise to take advantage of this delay: they were crowded together on the quarter-deck, perfectly astonished and aghast, without making any attempt to oppose the assailing party. As soon as a sufficient number of our men had gained the deck to form a front equal to that of the enemy, they rushed in upon them. The Turks stood the assault but a short time, and were completely overpowered. About twenty were killed on the spot, many jumped overboard, and the rest fled to the main-deck, whither they were pursued and driven to the hold.

After entire possession had been gained of the ship, and every thing prepared to set fire to her, a number of launches were seen rowing about the harbour. This determined lieutenant Decatur to remain in the frigate, from whence a better defence could be made than from on board the ketch. The enemy had already commenced firing on them from their batteries and castle, and from two corsairs that were lying near. Perceiving that the launches did not attempt to approach, he ordered that the ship should be set on fire, which was done, at the same time, in different parts. As soon as this was completely effected they left her; and such was the rapidity of the flames, that it was with the utmost difficulty they preserved the ketch. At this critical moment a most propitious breeze sprang up, blowing directly out of the harbour, which, in a few minutes, carried them beyond the reach of the enemy's guns, and they made good their retreat without the loss of a single man, and with but one wounded.

For this gallant achievement, lieutenant Decatur received a captaincy; and congress voted to Lawrence and the other officers and crew, two months extra pay, which he declined receiving.

During the same year, when commodore Preble bombarded the town of Tripoli, the Enterprise, with the other ships of the

* Now captain Morris of the Adams.

squadron, were employed to cover the boats during the attack. On this occasion, lieutenant Lawrence had the temporary command of the Enterprise, and performed his service in so gallant and seaman-like a manner, as to receive the thanks of commodore Preble.

From the Enterprise, he was transferred to the frigate John Adams as first lieutenant; and after remaining in the Mediterranean about three years, he returned with commodore Preble to the United States.

Soon after, he was again sent to the Mediterranean as commander of gun-boat No. 6. These vessels were originally destined to serve merely along the American coast, and however qualified for harbour or river defence, were deemed exceedingly insecure in crossing the Atlantic. Being very small, with a disproportionably large gun and necessarily laden very deeply, they laboured under every disadvantage in encountering heavy gales. So decided were the opinions of the naval officers against them, that no one would, perhaps, have been willing to risk his life in them on such a voyage, for any motive of private advantage, or from any consideration, except the performance of his duty. "Lawrence has told me," writes one of his brother officers, "that when he went on board the gun-boat, he had not the faintest idea that he would ever arrive out to the Mediterranean in her, or indeed, arrive any where else. He has also told me, that on the coast of Europe he met an English frigate, the captain of which would not at first believe that he had crossed the Atlantic in such a vessel." He did not, however, go with less alacrity, and he unexpectedly arrived safely in the Mediterranean, where he remained about sixteen months.

On his return from the Mediterranean, after the peace with Tripoli, he was appointed first lieutenant of the frigate Constitution, and afterwards commanded the schooner Vixen, the sloop of war Wasp, the brig Argus, and the ship Hornet, with the rank of master and commander, and was twice sent to Europe with despatches to our ministers. In the year 1808, he married a daughter of Mr. Montaudevert, a respectable merchant of Newyork.

The declaration of war against Great Britain, in June, 1812, gave a new impulse, or rather a new existence to the navy. Lawrence was at that time in Newyork, in command of the Hornet, and in a few days sailed with a squadron, consisting of the United States, Congress, and Argus, under the command of commodore Rogers, in the President. Their object was to intercept the Jamaica fleet. After being detained for a day by the pursuit of the British frigate Belvidere, which ended in the escape of the latter, owing to her having the advantage of the wind, the squadron followed the fleet with the utmost alacrity, as well as the imperfect information of the vessels they met would permit, till the 13th of July, when they reached within eighteen or twenty hours' sail of the English channel. Disappointed in this chase, they now ran down near the Azores, thence back by the banks of Newfoundland to Boston, where they arrived on the 31st of August. Although this cruise was marked by no bold or prominent success, and although the squadron made only seven captures and a single recapture, yet the failure is attributable to fortune only. At a moment when the British navy, with its boasted ubiquity covered the ocean, this little band of adventurers sought their enemies in every quarter, dared them on their own coast, and after carrying alarm through the mercantile classes of England, returned unmolested, and not victorious, only because the single enemy they encountered sought safety in flight.

The day before the squadron entered Boston, capt. Hull arrived after the capture of the Guerriere; and soon afterwards, the government yielding too far to the universal and natural enthusiasm excited by this gallant action, promoted lieutenant Morris, the first officer of the Constitution, to the rank of captain. As this appointment, however, advanced him two grades at once, contrary to the ordinary rules of promotion, and thus placed him above all the masters and commanders in the navy, it occasioned much dissatisfaction among them. Captain Lawrence felt himself peculiarly injured by it; inasmuch as he found himself thus suddenly outranked by one so much his junior. He therefore addressed a letter to the secretary of the navy, in which, after rendering the most ample justice to the merits of lieutenant Morris, he remonstrated in mild

and firm, but respectful language, against so unprecedented a promotion, by which he would be forced to leave the navy. In reply to this fair and manly letter he received from the secretary of the navy, a short and contemptuous answer, merely acknowledging the receipt of his letter, with an intimation that if he chose to leave the service without a cause, there would still remain heroes and patriots to support the honour of the flag. This sarcastic note Lawrence received as he was on the point of sailing from Boston. To have left the service instantly would have been the natural impulse of his wounded feelings, but at such a moment, with a fine ship and a gallant crew, with sails unbent to meet the enemy, he could not part with the high hopes of acquiring reputation. He therefore repressed his indignation, and in reply to the secretary, after stating his surprise and regret, that any thing which he had written should have been deemed indecorous, he apprised him that he had prepared a memorial on the subject to the senate of the United States, and should be governed by their decision. This example may be serviceable to many officers, who, in a moment of disappointment, at improper or unkind treatment, are tempted to resign. It is better like Lawrence to stifle for a time the natural but hasty resentment of wounded pride, till an opportunity offers of proving, not by our complaints, but our actions, that we have been unjustly neglected. Lawrence sailed under the galling impression of having been keenly wounded by the secretary of the navy, and seeing a junior placed over him. On his return, he found that secretary no longer in office, and himself promoted in consequence of his application to the senate, to the rank of captain, so as to outrank the officer whose well deserved, though irregular appointment had given him so much uneasiness.

He now sailed from Boston in the Hornet, in company with commodore Bainbridge of the frigate Constitution, on a cruise to the East Indies; but in running down the coast of the Brazils, in the month of December, they found the Bonne Citoyenne, a British ship of war, loaded with specie, lying in the port of St. Salvador. The Bonne Citoyenne, was a larger vessel, and had a greater force both in guns and men than the Hornet;

but so eager was Lawrence to engage her, that he sent through the American consul at St. Salvador, a challenge to her commander, captain Greene. "I request you to state to him," said he, "that I will meet him whenever he may be pleased to come out, and pledge my honour, that neither the Constitution, nor any other American vessel shall interfere." Commodore Bainbridge at the same time declared, "if captain Greene wished to try equal force, I pledge my honour to give him an opportunity by being out of the way or not interfering." Whatever might have been the motive of captain Greene, he adroitly evaded this offer by answering, that although nothing would give him more satisfaction than to meet captain Lawrence under different circumstances, and although he was convinced that the result of such an encounter could not long remain undecided in his own favour, yet he was equally convinced that commodore Bainbridge knew too well the paramount duty he owed to his country, to remain an inactive spectator, while a ship of his own squadron fell into the hands of the enemy, and that he could not expose the Bonne Citoyenne to a risk so manifestly disadvantageous. To give captain Greene perfect security against his interference, commodore Bainbridge left St. Salvador for four days, during which captain Greene might perceive that the Constitution was not within forty miles distance, and captain Lawrence lay before the port in defiance. Still the Bonne Citoyenne did not move from her anchorage. Commodore Bainbridge then went into St. Salvador, and remained three days, supposing that the English officer would apply to the governor, as he might have done, and detain the Constitution for twenty-four hours, and thus ensure a fair engagement with captain Lawrence; but he continued inflexible. Despairing at last of tempting him out, commodore Bainbridge sailed from St. Salvador, and captain Lawrence remained blockading the Bonne Citoyenne, and an armed schooner of twelve guns, till the 24th of January, 1813, when the arrival of the Montague, a seventy-four gun ship, which had sailed from Rio Janeiro for the express purpose of relieving the blockaded ships, compelled him to retreat.

The whole conduct of captain Lawrence on this occasion, reflects as much honour on the American arms as the most brilliant victory could have done. The propriety of private challenges,

during war, may, generally speaking, be questionable. They may convert national into personal quarrels, and blood may be sometimes uselessly sacrificed to fastidious or frivolous points of honour. But in no case could they have ever been more completely justified than in the present.

At the commencement of the war, so totally unequal was the contest, so overwhelming the force of the enemy, that our navy could hope to gain nothing but glory in the struggle. It became, therefore, a point of honour among our officers, the point on which the whole controversy rested, to prove that although they might be crushed, they would at least fall with honour: that to build a numerous fleet was the work of government; but to make a gallant and disciplined ship, depended on the officers; and that although the American ships should be overpowered by numbers, they were superior to any single adversary of equal strength. And what could more decisively and gloriously establish this superiority than the conduct of captain Lawrence? In a single American sloop of war he blockades for nearly a month, with every token of defiance, two British ships, one of them his superior in force, till a seventy-four is sent for to raise the blockade, and what rendered it peculiarly mortifying to the English, all this was done before the eyes of the astonished Portuguese, who had till now been taught by their haughty friends, that no equal vessel had ever pursued an English flag.

From St. Salvador captain Lawrence now shaped his course towards Pernambuco. On the 10th of February he captured the English brig Resolution of ten guns, laden with provisions and about twenty-five thousand dollars in specie, but as she was a dull sailer, and he could not spare hands to man her, he took out the money and the crew, and burnt her. He then ran down the coast for Maranham, and after cruising near that place and Surinam, till the 23d of February, he stood for Demarara. On the next morning he discovered a brig to leeward and chased her so near the shore that he was obliged to haul off for want of a pilot. During the chase, however, he had discovered a vessel at anchor outside of the bar of Demarara river, with English colours flying, and now began beating round the Corobano bank to get at her; when between three and four o'clock in the

afternoon, another sail was seen on his weather quarter, edging down for him. As she approached she hoisted English colours, and proved to be the British brig Peacock, captain Peake. The Hornet was immediately cleared for action, and kept close to the wind, in order to get the weather guage of the approaching vessel. At ten minutes past five, finding that he could weather the enemy, captain Lawrence hoisted American colours, tacked, and in about a quarter of an hour passed the British ship within half pistol shot, and exchanged broadsides. The enemy was now in the act of wearing, when captain Lawrence bore up, received his starboard broadside, and ran him close on board on the starboard quarter; from which position he kept up so close and bloody a fire, that in less than fifteen minutes from the commencement of the action, the British struck their colours, and hoisted a signal of distress. Lieutenant Shubrick instantly went on board and found that she was cut to pieces, her captain killed, many of the crew killed and wounded, her mainmast gone by the board, six feet water in the hold and sinking very fast. The two ships were immediately brought to anchor, and the Hornet's boats despatched to bring off the wounded, but although her guns were thrown overboard, the shot holes which could be got at plugged, and every exertion made by pumping and bailing to keep her afloat, so completely had she been shattered that she sunk before the prisoners could be removed, carrying down thirteen of her crew as well as three men belonging to the Hornet. Lieutenant Connor and the other officers and men employed in removing the prisoners narrowly escaped by jumping into a boat, as the Peacock went down; and four seamen of the Hornet ran up into the foretop at the same time, and were taken off by the boats.

The Peacock was deemed one of the finest ships of her class in the British navy. In size she was about equal to the Hornet; but, in guns and men, the Hornet was somewhat, though very little, her superior; and by no means so much so, as to give her any decided advantage. The loss on board the Peacock could not be precisely ascertained. Captain Peake was twice wounded, the second time mortally. Four men were found dead on board. The master and thirty-two others were

wounded, three of whom afterwards died. The Hornet had only one man killed and two slightly wounded. Her rigging and sails were much cut, but her hull received very little injury. During the engagement the vessel which the Hornet had been endeavouring to reach before the Peacock bore down, lay at anchor within six miles, and as she was a brig, the Espiegle, carrying fifteen thirty-two pound carronades and two long nines, it was supposed that she would attack the Hornet after the latter had been disabled by the combat. The Hornet was immediately prepared to receive her, and by nine o'clock at night her boats were stowed, a new set of sails bent, and every thing ready for action. She, however, declined coming out. The next morning captain Lawrence found that he had two hundred and seventy souls on board the Hornet, and as his crew had for some time been on short allowance, resolved to steer for the United States. The officers of the Peacock received from those of the Hornet the most humane and honourable treatment: so penetrated with gratitude were they for the kindness which they had experienced, that they could not restrain the expression of their feelings till they reached England, but on their arrival in the United States published a letter of thanks to captain Lawrence and his officers, in which they declared that such was the liberality displayed to them, that "they ceased to consider themselves prisoners." Nor was the rough generosity of the Hornet's crew less honourable. As the sailors of the Peacock had lost every thing except what they had on their backs, when she went down, the crew of the Hornet united to relieve them; and made every English sailor a present of two shirts and a pair of blue jacket and trowsers; a true hearted liberality, which raises them in our estimation higher than even their victory.

Captain Lawrence returned to Newyork in safety, and besides the applause which his country lavished upon him for his good conduct, had the satisfaction of learning, as we have already observed, that he had been promoted during his absence, and his rank settled to his perfect satisfaction. Soon after his return he was ordered to the command of the frigate Constitution, with the temporary superintendance of the navy yard at Newyork.—But the next day, to his great regret, he received instructions

to repair to Boston and take command of the Chesapeake frigate, then nearly ready for sea. This appointment was peculiarly unpleasant, because the Chesapeake was not only considered as one of the very worst ships in the navy, but in consequence of her disgrace in the rencontre with the Leopard, laboured under that dispiriting stigma among sailors, of being an unlucky ship. These circumstances, combined with the state of his family, made captain Lawrence unwilling to go to sea immediately, and he therefore requested to retain his situation in the Hornet. Disappointed in this wish, he then took command of the Chesapeake at Boston, where he had been but a short time, when the British frigate Shannon, captain Broke, appeared before the harbour for the avowed purpose of seeking a combat with the Chesapeake. Stung with the repeated disasters of the British frigates, this officer resolved to make an effort to retrieve them; and when he deemed his ship perfectly prepared for that purpose, sent a formal challenge* to captain Lawrence.

"As the Chesapeake," his letter began, "appears now ready for sea, I request you will do me the favour to meet the Shannon with her, ship to ship, to try the fortune of our respective flags. To an officer of your character, it requires some apology for proceeding to further particulars. Be assured, sir, that it is not from any doubt I entertain of your wishing to close with my proposal, but merely to provide an answer to any objection that might be made and very reasonably, upon the chance of our receiving unfair support." After observing that commodore Rodgers had not accepted several verbal challenges which he had given, captain Broke then proceeds to state very minutely the force of the Shannon, and offers to send all British ships out of reach, so that they might have a fair combat, at any place within a certain range along the coast of New-England which he specified; if more agreeable, he offers to sail together, and to warn the Chesapeake, by means of private signals of the approach of British ships of war, till they reach some solitary spot—or to sail with a flag of truce to any place out of the reach of British aid, so that the flag should be hauled down when it was deemed fair to begin hostilities. "I entreat you sir," he concludes, "not to

* See this letter in another part of the Port Folio.

imagine that I am urged by mere personal vanity to the wish of meeting the Chesapeake, or that I depend only upon your personal ambition for your acceding to this invitation. We have both nobler motives. You will feel it as a compliment, if I say that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render to my country; and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs in even combats, that your little navy can now hope to console your country for the loss of that trade it can no longer protect."

The style of this letter, with the exception of the puerile bravado about commodore Rogers, is frank and manly; and if the force of the Shannon were correctly stated, would be such a challenge as might well be sent from a brave seaman to a gallant adversary. We, however, are but too well satisfied, that captain Broke studiously underrated the number of his guns and crew; or that, after his challenge, he must have received additions to both. That the Shannon had more guns than the number stated by her commander, we learn from the testimony of the surviving officers of the Chesapeake; who also assert, that she had three *hundred* and seventy-six men; that she had an officer and sixteen men from the Belle Poule; and that the hats of some of her seamen were marked "Tenedos." Such as it was, however, this letter, most unfortunately, never reached captain Lawrence. If he had received it; if he had been thus warned to prepare his ship; if he had had an opportunity of selecting his officers, and disciplining his crew; if, in short, he had been able to place the Chesapeake on any thing like equal terms with the Shannon, the combat might have been more bloody—there might have been such an engagement as has not yet been seen between single ships on the ocean; though we cannot suffer ourselves to doubt the result of it. But he knew nothing of this challenge—he saw only the Shannon riding before him in defiance; he remembered the spirit with which he himself had overawed a superior, and he could not brook for a moment, that an enemy, which seemed to be his equal, should insult his flag. Although, therefore, the Chesapeake was comparatively an inferior ship—although his first lieutenant was sick on shore—al-

though three of his lieutenants had recently left her; and, of the four who remained, two were only midshipmen, acting as lieutenants—although part of his crew were new hands, and all of them had lost some of their discipline by staying in port—yet, as he would have gone to sea in that situation had no enemy appeared, he felt himself bound not to delay sailing on that account, and throwing himself, therefore, on his courage and his fortune, he determined at once to attack the enemy. It was on the morning of the 1st of June, 1813, that the Chesapeake sailed out of the harbour of Boston, to meet the Shannon. As soon as she got under weigh, captain Lawrence called the crew together, and having hoisted the white flag, with the motto of "free trade and sailors' rights," made a short address. His speech, however, was received with no enthusiasm—on the contrary, signs of dissatisfaction were evident; particularly from a boatswain's mate, a Portuguese, who seemed to be at the head of the malcontents; and complaints were muttered, that they had not yet received their prize-money. Such expressions, at the eve of an action, were but ill bodings of the result of it; but captain Lawrence, ignorant as he was of the characters of his sailors, and unwilling at such a moment to damp their spirits by harshness, preserved his accustomed calmness, and had prize-checks, at once, given by the purser to those who had not received them. Whilst this scene was passing, the Shannon observing the Chesapeake coming out, bore away. The Chesapeake followed her till four o'clock, in the afternoon, when she hauled up and fired a gun, on which the Shannon hove to. They manœuvred for some time, till at about a quarter before six, they approached within pistol shot and exchanged broadsides.

These broadsides were both bloody; but the fire of the Shannon was most fortunate in the destruction of officers. The fourth lieutenant, Mr. Ballard, was mortally wounded—the sailing master was killed, and captain Lawrence received a musket ball in his leg, which caused great pain, and profuse bleeding, but he leaned on the companion way, and continued to order and to animate his crew. A second, and a third broadside was exchanged, with evident advantage on the part of the Chesapeake; but, unfortunately, among those now wounded on board of her was the first lieutenant, Mr. Ludlow, who was carried below—

three men were successively shot from the helm, in about twelve minutes from the commencement of the action; and, as the hands were shifting, a shot disabled her foresail, so that she would no longer answer her helm, and her anchor caught in one of the after ports of the Shannon, which enabled the latter to rake her upper deck. As soon as Lawrence perceived that she was falling to leeward, and that by the Shannon's filling she would fall on board, he called his boarders, and was giving orders about the foresail, when he received a musket ball in his body. The bugleman, who should have called the boarders, did not do his duty; and, at this moment, commodore Broke, whose ship had suffered so much that he was preparing to repel boarding: perceiving, from this accident, how the deck of the Chesapeake was swept, jumped on board with about twenty men. They would have been instantly repelled; but the captain, the first lieutenant, the sailing-master, the boatswain, the lieutenant of marines, the only acting lieutenant on the spar-deck, were all killed or disabled. At the call of the boarders, lieutenant Cox ran on deck, but just in time to receive his falling commander, and bear him below. Lieutenant Budd, the second lieutenant, led up the boarders, but only fifteen or twenty would follow him, and with these he defended the ship till he was wounded and disabled. Lieutenant Ludlow, wounded as he was, hurried upon deck, where he soon received a mortal cut from a sabre. The marines who were engaged fought with desperate courage; but they were few in numbers; too many of them having followed the Portuguese boatswain's-mate, who exclaimed, it is said, as he skulked below: "so much for not paying men their prize-money." Meanwhile the Shannon threw on board sixty additional men, who soon succeeded in overpowering the seamen of the Chesapeake, who had now no officers to lead or rally them, and took possession of the ship; which was not, however, surrendered by any signal of submission; but became the enemy's only because they were able to overwhelm all who were in a condition to resist.

As captain Lawrence was carried below, he perceived the melancholy condition of the Chesapeake, but cried out, "Don't surrender the ship." He was taken down in the ward-room, and, as he lay in excruciating pain, perceiving that the noise above

had ceased, he ordered the surgeon to go on deck, and tell the officers to fight on to the last, and never strike the colours. "They shall wave," said he, "while I live." But it was too late to resist or to struggle longer; the enemy had already possession of the ship. As captain Lawrence's wounds would not allow of his removal, he continued in the ward-room, surrounded by his wounded officers, and after lingering in great pain for four days, during which his sufferings were too acute to permit him to speak, or, perhaps, to think of the sad events he had just witnessed, or do more than ask for what his situation required, he died on the 5th of June. His body was wrapped in the colours of the Chesapeake, and laid on the quarter deck, until they arrived at Halifax, where he was buried with the highest military and naval honours; the British officers forgetting for a moment, in their admiration of his character, that he had been but lately their enemy. His pall was supported by the oldest captains in the navy, then at Halifax, and no demonstration of respectful attention was omitted to honour the remains of a brave, but unfortunate stranger.

Thus prematurely perished, at the age of thirty-two, this gallant and generous seaman. Lost as he was, in the full vigour of his powers, and with the imperfect measure of his fame, our hopes are forbidden to dwell on the fond anticipation of what he might have been, and we are left to rest with a melancholy pleasure on the qualities which his short life had already developed. Lawrence seems to have combined all the distinguished and endearing qualities; the openness of heart, the manliness of pride, the benevolence of feeling, the chivalrous courage, which our imagination ascribes to the perfection of the naval character. He was devoted to his profession, and to the service. During nearly sixteen years which he spent in the navy, he never had a furlough, except one for about six weeks. The perfect order of his ship bore testimony to his merits as a disciplinarian, whilst the zealous attachment of his crew, proved that his discipline had not been earned by harshness or severity. His courage was of a daring and desperate cast, but it was still regulated by a calm sobriety of judgment. Indeed, the characteristic quality of Lawrence, that which most distinguished him as an

officer, was coolness and perfect self-possession in the midst of danger. Of his kindness, of the warmth and generosity of his heart, which rendered him, emphatically, a favourite of the navy, his brother officers are all willing witnesses. These remembrances are, however, most cherished, where they are now most consolatory—in the bosom of his family; of the two widowed sisters, whose cares, during his infancy, he repaid with the kindest protection; of his afflicted wife, who, with three children, the youngest born since his father's death, is left to lament a loss, which the sympathy of her country may, in some degree, we trust, alleviate.

In this sanguinary engagement the destruction was nearly equal on both sides. The Chesapeake lost her commander and forty-seven men killed, and ninety-seven wounded, of whom fourteen afterwards died. Among these were lieutenant Ludlow, first lieutenant of the ship, and lieutenant Ballard, the fourth lieutenant, both excellent officers.

On the part of the Shannon captain Broke was dangerously wounded, though he has since recovered; the first lieutenant, the purser, captain's clerk, and twenty-three seamen killed, and fifty-seven persons wounded, besides captain Broke.

The capture of the Chesapeake is to be ascribed wholly to the extraordinary loss of officers, (a loss without any precedent, as far as we can recollect in naval history;) and to her falling accidentally on board the Shannon. During the three broadsides, while the officers of the Chesapeake were living and she was kept clear of the enemy, the superiority was manifestly with the Americans. The Chesapeake had received scarcely any damage, while the Shannon had several shot between wind and water, and could with difficulty be kept afloat during the succeeding night. It was only when accident threw the Chesapeake on board the Shannon, when her officers were unable to lead on the boarders that captain Broke himself, contrary we believe to the regulations of the British navy, left his own ship, and was able by superior numbers to overpower the distracted crew of the Chesapeake.

We have heard many accounts which we are very reluctantly compelled to believe, of improper conduct by the Bri-

tish after the capture, and of brutal violence offered to the crew of the Chesapeake. As, however, some allowances are due to the exasperated passions of the moment; something too to the confusion of a bloody and doubtful struggle; and as these accounts will shortly assume an official form; we are unwilling to prolong the remembrance of imputations which may be disproved, and perhaps have been exaggerated.

But we should wrong the memory of captain Lawrence, we should be unjust to the officers of the American navy, with whose glory all the aspiring ambition of the country is so closely blended, if we omitted any opportunity of giving the last and fairest lustre to their fame, by contrasting their conduct with that of the enemy, or if we forbore, from any misplaced delicacy towards our adversaries, to report circumstances connected with the fate of the Chesapeake, which throw a broad and dazzling light on the generous magnanimity of our countrymen.

When captain Hull took the Guerriere, every chest, trunk, and box belonging to the officers, containing, it was known, the fruits of a long cruise, much of it against our own country, was delivered to them without examination. The very trifles which the crew of the Constitution saved from the Guerriere, before she was blown up, were scrupulously restored to the English sailors; no article of private property was touched.

When commodore Decatur took the Macedonian, he purchased from captain Carden upwards of a thousand dollars worth of things in the ship, and captain Carden was permitted to take the rest on shore. To such an extent was this kindness abused, that every knife and fork, every cup and saucer, every plate and dish, every chair and table, in short, every thing which captain Carden had used was taken on shore, and before the Macedonian reached Newyork, the prize-master was obliged to send on board the United States for the most common articles of daily use, as the prisoners had taken them all away. At the same time the ward-room officers of the United States purchased their wine and other articles from the ward-room officers of the Macedonian.

When commodore Bainbridge took the Java, all the property of all the officers and all the passengers, the plate belonging to a high military commander, were restored instantly. The American officers would have deemed it disgraceful to retain the private

property of a brother officer, even though he were an enemy and a prisoner.

When captain Lawrence took the Peacock, and the officers and crew of that vessel were left destitute, the officers and crew of the Hornet fed and clothed them from their own stores.

When the Chesapeake was taken by the Shannon, the key of captain Lawrence's store-room was demanded of the purser. It was given; but the purser observed at the same time that in the captures of the Guerriere, Macedonian, and Java, the most scrupulous regard was paid to the private property of the British officers; that captain Lawrence had laid in stores for a long cruize; and that the value of them would be a great object to his widow and family, for whose use he was desirous, if possible, of preserving them. This request was not merely declined; it was haughtily and superciliously refused.

Well then—the enemy have captured the Chesapeake—they enjoy the little private property of capt. Lawrence: but they have not taken from him any of his individual fame, nor of his country's glory. However we may mourn the sufferings of that day, the loss of the Chesapeake has not, in our estimation, varied the relative standing of the marine of the two countries; nor does it abate, in the slightest degree, any of the loftiness of our naval pretensions. The contest was wholly unequal in ships, in guns, in crews, in officers, in every thing.

The Shannon was a better ship; she had not upon her the curse of that ill-omined name, the Chesapeake. The Shannon was a stronger ship; she mounted twenty-eight eighteen pounders on the main deck, twenty-two thirty-two pound carronades, and two long brass nines or twelves, on the spar-deck, and a large carronade amidships, *in all fifty-two guns*, besides this last heavy carronade; while the Chesapeake mounted twenty-eight eighteen pounders on the main deck, and twenty thirty-two pound carronades, and one eighteen pounder, chase gun, on the spar-deck, *in all forty-nine guns*.

The Shannon had a better crew. Besides her complement she had seamen from two other ships. That crew, too, had been long at sea; long in the ship; were known; were tried; and as commodore Broke sent a challenge, were, of course, men on whom, if they were not picked for the occasion, he knew he

could confide. The Chesapeake had, on the contrary, in part, a new crew, unknown to their officers, not yet knowing their places, or the ship. The ship had not been more than a few hours at sea, and the landsmen and the landswomen had been dismissed from her on the very day of the engagement. The officers, too, although we should be the last to detract from their merits, and although the manner in which they fought their ship does them the highest honour, the officers were young and few in number, and had as yet scarcely any opportunity of disciplining or knowing their seamen; yet, under all these disadvantages, the great damage sustained by the Shannon, and the great loss of her crew, all which took place before the boarding, warrant completely the opinion, that but for the accidental loss of officers, the victory would have been with the Chesapeake.

So far, indeed, from humbling our national pride, the stubbornness with which, in spite of its inequality, this combat was sustained, only confirms us in a belief, not created by the events of this war, though not likely to be much shaken by them—a belief formed on circumstances which even a series of naval losses cannot now control—a belief, too, in avowing which we are quite content to incur the charge of overweening national prejudice—that in all the qualities essential to success on the ocean, the American seamen are not equal, but superior to the British seamen. It is no merit of theirs. Nature and circumstances have made them so. But so it is—they are physically superior, they are morally superior. The warm and variable climate of the United States has, to a certain degree, melted the original English constitution of our ancestors, till, instead of the broad shouldered and ruddy form of the people of Great Britain, the Americans are a thinner race of men, with less personal strength and stamina, but with more activity, more quickness, more alertness. The lower classes of people in this country, too, derive from their popular institutions more intelligence and education, they learn more, and they learn easier, while the wider field for exertion, and the perfect freedom of employing themselves in their own way, gives to the American character a certain play, and vigour, and animation not found in any other nation. The Americans, moreover, are generally younger men, more in the vigour of life. It is an

extraordinary fact which, perhaps, never had an example before in the history of nations, that more than half the inhabitants of the United States, are under sixteen years of age. The state of our trade also renders our seamen more adventurous. They make longer voyages, in smaller ships, and brave more dangers than can be experienced in the regular and monopolized, and convoyed commerce of Great Britain. They besides enter into the service voluntarily, and for short periods, and their minds have more of the elasticity of freedom than the seamen entombed on board a British man of war. The effect which these circumstances might naturally be supposed to produce we have often seen. The Americans vanquished the English at sea again and again during the revolution. In the war with France the American squadrons were at least as active, as brave, and as vigilant against the enemy as those of England. While the two navies were together in the Mediterranean, the superiority in ships, crews, and officers was, in the opinion of every stranger, decidedly with the Americans. How that preeminence has been sustained in the present war need not be told. In short, the American seamen have always held that high rank on the ocean from which the casual loss of the Chesapeake, in an ill-matched combat, cannot degrade them, and which we are sure, with the blessing of God, and a liberal policy from their country, they will always maintain.

Σ

CRITICISM—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI.—*Hor.*

The Works of the right honourable Edmund Burke—Miscellaneous—Vol. IX—Newyork: published by Eastburn, Kirk and Co. and West and Richardson, and Oliver C. Greenleaf, Boston, 1813.—8vo. pp. 588.

IT has been the singular fate of Mr. Burke to have been read, idolized and quoted as a text, and while the distinctive character of his excellence has been misunderstood, even by his warmest admirers. The moral painter has been supposed to excel in drapery only; and it is much to be regretted, that his pencil has thus been so often and so successfully employed. His attention

to these subordinate parts has impaired that homage, which his genius would have commanded in the higher departments of his art. To drop all metaphor, it does indeed seem astonishing, that the name of Edmund Burke should be connected only with fortunate turns and brilliancy of expression, and his solemn, prophetic, and impressive truths, cited merely as examples of such felicities. Burke certainly knew the power of such gorgeous appendages, for none was capable of using them better; but had he foreseen that these attractions would have engrossed exclusive admiration, none would have deplored their use so heartily as the author. Vulgar admiration forgot the prophecy and remembered only the metaphor.

In the early stages of his parliamentary career, he laboured under an infirmity from the greatness and extent of his intellectual resources; he never could sink to the proper level of his subject. Instead of speaking like a man of business, anxious only to prove the point before the house, he carried his audience into such an extent of investigation, that the question was ultimately lost. Profound, moral, and philosophical truths, and the most beautiful flights of fancy were employed on a question, whether it was politic to impose a tax upon leather or upon glass. In short, we might as well attempt to discover the track of a ship through the ocean, by pursuing the route of the Atlantic, as to find the subject in discussion from the arguments of Burke. His constitutional sensibility was kindled by a variety of lights, to common men distant and dim. It was the fate of Edmund Burke always to dazzle, to astonish, and confound; but rarely, indeed, to convince. This was his infirmity, and an infirmity resulting from the prodigality of his intellectual endowments.

The present volume is posthumous, and for the most part partakes of the character of such writings. Many of the topics handled at large are, nevertheless, incomplete. Others consist merely of loose hints, which the author had thrown out as materials for future inquiry and speculation in his retirement from public business. This volume consists of sundry letters addressed to members of parliament, and other men of eminent public characters, on the subject of Catholic emancipation. One letter is written on the subject of a regicide peace. To these are added sundry papers connected with the history of our own revo-

lution—fragments and notes of speeches delivered in parliament, on a variety of subjects—hints for an essay on the drama, and a small abridgment of English history, from the invasion of Julius Cæsar down to the reign of king John.

The editor informs us that he has three more volumes in reserve—that the sixth and seventh will relate to the affairs of the East India Company and the trial of Warren Hastings, and the last will comprehend a narrative of the life of the author, and such parts of his familiar correspondence and occasional productions, as shall be thought proper for publication.

Hard indeed would be the fate of an author, if his fame was dependent on works which had not received the last finish from his hand, and what nevertheless his indiscreet admirers should think proper to publish after his death; harder still would it be in the case of Edmund Burke, who was notorious for altering and amending his works with the most jealous and scrupulous anxiety. The present volume, notwithstanding all these palpable disadvantages, will not detract from the fair fame of the author. It is valuable, because we see even in these unfinished memorials, the same redundancy—the same fire—the same broad and expansive views of the subject—the same strength, without the same elaborated polish, so discernible in his other productions. The letter on the regicide peace was written in answer to a pamphlet published by lord Auckland, in vindication of that measure, and by him transmitted to the author. This was some time in the year 1795, after Mr. Burke had retired from parliament overwhelmed with affliction for the death of his only son. Let it be remembered that this pamphlet was written at a time when, as he emphatically expresses it, "no circumstance of time or fortune could afford him real pleasure;" at a time when "it had pleased divine Providence to discontinue his hopes of succession" by the death of an only son. Oppressed by public and private misfortune, he sought only to sooth the remainder of his existence by retirement from the business and the pleasures of the world. But the misfortunes of his country still disturbed the tranquillity of a mind thus, by the operation of natural and incidental causes, disseverd from the pleasures of life. The feeling reader cannot but remark that the following passage assumes a levity

merely, which is not sustained without an effort. It partakes of levity but not merriment, and seems at every moment ready to relapse into the settled melancholy of a broken heart.

"The doctrines in this work are applied, for their standard, with great exactness, to the shortest possible periods both of conception and duration. The title is, "Some Remarks on the *apparent* circumstances of the War *in the fourth week of October*, 1795." The time is critically chosen. A month or so earlier would have made it the anniversary of a bloody Parisian September, when the French massacre one another. A day or two later would have carried it into a London November, the gloomy month, in which it is said by a pleasant author, that Englishmen hang and drown themselves. In truth, this work has a tendency to alarm us with symptoms of a public suicide. However, there is one comfort to be taken even from the gloomy time of year. It is a rotting season. If what is brought to market is not good, it is not likely to keep long. Even buildings run up in haste with untempered mortar in that humid weather, if they are ill-contrived tenements, do not threaten long to encumber the earth. The author tells us (and I believe he is the very first author that ever told such a thing to his readers) "that the *entire fabric* of his speculations might be overset by unforeseen vicissitudes;" and what is far more extraordinary, "that even the *whole* consideration might be *varied whilst he was writing these pages.*" Truly, in my poor judgment, this circumstance formed a very substantial motive for his not publishing those ill-considered considerations at all. He ought to have followed the good advice of his motto; Que faire encore dans une telle nuit? Attendre le jour. He ought to have waited till he had got a little more day-light on this subject. Night itself is hardly darker than the fogs of that time.

Finding the last week in October so particularly referred to, and not perceiving any particular event relative to the war, which happened on any of the days in that week, I thought it possible, that they were marked by some astrological superstition, to which the greatest politicians have been subject. I therefore had recourse to my Rider's Almanack. There I found indeed something that characterised the work, and that gave directions concerning the sudden political and natural variations, and for eschewing the maladies that are most prevalent in that aguish intermittent season, "the last week of October." On that week the sagacious astrologer, Rider, in his note on the third column of the calendar side, teaches us to expect "*variable and cold weather;*" but instead of encouraging us to trust ourselves to the haze and mist and doubtful lights of that changeable week, on the answerable part of the opposite page, he gives us a salutary caution, (indeed it is very nearly in the words of the author's motto:) "*Avoid* (says he) *being out late at night, and in foggy weather, for a cold now caught may last the whole winter.*" This ingenious author, who disdained the prudence of the almanack,

talked out in the very fog he complains of, and has led us to a very unseasonable airing at that time. Whilst this noble writer, by the vigour of an excellent constitution, formed for the violent changes he prognosticates, may shake off the important rheum and malignant influenza, of this disagreeable week, a whole parliament may go on spitting and snivelling, and wheezing and coughing, during a whole session. All this from listening to variable, hebdomadal politicians, who run away from their opinions without giving us a month's warning: and for not listening to the wise and friendly admonitions of Dr. Cardanus Rider, who never apprehends he may change his opinions before his pen is out of his hand, but always enables us to lay in, at least a year's stock of useful information."

One peculiar trait in the character of Mr. Burke's controversial talents is this, to push the proposition of his antagonist in extremes, and with what success the reader will be enabled to judge by the following example:

"But if there are yet existing any people, like me, old fashioned enough to consider, that we have an important part of our very existence beyond our limits, and who therefore stretch their thoughts beyond the pomœrium of England, for them too he has a comfort, which will remove all their jealousies and alarms about the extent of the empire of regicide. *"These conquests eventually will be the cause of her destruction."* So that they, who hate the cause of usurpation, and dread the power of France under any form, are to wish her to be a conqueror, in order to accelerate her ruin. A little more conquest would be still better.—Will he tell us what dose of dominion is to be the *quantum sufficit* for her destruction, for she seems very voracious of the food of her distemper? To be sure she is ready to perish with repletion; she has a *Boulimia*, and hardly has bolted down one state, than she calls for two or three more. There is a good deal of wit in all this; but it seems to me (with all respect to the author) to be carrying the joke a great deal too far. I cannot yet think, that the armies of the allies were of this way of thinking; and that, when they evacuated all these countries, it was a stratagem of war to decoy France into ruin; or that, if in a treaty we should surrender them forever into the hands of the usurpation (the case the author supposes) it is a master-stroke of policy to effect the destruction of a formidable rival, and to render her no longer an object of jealousy and alarm. This, I assure the author, will infinitely facilitate the treaty. The usurpers will catch at this bait, without minding the hook, which this crafty angler for the jacobin gudgeons of the new directory has so dexterously placed under it.

Every symptom of the exacerbation of the public malady is with him (as with the doctor in Moliere) a happy prognostic of recovery. Flanders gone. *Tant Mieux.* Holland subdued—charming! Spain beaten, and all the hither

Germany conquered. Bravo! Better and better still! But they will retain all their conquests on a treaty! Best of all! What a delightful thing it is to have a gay physician who sees all things, as the French express it, *couleur de rose!* What an escape we have had, that we and our allies were not the conquerors! By these conquests, previous to her utter destruction, she is "wholly to lose that preponderance, which she held in the scale of the European powers." Bless me! this new system of France, after changing all other laws, reverses the law of gravitation. By throwing in weight after weight her scale rises; and will, by and by, kick the beam. Certainly there is one sense in which she loses her preponderance: that is, she is no longer preponderant against the countries she has conquered. They are part of herself But I beg the author to keep his eyes fixed on the scales for a moment longer, and then to tell me in downright earnest, whether he sees hitherto any signs of her losing preponderance by an augmentation of weight and power. Has she lost her preponderance over Spain, by her influence in Spain? Are there any signs, that the conquest of Savoy and Nice begin to lessen her preponderance over Switzerland and the Italian states; or, that the canton of Berne, Genoa, and Tuscany, for example, have taken arms against her, or, that Sardinia is more adverse than ever to a treacherous pacification? Did the king of Prussia, when he delivered into her safe custody his territories on this side of the Rhine, manifest any tokens of his opinion of her loss of preponderance? Look on Sweden and on Denmark: is her preponderance less visible there?

It is true, that in a course of ages empires have fallen, and, in the opinion of some, not in mine, of their own weight. Sometimes they have been unquestionably embarrassed in their movements by the dissociated situation of their dominions. Such was the case of the empire of Charles V. and of his successor. It might be so of others. But so compact a body of empire—so fitted in all the parts for mutual support;—with a frontier by nature and art so impenetrable;—with such facility of breaking out with irresistible force, from every quarter, was never seen in such an extent of territory from the beginning of time, as in that empire, which the jacobins possessed in October, 1795, and which Boissy d'Anglois, in his report, settled as the law for Europe, and the dominion assigned by nature for the republic of regicide. But this empire is to be her ruin, and to take away all alarm and jealousy on the part of England, and to destroy her preponderance over the miserable remains of Europe.

These are choice speculations, with which the author amuses himself, and tries to divert us, in the blackest hours of the dismay, defeat, and calamity of all civilized nations. They have but one fault, that they are directly contrary to the common sense and common feeling of mankind. If I had but one hour to live, I would employ it in decrying this wretched system, and die with my pen in my hand to mark out the dreadful consequences of re-

ceiving an arrangement of empire dictated by the despotism of regicide to my own country, and to the lawful sovereigns of the Christian world.

His opponent had, it seems, grounded a part of his hypothesis on the probability that the early actors in the French revolution, having obtained power, would be more clement in its exercise than they had been in their struggles to obtain it. To this point Mr. Burke thus bends the whole force of his terrible invectives.—

The October politician is so full of charity and good nature, that he supposes, that these very robbers and murderers themselves are in a course of amelioration; on what ground I cannot conceive, except on the long practice of every crime, and by complete success. He is an Origenist, and believes in the conversion of the devil. All that runs in the place of blood in his veins, is nothing but the milk of human kindness. He is as soft as a curd, though, as a politician, he might be supposed to be made of sterner stuff. He supposes (to use his own expression) "that the salutary truths which he inculcates, are making their way into their bosoms." Their bosom is a rock of granite, on which falsehood has long since built her strong hold. Poor truth has had a hard work of it with her little pickaxe. Nothing but gunpowder will do.

As a proof, however, of the progress of this sap of truth, he gives us a confession they had made not long before he wrote. "Their fraternity" (as was lately stated by themselves in a solemn report) "has been the brotherhood of Cain and Abel, and they have organized nothing but bankruptcy and famine." A very honest confession truly; and much in the spirit of their oracle, Rousseau. Yet, what is still more marvellous than the confession, this is the very fraternity to which our author gives us such an obliging invitation to accede. There is, indeed, a vacancy in the fraternal corps; a brother and a partner is wanted. If we please, we may fill up the place of the butchered Abel; and whilst we wait the destiny of the departed brother, we may enjoy the advantages of the partnership, by entering without delay into a shop of ready made bankruptcy and famine. These are the *douceurs*, by which we are invited to regicide, fraternity and friendship. But still our author considers the confession as a proof, that "truth is making its way into their bosoms." No! it is not making its way into their bosoms. It has forced its way into their mouths! The evil spirit, by which they are possessed, though essentially a liar, is forced, by the tortures of conscience, to confess the truth; to confess enough for their condemnation, but not for their amendment. Shakspeare very aptly expresses this kind of confession, devoid of repentance, from the mouth of an usurper, a murderer, and a regicide—

—"We are ourselves compelled,
"Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
"To give in evidence."

Whence is their amendment? Why, the author writes, that on their murderous insurrectionary system their own lives are not sure for an hour; nor has their power a greater stability. True. They are convinced of it, and accordingly the wretches have done all they can to preserve their lives and to secure their power; but not one step have they taken to amend the one, or to make a more just use of the other. Their wicked policy has obliged them to make a pause in the only massacres in which their treachery and cruelty had operated as a kind of savage justice, that is, the massacre of the accomplices of their crimes. They have ceased to shed the inhuman blood of their fellow murderers; but when they take any of those persons who contend for their lawful government, their property, and their religion, notwithstanding the truth, which this author says is making its way into their bosoms, it has not taught them the least tincture of mercy. This we plainly see by their massacre at Quiberon, where they put to death, with every species of contumely, and without any exception, every prisoner of war, who did not escape out of their hands. To have had property, to have been robbed of it, and to endeavour to regain it—these are crimes irremissible, to which every man, who regards his property or his life, in every country, ought well to look in all connexion with those, with whom, to have had property was an offence, to endeavour to keep it, a second offence, to attempt to regain it, a crime, that puts the offender out of all the laws of peace or war. You cannot see one of those wretches without an alarm for your life as well as your goods. They are like the worst of the French and Italian banditti, who, whenever they robbed, were sure to murder.

Are they not the very same ruffians, thieves, assassins, and regicides, that they were from the beginning? Have they diversified the scene by the least variety, or produced the face of a single new villany. *Tædet harum quotidianarum formarum.* Oh! but I shall be answered, it is now quite another thing:—They are all changed:—You have not seen them in their state dresses:—This makes an amazing difference:—The new habit of the directory is so charmingly fancied, that it is impossible not to fall in love with so well dressed a constitution:—The *costume* of the sansculotte constitution of 1793 was absolutely insufferable. The committee for foreign affairs were such slovens, and stunk so abominably, that no *Muscadin* ambassador of the smallest degree of delicacy of nerves could come within ten yards of them:—but now they are so powdered and perfumed and ribanded and sashed and plumed, that, though they are grown infinitely more insolent in their fine clothes, even than they were in their rags (and that was enough) as they now appear, there is something in it more grand and noble, something more suitable to an awful Roman senate, receiving the homage of dependant tetrarchs. Like that senate (their perpetual model for conduct towards other nations) they assume the name of kings, in order to bestow more dignity on the suite and retinue of the sovereign republic by the nominal rank of their slaves—*Ut habeant instrumenta servitutis et reges.* All this is very fine, un-

doubtedly; and ambassadors, whose hands are almost out for want of employment, may long to have their part in this august ceremony of the republic one and indivisible. But, with due deference to the new diplomatic taste, we old people must retain some square-toed predilection for the fashions of our youth. I am afraid you will find me, my lord, again falling into my usual vanity, in valuing myself on the eminent men whose society I once enjoyed. I remember in a conversation I once had with my ever dear friend Garrick, who was the first of actors, because he was the most acute observer of nature I ever knew; I asked him, how it happened that whenever a senate appeared on the stage, the audience seemed always disposed to laughter? He said the reason was plain; the audience was well acquainted with the faces of most of the senators. They knew, that they were no other than candle-snuffers, revolutionary scene-shifters, second and third mob, prompters, clerks, executioners, who stand with their axe on their shoulders by the wheel, grimacers in the pantomime, murderers in tragedies, who make ugly faces under black wigs; in short, the very scum and refuse of the theatre; and it was of course, that the contrast of the vileness of the actors with the pomp of their habits naturally excited ideas of contempt and ridicule.

We wish to remark and to illustrate, by an example, one property in the present volume, eminently distinguishable in all the other writings of this author, and that is, the prophetic character of his works. The author proceeds, if we may so express ourselves, on the ground of analogy and what mankind have formerly done, as attested by his own observations or history, he apprehends in a case presenting the same broad features of resemblance, attended with the same temptations and opportunities, they will again do. Thus Mr. Burke, long before those melancholy events happened, did not hesitate to predict, and with considerable confidence, the death of the king and queen of France. He lived to see that awful prophecy accomplished. He knew the disposition of mankind in all ages to throw off the restraints of authority. He knew that where the magistrate cooperated with this popular impulse, instead of attempting to restrain it, they themselves would not interpose this salutary check, and that under the guise of a benefit, he was only preparing the axe for his own martyrdom. In like manner we now find him predicting the downfall of the Spanish empire; and it is matter of philosophical curiosity to find where this principle of analogy, formerly so powerful, assists and where it deserts him.

It is full as singular, as any of the other singularities in this work, that the remarker, talking so much, as he does, of cessions and compensations, passes by Spain in his general settlement, as if there were no such country on the globe: as if there were no Spain in Europe, no Spain in America. But this great matter of political deliberation cannot be put out of our thoughts by his silence. She *has* furnished compensations;—not to you, but to France. The regicide republic, and the still nominally subsisting monarchy of Spain, are united, and are united upon a principle of jealousy, if not of bitter enmity to Great Britain. The noble writer has here another matter for meditation. It is not from Dunkirk to Hamburgh that the ports are in the hands of France: they are in the hands of France from Hamburgh to Gibraltar. How long the new dominion will last, I cannot tell; but France the republic has conquered Spain, and the ruling party in that court acts by her orders and exists by her power.

The noble writer, in his views into futurity, has forgotten to look back to the past. If he chooses it, he may recollect, that on the prospect of the death of Philip the Fourth, and still more on the event, all Europe was moved to its foundations. In the treaties of partition, that first were entered into, and in the war that afterwards blazed out, to prevent those crowns from being actually or virtually united in the house of Bourbon, the predominance of France in Spain, and above all, in the Spanish Indies, was the great object of all these movements in the cabinet and in the field. The grand alliance was formed upon that apprehension.—On that apprehension the mighty war was continued during such a number of years, as the degenerate and pusillanimous impatience of our dwindled race can hardly bear to have reckoned:—a war, equal within a few years in duration, and not perhaps inferior in bloodshed, to any of those great contests for empire, which in history make the most awful matter of recorded memory.

> Ad confligendum venientibus undiq; Poenis,
> Omnia cum belli trepido concussa tumultu
> Horrida contremuere sub altis ætheris auris,
> In dubioq; fuit sub utrorum regna cadendum
> Omnibus humanis esset terraq; mariq;—

When this war was ended (I cannot stay now to examine how) the object of the war was the object of the treaty. When it was found impracticable, or less desirable than before, wholly to exclude a branch of the Bourbon race from that immense succession, the point of Utrecht was to prevent the mischiefs to arise from the influence of the greater upon the lesser branch. His lordship is a great member of the diplomatic body; he has of course all the fundamental treatics, which make the public statute law of Europe, by heart; and indeed no active member of parliament ought to be ignorant of their general tenor and leading provisions. In the treaty, which closed that war, and of which it is a fundamental part, because relating to the whole policy of the compact, it was agreed, that Spain should not give any thing from

her territory in the West Indies to France This article, apparently onerous to Spain, was in truth highly beneficial But, oh, the blindness of the greatest statesman to the infinite and unlooked-for combinations of things, which lie hid in the dark prolific womb of futurity! The great trunk of Bourbon is cut down; the withered branch is worked up into the construction of a French regicide republic. Here we have formed a new, unlooked for, monstrous, heterogeneous alliance; a double-natured monster; republic above and monarchy below. There is no centaur of fiction, no poetic satyr of the woods; nothing short of the hieroglyphic monsters of Ægypt, dog in head and man in body, that can give an idea of it. None of these things can subsist in nature (so at least it is thought;) but the moral world admits monsters which the physical rejects.

In this metamorphosis, the first thing done by Spain, in the honey-moon of her new servitude, is with all the hardihood of pusillanimity, utterly to defy the most solemn treaties with Great Britain, and the guarantee of Europe. She has yielded the largest and fairest part of one of the largest and fairest islands in the West Indies, perhaps on the globe, to the usurped powers of France. She completes the title of those powers to the whole of that important central island of Hispaniola. She has solemnly surrendered to the regicides and butchers of the Bourbon family, what that court never ventured, perhaps never wished, to bestow on the patriarchal stock of her own august house.

The noble negotiator takes no notice of this portentous junction, and this audacious surrender. The effect is no less than the total subversion of the balance of power in the West Indies, and indeed every where else. This arrangement, considered in itself, but much more as it indicates a complete union of France with Spain, is truly alarming. Does he feel nothing of the change this makes in that part of his description of the state of France, where he supposes her not able to face one of our detached squadrons? Does he feel nothing for the condition of Portugal under this new coalition? Is it for this state of things he recommends our junction in that common alliance as a remedy? It is surely already monstrous enough. We see every standing principle of policy, every old governing opinion of nations, completely gone; and with it the foundation of all their establishments. Can Spain keep herself internally where she is, with this connexion? Does he dream, that Spain, unchristian, or even uncatholic, can exist as a monarchy? This author indulges himself in speculations of the division of the French republic. I only say, that with much greater reason he might speculate on the republicanism and subdivision of Spain.

It is not peace with France which secures that feeble government; it is that peace which, if it shall continue, decisively ruins Spain. Such a peace is not the peace which the remnant of christianity celebrates at this holy season. In it there is no glory to God on high, and not the least tincture of good will to man. What things we have lived to see! The king of Spain is

a group of Moors, Jews, and renegadoes, and the clergy taxed to pay for his conversion! The catholic king in the strict embraces of the most unchristian republic! I hope we shall never see his apostolic majesty, his faithful majesty, and the king, defender of the faith, added to that unhallowed and impious fraternity.

The noble author has glimpses of the consequences of peace as well as I. He feels for the colonies of Great Britain, one of the principal resources of our commerce and our naval power, if piratical France shall be established, as he knows she must be, in the West Indies, if we sue for peace on such terms as they may condescend to grant us. He feels, that their very colonial system for the interior is not compatible with the existence of our colonies. I tell him, and doubt not I shall be able to demonstrate, that, being what she is, if she possesses a rock there we cannot be safe. Has this author had in his view the transactions between the regicide republic and the yet nominally subsisting monarchy of Spain?

I bring this matter under your lordship's consideration, that you may have a more complete view than this author chooses to give, of the *true France* you have to deal with, as to its nature, and as to its force and its disposition. Mark it, my lord, France, in giving her law to Spain, stipulated for none of her indemnities in Europe, no enlargement whatever of her frontier. Whilst we are looking for indemnities from France, betraying our own safety in a sacrifice of the independence of Europe, France secures hers by the most important acquisition of territory ever made in the West Indies, since their first settlement. She appears (it is only in appearance) to give up the frontier of Spain, and she is compensated, not in appearance, but in reality, by a territory, that makes a dreadful frontier to the colonies of Great Britain.

It is sufficiently alarming, that she is to have the possession of this great island. But all the Spanish colonies virtually are hers. Is there so puny a whipster in the *petty form* of the school of politics, who can be at a loss for the fate of the British colonies, when he combines the French and Spanish consolidation with the known critical and dubious dispositions of the United States of America, as they are at present, but which, when a peace is made, when the basis of a regicide ascendency in Spain is laid, will no longer be so good as dubious and critical? But I go a great deal further, and on much consideration of the condition and circumstances of the West Indies, and of the genius of this new republic, as it has operated, and is likely to operate on them, I say, that if a single rock in the West Indies is in the hands of this *transatlantic Morocco*, we have not an hour's safety there.

France, let it be noted, was at this time nominally a republic; she had declared war against crowned heads, and from the zeal with which Spain cooperated, and from the imbecile cha-

racter of her monarch, Mr. Burke predicted the dissolution of that monarchy and the nominal republicanism of Spain under the auspices of France. The principle was right, and the evil which he apprehended did happen, though not in the precise shape in which it was then presented to his eyes by the supposed continuity of the existing state of facts. The ancient government of Spain was destroyed, and it did pass into the hands of the French, not indeed in the shape of a republic, but of a monarchy. Mr. Burke could not at that time have foreseen that France herself was to undergo such an entire revolution, and hence he limited his apprehensions to the case of a republic. Neither indeed could Mr. Burke have foreseen, for here analogy again deserted him, the loyalty of the Spaniards, which prompted them to a resistance so heroic and so desperate. He could not have foreseen the existence of so inscrutable a phenomenon, as that the people of Spain should have been more anxious to live under the government of their sovereign, than their sovereign was to reign over them. Hence all the subsequent resistance of this nation was a case not provided for by this analogy, and did not enter into the contemplation of Mr. Burke. It is a curious historical fact, that the very evil apprehended by Mr. B. and foretold thirteen years beforehand, should have happened—that the very circumstance which he believed was to combine and consolidate the dominion of France upon the continent, should do more to dissolve it than confederated Europe. Who, in like manner, could have foreseen that every such confederacy raised against her, uniformly ended in the confirmation of that power. Shakspeare's remark was more philosophical than poetic—"there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will."

Not as politicians, but as members of the literary commonwealth, do we lament the splendid fascinations of fancy with which this author has illuminated his pages. They have cast a character of romance over plain and practical truth, and have thereby contributed to promote the incredulity of his readers. He is the first author that we ever knew who dealt in *visionary fact*. Where he labours with all his zeal to convince, he pours forth such a redundancy of fancy, we are always incre-

dulous, and confound poetry and prophecy together. The literary bearing of this quality has been likewise pernicious. It has raised up a phalanx of pestilent imitators, who have dealt in extravagant metaphor and hyperbole, and impaired, by so doing, the energy of language. Their compositions are mere pieces of glittering imbecility, that fall to pieces as they are unfolded. To correct this growing vice, we wish to state with more precision and to illustrate by example, what the distinguishing property of Burke's metaphors really are. In order to do this, we will quote a passage from a speech of a popular orator, where the subject is exhausted by the metaphor. Curran says, "Giving, in the so much censured words of this paper, "Universal emancipation!" I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, the British soil—which proclaims, even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation." Splendid pomp of phraseology; but who thinks now of the blessings of the English constitution? None—they are lost in our admiration of the metaphor. Contrast this with the following metaphor from Burke.—

Old religious factions are volcanoes burnt out; on the lava and ashes and squalid scoriæ of old eruptions grow the peaceful olive, the cheering vine, and the sustaining corn. Such was the first, such the second condition of Vesuvius. But when a new fire bursts out, a face of desolation comes on, not to be rectified in ages. Therefore, when men come before us, and rise up like an exhalation from the ground; they come in a questionable shape, and we must *exorcise* them, and try whether their intents be wicked or charitable; whether they bring airs from heaven or blasts from hell.

Here the mind pauses and we feel an involuntary surprise, that a subject so opaque should be revealed in a flash, and we are dazzled into conviction. This is the distinction which we wish to enforce. In this we are told, but with how much justice we will not stop to inquire, that all governments have a right to inquire, (a right which the same metaphor founds on the principle of self-preservation) into the character and conduct of any set of Christians whose tenets are essentially novel. In the same compendious metaphor we are likewise told, that governments have no right to interfere with old religious tenets, because their mischief is now exhausted, and the state is enriched by their indulgence.

It must be acknowledged, however, that those entertain but a very imperfect conception of the genius of Edmund Burke, who contemplate him in no other point of view than his power of adorning dark and mysterious moral truths by the splendour of his illustrations: this is merely secondary and subordinate. When his passions are chiefly engaged and strongly excited, he deals in such dialect; but at other times he handles the subject like a plain and practical man, and is then as remarkable for the nervous simplicity of his language, as he is at other seasons for metaphoric exuberance. In an unfinished tract left behind him on the popery laws as they affect, or rather as they did affect the kingdom of Ireland, he furnishes a memorable instance of simplicity in writing. He had in a previous chapter grouped together the various laws against popery, passed by parliament, as they affected Ireland and the property of Irish Roman catholics. After detailing at length the intolerable hardships and tyranny of those statutes, and showing first that the right of primogeniture was abolished; second, that no Roman catholic could make a testamentary disposition of his property; third, that the right of settlement was abolished; fourth, that all the children, by becoming protestants, may compel their father, being a catholic, by application to the court of chancery, to afford them an immediate and independent maintenance; by which all the property, real and personal, of this persecuted sect, was placed at the disposal of the lord chancellor—after having shown all this and much more, he thus reasons on the subject:—

In the foregoing book we considered these laws in a very simple point of view, and in a very general one; merely as a system of hardship imposed on the body of the community; and from thence and from some other arguments inferred the general injustice of such a procedure. In this we shall be obliged to be more minute; and the matter will become more complex as we undertake to demonstrate the mischievous and impolitic consequences, which the particular mode of this oppressive system, and the instruments which it employs, operating as we said on this extensive object, produces on the national prosperity, quiet, and security.

The stock of materials by which any nation is rendered flourishing and prosperous, are its industry, its knowledge or skill, its morals, its execution of justice, its courage, and the national union in directing these powers to one point, and making them all center in the public benefit. Other than these I do not know, and scarcely can conceive any means by which a community may flourish.

If we show that these penal laws of Ireland destroy not one only, but every one of these materials of public prosperity, it will not be difficult to perceive that Great Britain, whilst they subsist, never can draw from that country all the advantages to which the bounty of nature has entitled it.

To begin with the first great instrument of national happiness, strength and industry, I must observe that although these penal laws do indeed inflict many hardships on those who are obnoxious to them, yet their chief, their most extensive, and most certain operation is upon property. Those civil constitutions which promote industry, are such as facilitate the acquisition, secure the holding, enable the fixing, and suffer the alienation of property. Every law which obstructs in any part of this distribution is, in proportion to the force and extent of the obstruction, a discouragement to industry. For a law against property is a law against industry, the latter having always the former, and nothing else, for its object. Now, as to the acquisition of landed property, which is the foundation and support of all the other kinds, the laws have disabled three-fourths of the inhabitants of Ireland from acquiring any estate of inheritance for life or years, or any charge whatsoever on which two-thirds of the improved yearly value is not reserved for thirty years.

This confinement of landed property to one set of hands, and preventing its free circulation through the community, is a most leading article of ill policy; because it is one of the most capital discouragements to all that industry which may be employed on the lasting improvement of the soil, or is any way conversant about land. A tenure of thirty years is evidently no tenure upon which to build, to plant, to raise enclosures, to change the nature of the ground, to make any new experiment which might improve agriculture, or to do any thing more than what may answer the immediate and momentary calls of rent to the landlord, and leave subsistence to the tenant

and his family. The desire of acquisition is always a passion of long views: confine a man to momentary possession, and you at once cut off that laudable avarice which every wise state has cherished as one of the first principles of its greatness. Allow a man but a temporary possession; lay it down as a maxim, that he never can have any other, and you immediately and infallibly turn him to temporary enjoyments; and these enjoyments are never the pleasures of labour and free industry, and whose quality is to famish the present hours, and squander all upon prospect and futurity; they are, on the contrary, those of a thoughtless, loitering, and dissipated life. The people must be inevitably disposed to such pernicious habits, merely from the short duration of their tenure which the law has allowed. But it is not enough that industry is checked by the confinement of its views; it is further discouraged by the limitation of its own direct object, profit. This is a regulation extremely worthy of our attention, as it is not a consequential, but a direct discouragement to melioration; as directly as if the law had said in express terms, "Thou shalt not improve."

But we have an additional argument to demonstrate the ill policy of denying the occupiers of land any solid property in it. Ireland is a country wholly unplanted. The farms have neither dwelling-houses, nor good offices; nor are the lands almost any where provided with fences and communications; in a word, in a very unimproved state. The land owner there, never takes upon him, as it is usual in this kingdom, to supply all these conveniences, and to set down his tenant in what may be called a completely furnished farm. If the tenant will not do it, it is never done. This circumstance shows how miserably and peculiarly impolitic it has been in Ireland to tie down the body of the tenantry to short and unprofitable tenures. A finished and furnished house will be taken for any term, however short: if the repair lies on the owner, the shorter the better. But no one will take one not only unfurnished but half built, but upon a term which, on calculation, will answer with profit all his charges. It is on this principle that the Romans established their *Emphyteusis* or Fee-farm. For though they extended the ordinary term of their location only to nine years; yet they encouraged a more permanent letting to farm, with the condition of improvement as well as of annual payment on the part of the tenant, where the land had lain rough and neglected; and therefore invented this species of engrafted holding in the later times when property came to be worse distributed by falling into a few hands. This denial of landed property to the gross of the people has this further evil effect in preventing the improvement of land; that it prevents any of the property acquired in trade to be regorged as it were upon the land. They must have observed very little, who have not remarked the bold and liberal spirit of improvement, which persons bred to trade have often exerted on their land purchases; that they usually come to them with a more abundant command of ready money than most landed men possess; and that they have in general a much better idea, by long habits of calcula-

tive dealings, of the propriety of expending in order to acquire. Besides, such men often bring their spirit of commerce into their estates with them, and make manufactures take a root where the mere landed gentry had perhaps no capital, perhaps no inclination, and most frequently not sufficient knowledge to effect any thing of the kind. By these means what beautiful and useful spots have there not been made about trading and manufacturing towns, and how has agriculture had reason to bless that happy alliance with commerce; and how miserable must that nation be, whose frame of polity has disjoined the landing and the trading interests.

It has been commonly thought that Mr. Burke was deeply connected with the politics of Mr. Pitt; that he was in fact the confidential adviser of those measures of the administration of that gentleman which led to such disastrous results. The following extract from a letter of his to his correspondent, soliciting his assistance in the affair of what is commonly denominated the Catholic emancipation, will explain the nature of this connexion:

DEAR SIR,

In the reduced state of body, and in the dejected state of mind, in which I find myself at this very advanced period of my life, it is a great consolation to me to know, that a cause, I ever have had so very near my heart, is taken up by a man of your activity and talents.

It is very true that your late friend, my ever dear and honoured son, was in the highest degree solicitous about the final event of a business, which he also had pursued for a long time with infinite zeal, and no small degree of success. It was not above half an hour before he left me forever, that he spoke with considerable earnestness on this very subject. If I had needed any incentives to do my best for freeing the body of my country from the grievances under which they labour, this alone would certainly call forth all my endeavours.

The person who succeeded to the government of Ireland about the time of that afflicting event, had been all along of my sentiments and your's upon this subject; and far from needing to be stimulated by me, that incomparable person, and those in whom he strictly confided, even went before me in their resolution to pursue the great end of government, the satisfaction and concord of the people, with whose welfare they were charged. I cannot bear to think on the causes by which this great plan of policy, so manifestly beneficial to both kingdoms, has been defeated.

Your mistake with regard to me lies in supposing that I did not, when his removal was in agitation, strongly and personally represent to several of his majesty's ministers, to whom I could have the most ready access, the

true state of Ireland; and the mischiefs, which sooner or later must arise, from subjecting the mass of the people to the capricious and interested domination of an exceeding small faction and its dependencies.

That representation was made the last time, or very nearly the last time, that I have ever had the honour of seeing those ministers. I am so far from having any credit with them on this, or any other public matters, that I have reason to be certain, if it were known that any person in office in Ireland, from the highest to the lowest, were influenced by my opinions and disposed to act upon them, such an one would be instantly turned out of his employment. You have formed, to my person a flattering, yet in truth a very erroneous opinion of my power with those who direct the public measures. I never have been directly or indirectly consulted about any thing that is done. The judgment of the eminent and able persons, who conduct public affairs, is undoubtedly superior to mine: but self-partiality induces almost every man to defer something to his own. Nothing is more notorious, than that I have the misfortune of thinking that no one capital measure relative to political arrangements, and still less that a new military plan for the defence of either kingdom, in this arduous war, has been taken upon any other principle, than such as must conduct us to inevitable ruin.

In the state of my mind, so discordant with the tone of ministers, and still more discordant with the tone of opposition, you may judge what degree of weight I am likely to have with either of the parties, who divide this kingdom; even though I were endowed with strength of body, or were possessed of any active situation in the government, which might give success to my endeavours: but the fact is, since the day of my unspeakable calamity, except in the attentions of a very few old and compassionate friends, I am totally out of all social intercourse. My health has gone down very rapidly; and I have been brought hither with very faint hopes of life, and enfeebled to such a degree, as those, who had known me some time ago, could scarcely think credible. Since I came hither my sufferings have been greatly aggravated, and my little strength still further reduced; so that, though I am told the symptoms of my disorder begin to carry a more favourable aspect, I pass the far larger part of the twenty-four hours, indeed almost the whole, either in my bed, or lying upon the couch, from which I dictate this. Had you been apprized of this circumstance, you could not have expected any thing, as you seem to do, from my active exertions. I could do nothing, if I was still stronger, not even "*Si mous adforet Hector.*"

How venerable does this patriot now appear—broken down by age, infirmities, public disappointments, and by a private and irreparable calamity; extended on a couch through debility, and too exhausted to wield a pen in the service of his country; still anxiously engaged in the welfare of Ireland, and dictating his thoughts to an amanuensis!

Objections have been made to Mr. Burke as the author of Junius principally on the ground of dissimilarity of style. Those critics would do well to specify to what particular style of Edmund Burke they refer, before they so authoritatively draw such a conclusion. Scarce any author was capable of varying his style so completely as Edmund Burke. His thoughts on the causes of the present discontents bear no resemblance in character whatsoever to his reflections on the French revolution; they both essentially differ from his other writings, and his treatise on the sublime and beautiful differs from all the rest. It would be critically just to say, that the internal evidence that Burke was not the author of Junius' letters consisted, not in the style, but in the sentiments. In all his writings and in all his speeches he goes beyond his subject matter invariably, and lets himself loose in a range of inquiry and research so wide, that we lose the point of his setting out. This Junius never does: he hugs his subject, and is as sedulous to avoid such extraneous matter, as Burke is to indulge.

While on the subject of the varying character of Mr. Burke's writings, we will mention that we think his style may be comprehended in three grand divisions, thus, the plain—the ornamented —and the exuberant. When he appears in the first light, there is a spirit, a point and vigour exempt from his usual diffusiveness and collateral argument, pressing direct upon the subject in debate. It is eloquent; but it is that eloquence which none perceives, although it is felt in every stage of his argument, for it carries conviction to the mind. We have been so long inured to the contemplation of eloquence as something entirely independent of the subject, that we are prone to overlook those severer graces which cannot be contemplated without a survey of the argument. While we confess ourselves to be perfectly satisfied that the writer has proved his point in the most luminous manner, we deny him eloquence, because he has not led our attention astray from the main point, by tawdry and irrelevant figures and tropes, and in so doing, weakened the strength of his argument. We are sensible how difficult it is for many to agree with us in this point, who are ready to maintain that eloquence consists in impairing the force of argument, and in hos-

tility to all legitimate logic. They must have not only the principles stated in such terms that every one yields a ready assent; but all this must be accompanied by a frolic of fancy;—she must play the part of Penelope, and unravel the web of argument again. We have already seen that Mr. Burke, by following this route so often as he did, proved a martyr to his metaphors, and gained our admiration while he laboured for conviction. As a specimen of his truest eloquence, we will cite the following passage from the volume now before us. The speech is in opposition to a motion made by Mr. Fox to legalize marriages among infants.

The question is not now, whether the law ought to acknowledge and protect such a state of life as minority; nor whether the continuance, which is fixed for that state, be not improperly prolonged in the law of England. Neither of these in general are questioned. The only question is, whether matrimony is to be taken out of the general rule, and whether the minors of both sexes, without the consent of their parents, ought to have a capacity of contracting the matrimonial, whilst they have not the capacity of contracting any other engagement. Now it appears to me very clear, that they ought not. It is a great mistake to think, that mere *animal* propagation is the sole end of matrimony. Matrimony is instituted not only for the propagation of men, but for their nutrition, their education, their establishment; and for the answering of all the purposes of a rational and moral being; and it is not the duty of the community to consider alone of how many, but how useful citizens it shall be composed.

It is most certain, that men are well qualified for propagation, long before they are sufficiently qualified even by bodily strength, much less by mental prudence, and by acquired skill in trades and professions, for the maintenance of a family. Therefore, to enable and authorize any man to introduce citizens into the commonwealth before a rational security can be given that he may provide for them, and educate them as citizens ought to be provided for and educated, is totally incongruous with the whole order of society. Nay, it is fundamentally unjust; for a man that breeds a family without competent means of maintenance, incumbers other men with his children, and disables them so far from maintaining their own. The improvident marriage of one man becomes a tax upon the orderly and regular marriage of all the rest. Therefore those laws are wisely constituted, that give a man the use of all his faculties at one time; that they may be mutually subservient, aiding and assisting to each other: that the time of his completing his bodily strength, the time of mental discretion, the time of his having learned his trade, and the time at which he has the disposition of his fortune, should be likewise the time in which he is permitted to introduce

citizens into the state, and to charge the community with their maintenance. To give a man a family during his apprenticeship, whilst his very labour belongs to another; to give him a family when you do not give him a fortune to maintain it; to give him a family before he can contract any one of those engagements, without which no business can be carried on, would be to burden the state with families without any security for their maintenance. When parents themselves marry their children, they become in some sort security to prevent the ill consequences. You have this security in parental consent; the state takes its security in the knowledge of human nature. Parents ordinarily consider little the passion of their children, and their present gratification. Don't fear the power of a father; it is kind to passion to give it time to cool. But their censures sometimes make me smile; sometimes, for I am very infirm, make me angry; *sæpe bilem, sæpe jocum movent.*

This part of Mr. Burke's character has not been sufficiently explained, nor does it come within the legitimate province of a review. We trust, however, that the day is not far distant, when Mr. Burke himself will be cited as a model of this plain, simple, and unadorned eloquence.

In the few specimens of epistolary intercourse given in the present volume, the character of Edmund Burke appears in a light peculiarly resplendent. He had interested himself much in parliament on the subject of the slavery of Ireland, and always without success. Afterwards the Irish obtained by resorting to arms what they could not obtain from the justice of parliament. At that crisis lord North, who had been before the steadfast opposer of the Irish claims, stood forward the most zealous champion in their defence. Burke observing that the question would be carried without his interference, said nothing, fearing, if he said any thing, as he had heretofore been so zealous an advocate, he should mar the unanimity now so happily prevalent. This silence was condemned by the friends of Ireland, and construed into a dereliction of the cause. The reader will observe, in the following quotation, the delicacy of reproach which, by an enumeration of his former services, he modestly throws out on those who, by gaining the ends he had struggled after, had recently become his enemies. The loftiness of the conclusion is peculiarly remarkable, in which he shows that he thought it degrading to his character to speak warmly in favour of a cause, with a certainty of encountering no opposition.

I was in hopes, that we might obtain gradually, and by parts, what we might attempt at once and in the whole without success; that one concession would lead to another; and that the people of England, discovering, by a progressive experience, that none of the concessions, actually made, were followed by the consequences they had dreaded, their fears, from what they were yet to yield, would considerably diminish. But that to which I attached myself the most particularly, was to fix *the principle* of a free trade in all the ports of these islands, as founded in justice, and beneficial to the whole; but principally to this, the seat of the supreme power. And this I laboured to the utmost of my might, upon general principles, illustrated by all the commercial detail with which my little inquiries in life were able to furnish me. I ought to forget such trifling things as those, with all concerning myself, and possibly I might have forgotten them, if the lord advocate of Scotland had not, in a very flattering manner, revived them in my memory in a full house in this session. He told me that my arguments, such as they were, had made him, at the period I allude to, change the opinion with which he had come into the house strongly impressed. I am sure, that, at that time; at least twenty more told me the same thing. I certainly ought not to take their style of compliment as a testimony to fact; neither do I. But all this showed sufficiently, not what they thought of my ability, but what they saw of my zeal. I could say more in proof of the effects of that zeal, and of the unceasing industry with which I then acted, both in my endeavours which were apparent, and those that were not so visible. Let it be remembered, that I showed those dispositions, while the parliament of England was in a capacity to deliberate, and in a situation to refuse; when there was something to be risked here, by being suspected of a partiality to Ireland; when there was an honourable danger attending the profession of friendship to you, which heightened its relish, and made it worthy of a reception in manly minds. But as for the awkward and nauseous parade of debate without opposition, the flimsy devise of tricking out necessity, and disguising it in the habit of choice, the shallow stratagem of defending, by argument, what all the world must perceive is yielded to force—these are a sort of acts of friendship, which I am sorry that any of my countrymen should require of their real friends. They are things not *to my taste;* and if they are looked upon as tests of friendship, I desire for one that I may be considered as an enemy.

His observations on the political department of lord North are no less remarkable:—

I confess that I could not bear to face my constituents at the next general election, if I had been a rival to lord North in the glory of having refused some small insignificant concessions, in favour of Ireland, to the arguments and supplications of English members of parliament; and in the very next session, on the demand of 40,000 Irish baronets, of having made a speech

of two hours long to prove that my former conduct was founded upon no one right principle, either of policy, justice, or commerce. I never heard a more elaborate, more able, more convincing, and more shameful speech. The debator obtained credit; but the statesman was disgraced forever. Amends were made for having refused small, but timely concessions, by an unlimited and untimely surrender, not only of every one of the objects of former restraints, but virtually of the whole legislative power itself which had made them. For it is not necessary to inform you that the unfortunate parliament of this kingdom did not dare to qualify the very liberty she gave of trading with her *own* plantations, by applying, of her *own* authority, any one of the commercial regulations to the new traffic of Ireland, which bind us here under the several acts of navigation. We were obliged to refer them to the parliament of Ireland, as conditions; just in the same manner, as if we were bestowing a privilege of the same sort on France and Spain, or any other independent power, and, indeed, with more studied caution than we should have used, not to shock the principle of their independence. How the minister reconciled the refusal to reason, and the surrender to arms, raised in defiance of the prerogatives of the crown of his master, I know not; it has probably been settled in some way or other between themselves.

A singular misfortune has befallen this resplendent author—his pen was too eloquent to convince. Mankind had been so long inured to the indulgence of idle apprehensions, that the pen of Edmund Burke, when so rhetorically employed, was incapable of producing that conviction which subsequent facts have produced. He was regarded, it is true, as a model of beautiful declamation; but it was thought to be declamation merely. The warmth of his expressions were considered as evidence of his insincerity, nor was it until time had put the seal of infallibility on the cause of his fears, that they were believed to be well founded. This ought surely to operate as a caution to those political writers, who are so prone for subordinate and petty purposes, needlessly to rouse the apprehensions of the people. When the moment arrives when ruin is in prospect and nothing but decisive energy can save us, we are found to be both incredulous and inert from having been so repeatedly awakened by false alarms.

A

CALAMITIES OF AUTHORS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IN Mr. D'Israeli's entertaining and instructive volume, denominated "The Calamities of Authors," I have found the following summary notice of James White.

Another child of literary despair was James White, who appears to have been a man of genius and of good family, but one of those spirits who, having resolved to live on the labours of an author, are too haughty to receive any other aid than what they expect to derive from their ill-fated pens. White had received his education at the university of Dublin, and was there deemed a scholar of brilliant genius. He published poems and several romances, "Adventures of John of Gaunt," of Richard Cœur de Lion," with numerous translations from Cicero and the speeches of Mirabeau; but his "Letters to Lord Camden on the State of Ireland" were admired for their vigour and elegance. During the winters of 1797 and 1798, some persons noticed in the pump room at Bath or in the streets, a thin, pale, emaciated man, with a wild yet penetrating look. No one knew the awful stranger; but his habits of life were discovered. He had eaten no animal food for months. A cold potatoe, bread, and water were his meal. Unable to pay his lodging, he was known to sleep for nights beneath a hay-rick, too proud to ask relief; yet once failing sinking Nature drove him, in wild agony, into an inn at Bath; yet his pride, even in the inn to which his wants had driven him, refused to accept the sustenance offered to him. His deranged conduct alarmed the mistress, and when the magistrate placed him under the parish officers, his only sense was the indignity he had incurred. It was at this moment he produced the "Letters to Lord Camden." A subscription was soon raised. White was persuaded to receive it as a loan. On no other terms would he accept it. The struggle of literary glory, of honour, of pauperism, did not last. He had pushed Nature to the verge of human existence; and he was found dead in his bed at a public house near Bath, in March 1799.

I am rather inclined to suspect that Mr. D'Israeli has never read the works of an author which he passes over in so summary a manner. "He published," says he, "The Adventures of John of Gaunt and of Richard Cœur de Lion," and this is all the notice which he has deigned to take of these romances. Whenever Mr. D'Israeli has been acquainted with an author, he enters into a critical dissection of his works.

Nothing appears from the narrative above quoted to excite unusual sympathy for the fate of Mr. White, further than the melancholy incidents of his life. For aught that appears, this

man might, as an author, have been passed without pity, although his sufferings as a man might have excited the sympathy of his fellow beings. I wish, however, to make your readers more intimately acquainted with the works of this singular and original writer. The romance of John of Gaunt is comprehended in two small duodecimo volumes. The design of the writer appears to have been to connect a series of knightly adventures, sometimes serious and sometimes comic, in the character of episodes. John of Gaunt relates to a kinsman, who is wounded in a tournament, and residing in his castle, the adventures of his youth. He relates that he, with the black prince, Owen Glendower, and several others, sat out in quest of adventures. Having been benighted in a forest, they accept of the insidious hospitality of a neighbouring cottage, where by means of a soporific beverage, they are despoiled of their arms, taken prisoners, and brought before the chief of the band of robbers. He was a character disgusted with the world, and who had retired to the solitude of a forest, and formed in its recesses a singular species of commonwealth amongst his confederates. His captives, when taken, were disarmed, and compelled to devote the remainder of their days to amusements only. There were music and dancing, love and wine, while the chief of this band interfered only to diversify these different amusements, to give a greater zest to their enjoyments. His word was law; but it was only the law of pleasure. Each of these characters relates to his new confederates his own history. In this manner the author has delightfully variegated his pages with diversities of character and incident. I presume it will be hardly necessary to add, that the personages now introduced are not suffered to spend their time in such inglorious ease. They regain their liberty, break up this little community; and the black prince leads them back to the love of chivalry again. Such is the general plan of this fascinating romance, and the success with which the author has accomplished his task, and his power of portraying character, may be known by a few extracts. "Sir Stephen Montmorency," says he "was a man marvellously attentive to the propriety of his wearables. Every hair knew its proper place, and observed the strictest discipline. When he approached the castle he would

stop, and take a linen rag from his saddle bow, wherewith he would dust his armour very carefully, then, after wiping his hands in his horse's mane, he would come thundering, with an important air over the drawbridge and up the barbican, for he always conceived some noise rightly to appertain *unto true dignity.*" The chief of this little felonious band of Bacchanalians is now explaining to his new captives the characters of his subjects, while the rest of the company are dancing. "You can but observe a well proportioned knight who occasionally slaps his foot against the floor until the calf of his leg truly quivers with the exertion. Now that is called being mighty strong, damnably well built, and even active withall. Sir Marmaduke accounteth himself a marvellous proper man, one of whom any heiress might be fond. You observe him ever and anon casting an eye downwards, to snatch a brief observation of the propriety of his members."

"Sir Percival," "continues the chief," inherited large domains; but never having been known by deeds of knightly valour, was extremely tenacious of the honour of his family. Age had produced a gentle inclination of his body forward, and now his sole employment was to walk in the great hall of the castle, with one hand in his bosom and a graceful swing of his hinder garment, thereby adding dignity to his gait. Ever and anon he would stop and gaze with a leisurely satisfaction on the armour of the grim knights, the *Percivals of ancient days.*"

One of these knights, relating his history, says, "I wandered by the castle in the light of the moon, and beholding my peerless beauty at the window, prepared to address her in a speech the most impressive and sublime. 'High and unmatchable beauty,' I exclaimed, and as I proceeded onwards, methought she graciously nodded an assent to every word. In the midst of this sublime and impressive speech the maid suddenly removed the head-dress from the window, to which all my vows were addressed. Shortly afterwards the governess appeared. "Come along with me, high and unmatchable beauty, exclaimed her governess and locked her up in her private apartment."

"And yonder standeth a knight," continued the chief, "who affecte to be unaffected. In his abhorrence of that pride which

is an honest ingredient in all true chivalry, he assumeth a marvellous simplicity of deportment, bestriding his palfrey with his legs dangling like unto those of a baker, wagging his head in such wise that we fear his helmet is droping off, and carrying his lance before him as a base-born plebeian carrieth his pitchfork."

The knights, after their release from this singular confinement, achieve an adventure much to their satisfaction. They receive their mutual congratulations on the happy result with much modesty, and notwithstanding they all coyly decline their separate share in the celebrity of the act, they all agree in this point, that it was an act which none but the bravest and most intrepid knights could accomplish: in other words, they all agreed to praise themselves most lustily, by declaring that the act required such wonderful fortitude to accomplish. The character of the black prince, who is always exempted from such soil in the hands of the author, is at length brought forward to decide the controversy. Owen Glendower had maintained that Julius Cesar had never accomplished a deed so heroic. "I take the point now in discussion to be," replied the prince, "whether Julius Cesar or Owen Glendower were the greatest captains." Here Owen snorted, and not daring to show his resentment otherwise, pricked his palfrey into a full gallop. "For my own part," continued the prince, "I shall think myself amply rewarded, if the fair lady whom we have relieved from such vile durance crowns each of us with a garland of flowers, if she deems our services worthy of being so rewarded."

The romance of Richard Cœur de Lion comprehends a small duodecimo volume. The adventures are supposed to have happened on the escape of that monarch from his captivity amongst the Saracens. Amidst a variety of others, he undertakes an adventure at the request of a disconsolate parent, to relieve a princess who was confined by a ruthless giant in an almost inaccessible castle. He is so fortunate as to slay the caitiff, after which he endeavours to emancipate the captive, when, to his astonishment, he finds she was violently enamoured with her seducer. She upbraids him with the most opprobrious language; calls him a murderer; and absolutely refuses to return to her royal parents. Richard finds that no alternative is left

but the exercise of force. Having grasped her hands, to prevent further (injury for she had already furiously assaulted him with her nails,) he shoulders his baggage like a pedlar, and adjusts her to his palfrey. Being mounted before him, he carries her off in triumph, while she amuses herself by sticking pins between the joints of his armour. This lady is at last restored to her parents, whom she abuses as she had formerly done the monarch.

King Richard assists another knight to recover his mistress, who was taken and confined by a notorious offender, whom he slew in battle, and whose castle he demolished. On the entrance of these deliverers they found tha this tyranny had here assumed a new and extraordinary cast. From the highest stations in life the caitiff degraded his captives to the lowest. Here were high-born dukes and peerless ladies put to the most servile employments. The king of Kerry was gutting a turkey; the bishop of St. Asaph wheeling out manure from the stable, and the noble damsel who was the cause of this adventure was discovered wringing out the linen still recent from the wash-tub. "Her tears, said her lover, fell like Oriental pearls, and mingled with the fumes of the suds." "On this occasion, continues the lover, I could but remark how such high-born gentility contracts a certain squalor of sentiment, by having been employed in such servile occupations." Immediately on their emancipation the ladies turned their vengeance on their former tyrants, and my princess began to cuff the ears of the old duenna.

Richard, on his return, is relating to a knight the story of his adventures. "The discourteous squire," says the author, "continually interrupted the narrative, by exclaiming 'hah! the devil you did, oh dear, hah!' 'Insolent caitiff,' replied Richard, 'beware lest I chastise such impertinence.' Richard proceeded in the narration of his adventure, and declared that with one blow he severed the head of his antagonist from the body, which, after spinning in the air for the space of a minute, rolled amongst the brambles. Heedless of the threat, the discourteous squire continued 'hah! the devil you did, oh dear, hah!' The king of England, then raising his battle axe, smote him with such strength on the morion he fled bellowing through the field."

The author thus indulges in a strain of satire against the government of his country. King Richard, on his return to England, summons his parliament to assemble. A sketch of the debates on an interesting questionis given at full length. A noble lord appears in debate to singular advantage. Liberty, he exclaimed is the glory of Britons, the pride of the English constitution. This blessing was cheaply purchased by torrents of patriot blood; but if the house of peers, where she had always found her firmest protectors and guardians, should now desert their duty; if they did not prove themselves worthy of their illustrious ancestors, Liberty would abandon the island forever. They would, by their resolution of that day, decide the important, vitally important, question, whether their children were to be freemen or slaves. "After the speaker had resumed his seat," continues the author, "there was handed to him a little mulled wine, with a toast in it, his lordship being extremely exhausted.

This is, I confess, but a very faint outline of the works of this singular writer. His style is rich and brilliant without glare, combining, in the midst of his playful and sportive whims, an occasional strength, grandeur, and dignity of expression that equally astonish and delight. He regards the reader as his property, and exercises all the caprice of his genius over him; and whether he is to command a smile or a tear, both wait with equal promptitude on his bidding. One melancholy incident in the life of this unhappy man Mr. D'Israeli has entirely overlooked. He was arrested and confined in Bedlam for a lunatic. From that gloomy abode he addressed a series of letters to the lord chancellor, entitled Remarks on the Liberty of an English Subject. They are written in a strain of such thrilling eloquence, that I will venture to say it is impossible to read them at this distant day without strong and powerful emotions. The remonstrance comes home to every heart with such dignity of distress, that we are instantly made a party. But it did so happen that these very letters were produced as evidence deep and decisive, that their unhappy author was bereft of his senses. The physicians, who deemed it impossible that a poor man should be endowed with such keen, exquisite, and noble feel-

ing, believed all this to proceed from the phrenzy of the brain. That strain of lofty and commanding eloquence which, had it been heard in the walls of the legislature, would have been rewarded by the proudest gifts of the nation, was held to be not the legitimate property of the man in rags. In fine his poverty made him a lunatic, and the very excess of his genius was rewarded by a confinement in Bedlam. The words of a real madman were, in this instance, literally fulfilled. I think, said he, addressing himself to his keepers, that you and your comrades are insane: all believe me to be such; and because the world is governed by the opinion of the majority, I am now confined in a strait waistcoat. D.

ELOCTUION.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

It gives us much pleasure to announce the following project of a scholar, to whom the public have often listened with pleasure, and who we are persuaded will come forth from the voluntary and honourable seclusion to which his love of letters has so long restrained him, with invigorated powers of body, and accumulated stores of intellect.

INSTRUCTION IN RHETORIC, PHILOSOPHICAL CRITICISM, AND ELOCUTION.

Under every form of government, and in every condition of society, skill in public speaking is an accomplishment of pre-eminent dignity and value.

Under a government permanently popular, such skill confessedly becomes one of the principal instruments of personal distinction, and when accompanied by wisdom and integrity, of public usefulness.

It might therefore be reasonably expected, that in the academical institutions of the United States, incitements to the cultivation, and opportunities for the acquisition of this accomplishment would abound.

Yet the want of such opportunities and incitements, with adequate efficacy, and on a scale sufficiently extended, is generally perceived, and deeply regretted by every intelligent American patriot and parent.

Completely to supply this defect in the system of national education, can be expected only from the operation of causes that necessarily operate slowly and gradually.

Something, meanwhile, may be achieved by individual effort; and every such effort, zealously and skilfully directed, will be admitted to have a solid claim to public patronage. It is only from the extended cooperation, regular succession, and progressive concatenation of individual efforts, that such incitements and opportunities can be effectually and adequately supplied.

With these impressions, Mr. Ogilvie respectfully announces, through the medium of this widely circulated journal, his intention to associate, during the two succeeding years, lectures on rhetoric and exercises in elocution, with his exhibitions on the rostrum, for the purpose of stimulating and aiding young persons in the attainment of skill in public speaking.

He proposes to deliver, in the principal cities of the United States, the series of orations he has composed during his seclusion in the western country.

In each city he successively visits he will remain four months. During that period he will be prepared to devote a portion of his leisure to the instruction of youth in rhetoric, philosophical criticism, and elocution.—He subjoins the following outline of the plan he proposes to pursue:

1. He will not receive a number of pupils below thirty, or over fifty: more than fifty he could not receive with justice to his pupils, nor less than thirty in justice to himself.

2. They will not exceed eighteen, nor fall short of fourteen years of age: at an earlier period of life young persons will *rarely* be capable of receiving the instruction he proposes to communicate: at a more advanced age their attention will be in *general* engrossed by more important pursuits. To this, as to every other general rule, exceptions will occur; and to such exceptions this arrangement will bend. Boys of extraordinary capacity will be received at an earlier, and young men, who have leisure, and feel an inclination, will be received at a more advanced age.

3. They will be divided into two classes, of which the senior class will attend both the lectures on rhetoric and the exercises in elocution. The attention of the junior will be confined to the exercises in elocution solely.

4. The classes will assemble at stated hours, and in a spacious room, which will be hired for their accommodation.

5. In fixing the hours when the attendance of his classes will be required, Mr. O. will avoid any injurious or inconvenient interference with the time which his pupils may have appropriated to other studies and avocations.

6. At the expiration of the four months, parents and the public will be enabled to judge of the proficiency of the young persons who have attended his lectures and exercises, through the medium of an examination and exhibition, at which the senior students will be publicly examined in the principles of rhetoric and philosophical criticism, and will pronounce original compositions from the rostrum; and the junior pupils will recite selected passages, in prose and verse, from the works of eminent authors, ancient and modern. The passages recited in the Greek and Latin languages will be accompanied by original translations in prose and verse.

7. Except during these periodical exhibitions, his lecture room will be open only to his pupils, or to such persons as may be occasionally invited by Mr. Ogilvie himself.

The amount of the pecuniary compensation which, at the expiration of his course of lectures and exercises, M. O. will expect to receive for his services, will be hereafter made known.

Mr. Ogilvie has maturely reflected on the plan, to the consideration of which public attention is, for the first time, respectfully invited. He meditated its execution soon after he commenced his excursion through the United States for the purpose of pronouncing specimens of oratory from the rostrum. Fluctuating health, want of systematic preparation, and a succession of frivolous avocations, in which he is thoroughly ashamed of having wasted so much of his inestimable leisure, from hour to hour, from day to day, and from month to month, withdrew his serious thoughts from the object that best deserved them.

The idea, indeed, often occurred; but instead of being cherished, was as often expelled as an unwelcome disturber of inglorious indolence, the stern monitor of neglected opportunity, mispent time, and violated or evaded duty.

It was whilst secluded in the western country; it was during many months devoted to solitary study in "a log house beyond the mountains," that his determination to execute this plan was matured, and the materials for its future execution digested and arranged.

The advantages it may be expected to produce, provided it shall obtain an adequate share of public patronage, and be followed up with steadiness and energy, can scarcely fail to occur to any intelligent person who may honour this preliminary intimation with an attentive perusal. On these advantages Mr. O. forbears to expatiate.

He is at this time far more anxious to ascertain, by the steady and systematic application of his best exertions, to what extent he is capable of realizing them, than to indulge or excite sanguine hopes of advantages necessarily contingent and prospective.

He will add, however, that the hope of being instrumental in exciting a taste for the study, and diffusing a knowledge of the principles of rhetoric; of stimulating and aiding young persons of promising talents to acquire a graceful and impressive elocution; the hope, at such an era, and in such a society, of contributing, by any effort of his, to promote the revival of eloquence, and render eloquence subservient to the noblest purposes of justice, beneficence, and generous ambition; the hope of assisting any number of that part of the rising generation in the United States, who are destined hereafter, in the pulpit, on the bench, at the bar, or in legislative and academic pales, to protect, adorn, and bless the society of which they are members, in the acquisition of an accomplishment so essential to their future eminence and usefulness; the hope, previous to his departure from the United States, of accomplishing or of doing aught that may promote the accomplishment of objects so valuable and noble, kindles and will sustain an enthusiasm he has never before felt, gives in his own estimation a new value to his existence, and will assuredly call forth, in the maturity of life, all the industry and energy he is capable of exerting.

Of Mr. Ogilvie's capacity to instruct young persons in rhetoric and elocution, intelligent persons in the principal cities of the United States have had some opportunity to judge, by witnessing his rhetorical exhibitions. Of his capacity to illustrate and teach the princples of philosophical criticism, he will very soon afford such persons an opportunity to judge also, as his orations will be hereafter accompanied or alternated with specimens of criticism.

He must take the liberty to add, that of the series of orations that have been delivered in the principal cities of the United States, several were composed and pronounced under circumstances singularly inauspicious to an energetic exertion of his faculties, or an impartial estimate of his exhibitions.

In aid of his exertions to instruct young persons in rhetoric, criticism, and elocution, he will bring with him some qualifications of which, even at the hazard of incurring the charge of egotism, he must say something.—He is confident that he possesses the power, in no ordinary degree, of raising the curiosity, inflaming the emulation, and stimulating the persevering industry of young persons.—Whatever he is qualified to teach he can communicate with readiness, distinctness, and energy.—In Virginia there are many living, and he trusts, willing witnesses, that in what he has now ventured to say of his qualifications, there is neither deception nor exaggeration.

In proposing to undertake this delicate office, Mr. Ogilvie is perfectly conscious of the responsibility he incurs and the difficulties he must encounter. From this responsibility he will not shrink, nor have these difficulties any terrors for him. It is his destiny, in the voyage of life, to tug a labouring oar, and stem an adverse current.

> " Non aliter quam qui adverso, vix flumine lembum
> Remigiis subigit, brachia si forte remisit.
> Atque illum in præceps prone rapit alveus amni.—Virg. Georg.

He *may* not complain, for he has been himself the artificer of that destiny: he *does* not complain, for with his peculiar temperament and turn of mind, he could not probably have chosen any other; nor could any other probably have befallen him, more propitious to his attainment of that *sort* and *share* of usefulness,

happiness, and distinction which he is entitled to claim, and to which he has ever asserted, and whilst he lives, will, or more correctly, *must* continue to assert his claim.

Steubenville, July 9th, 1813.

P. S. As the design which the preceding article announces cannot be wholly uninteresting to any intelligent person, Mr. Ogilvie takes the liberty to request the editors of papers and other periodical publications, in the principal cities of the United States, to republish it, when they can do so without excluding more interesting matter.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF GENERAL GREENE.

Camp Charlotte, December 7, 1780.

General Knox,

Dear Sir—I arrived at this place on the 2d instant. General Gates was here before me with part of his troops, and the rest have since joined. The difficulty of carrying on the war in this department is much greater than my imagination had extended to. The word difficulty, when applied to the state of things here, as it is used at the northward, is almost without meaning, it falls so far short of the real state of things.

The inhabitants are spread over a great extent of country, and one family remote from another; and not a manufactory scarcely in the whole state, nor are there tools or artificers to be had for any purpose whatever.

What adds to our distress is, the greater part of the troops are almost naked, and we subsist by daily collections; and in a country that has been ravaged and plundered by both friends and enemies. The great bodies of militia that have been kept on foot, from the manner of their coming out all on horseback, has laid waste the whole country. The expense and destruction that follows this policy must ruin any nation on earth; and the very mode of defence must terminate in the ruin of the people. With the militia every body is a general, and the powers of government are so feeble, that it is with the utmost difficulty you

can restrain them from plundering one another. The people do not want spirit and enterprise; but they must go to war their own way or not at all.

Nothing can save this country but a good permanent army, conducted with great prudence and caution; for the impatience of the people to drive off the enemy would precipitate an officer into a thousand misfortunes; and the mode of conducting the war, which is most to the liking of the inhabitants, is the least likely to affect their salvation. Every thing here depends upon opinion, and it is equally dangerous to go forward as to stand still. For if you lose the confidence of the people you lose all support, and if you rush into danger, you hazard every thing.

Lord Cornwallis has a much greater force on foot than we have, and much better provided. I am in a critical situation, but shall make the most of it.

We are in great want of a field commissary. There is no person that has sufficient knowledge of the ordnance, as takes proper care of the public stores. A commissary must be had, or the department will be in a miserable state. I have written to the board of war upon the subject; but whose province it is to appoint I know not.

I beg my compliments to Mrs. Knox and the gentlemen of your family, and am affectionately, yours, &c.

Camp Charlotte, December 13, 1780.

COL. WILLIAM GRAHAM,

Sir—General Sumpter transmitted me your letter by lieut. Hutton, addressed to him.

The prisoners, which are not likely to be fit for service in a short time, you may permit Mr. Hutton to remove to Ninety-six on his giving you a receipt for them, specifying their names, the time of their capture, the corps to which they belong; that he was sent by lieut. colonel Cruger for the purpose of removing them, and promising to send out an equal number of continental troops in exchange for them when called for.

The officer commanding at Ninety-six could have no right to send a flag to remove those prisoners, without having previously obtained permission for the purpose; neither should lieut.

Hutton have been suffered to pass farther into the country than the place at which he was first discovered. All persons coming with flags of truce should be stopped at the spot where they are first seen, and detained till they be made known to the nearest general officer, if necessary, or their despatches should be received and they ordered to return immediately.

You will immediately, on the receipt of this, remove all the remaining prisoners to Salisbury, and call out a sufficient body of your militia to conduct them safely. You will also send me the receipt you take for those you deliver lieut. Hutton, with a return of those you send to this place, and the names and rank of all the wounded officers who were left on the ground by col. Campbell, or who have gone into the enemy's lines, either by consent or breach of paroles. I am, &c.

Given at Camp Charlotte, December 15, 1780.

GENERAL SUMNER, *North Carolina.*

Sir—Enclosed you have the resolutions of congress of the 3d and 21st October, for establishing the continental army upon a new footing. You will immediately call the officers of this state together, agreeable to the directions of congress upon that head, and make me returns of those which are to continue in service, and retire. In doing this regard must be had to those officers in captivity. It is to be wished that none but the most active officers will continue in service, and that those whose constitutions or any natural defects render incapable of serving their country to advantage, would give place: however, the resolutions of congress must be your guide on this head.

You will take the most effectual measures for collecting all the deserters or prisoners who have made their escape from the enemy, belonging to this state, and who are enlisted for the war or for the term of one year or longer; many hundreds of the latter class I am told are now going up and down the country. You will call to your aid in this business the civil magistrates of each county, and employ the continental officers to assist in collecting them. Advertisements must be set up in each county, ordering the soldiers to rendezvous at particular places to be pointed out in your advertisements. You will promise a pardon

to all deserters that shall join. These advertisements should be printed and spread through the state. The place of general rendezvous to be at Hillsborough, to which place the collections in each county are to be sent and formed into the first regiment, and measures taken for their equipment and discipline.

At the meeting of the assembly of this state, you will repair to the place where they are to convene, and urge them to measures for filling their continental battalions, and fix with them the proper places of rendezvous, and also with the county commissioners proper places for depositing provisions for their subsistence. You will also concert with the board of war immediately a plan for clothing, arming, and equipping your troops as they are brought into the field.

Enclosed I give you a copy of a route, given by Mr. John Penn, for the march of troops from Richmond, in Virginia, to Salisbury. You will have the provisions and forage laid in at the different stages in this state pointed out in the route. This business will require immediate attention.

You will let me hear from you from time to time respecting the several matters of business you have charge of.

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Camp Charlotte, December 15, 1780.

GOVERNOR NASH,

Sir—Your excellency's letter of the 6th I had the honour to receive this morning. Nothing could have been more flattering to my feelings than the assurances your excellency gives me of my appointment to this department being agreeable to the wishes of the people, and that I shall have all the support in the command which you and the legislature can give me. My utmost exertions shall not be wanting to render this country every service in my power; but the natural and artificial difficulties in carrying on a war here are so great, that I am not without serious apprehensions for the safety of this state; the reduction of which appears to be a capital object with the enemy, as you will see by the enclosed letter from Mr. John Adams, dated at Amsterdam; and perhaps the fleet mentioned may be the same seen a few days since off Cape Fear.

My knowledge in the art of war is small; but were my abilities and experience much greater than they are, they could be

exerted to no advantage without men and supplies. A general without an army, or an army without supplies, can give no protection to the country. The legislature must lay the foundation for their own security, and on their exertions depend their political existence. Whatever force is committed to my charge shall be employed in the best manner I am able to direct it for the protection and security of the southern states.

What I wrote your excellency in my last letter, I now repeat, that all public property upon the seacoast ought to be immediately removed into the interior country, particularly the articles of salt, rum, clothing, and provisions of all kinds. Should the enemy land at Cape Fear, all the horses and cattle of the country ought to be removed out of their way. A measure of this sort may prevent their penetrating farther than they can move by water. Indeed all private merchandise should be seized for the public use, and moved if the enemy should appear upon the coast. Nothing but a good regular army can save this country from ruin; and I hope the legislature will determine on a draft to fill up their continental battalions on their first meeting. Don't be deceived and trust your liberties to a precarious force; for whatever it may promise you in the first efforts, it will bring on you distress and disappointment in the issue.

Enclosed I send your excellency a printed resolution of congress for the establishment of the army, which perhaps you have not yet seen.

I think the board of war of this state should be directed immediately to provide clothing and arms for the few troops already belonging to this state, as well as for the recruits expected to be raised agreeable to the requisition of congress. Men when raised are of no use unless clothed, armed and equipped.

I am, with great respect, &c.

December 17, 1780.

The right honourable the EARL CORNWALLIS,

Lieutenant General, &c. &c. &c.

My Lord—Your lordship's letter of the 1st instant, addressed to major-general Gates, I had the honour to receive, he having left this department before it came to hand.

I have written general Sumter respecting the violation of the flag mentioned in your letter, and am persuaded he will take

such measures as will be satisfactory to your lordship, as well for restoring the honours of the flag in the present instance, as for preserving it inviolate in future.

I am too much a stranger to the transactions at Gilberttown to reply fully on that subject. They must have been committed before my arrival in the department, and by persons under the character of volunteers, who were independent of the army. However, if there was any thing done in that affair contrary to the principles of humanity and the law of nations, and for which they had not the conduct of your army as a precedent, I shall be ever ready to testify my disapprobation of it.

The first example was furnished on your part, as appears by the list of unhappy sufferers which I have the honour to enclose, and it might have been expected that the friends of the unfortunate would follow it.

Punishing capitally for breach of a military parole, is a severity that the principles of modern war will not authorize, unless the inhabitants are to be treated as a conquered people, and subject to all the rigour of military government.

The feelings of mankind will forever decide when the rights of humanity are invaded. I leave them to judge of the nature and tendency of your lordship's orders to lieut. colonel Balfour, after the action near Camden, of lord Rawdon's proclamation, and lieut. colonel Tarleton's conduct in laying waste the country and distressing the inhabitants, who were taught to expect protection and security if they observed but a neutrality.

Sending the inhabitants of Charlestown to St. Augustine, contrary to the articles of capitulation, is a violation which I have also to represent, and which I hope your lordship will think yourself bound to redress.

It is my wish to soften the rigours of war as much as possible, and it shall be my study to render the sufferings of the unfortunate on either side as light as may be. For this purpose I should be happy to promote an exchange of prisoners on just and equal principles; and where exchanges cannot immediately take place, to grant paroles to the officers in captivity.

I am, my lord,

Your lordship's

Most obedient humble servant.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE WORD APPROBATE.

Mr. Oldschool.

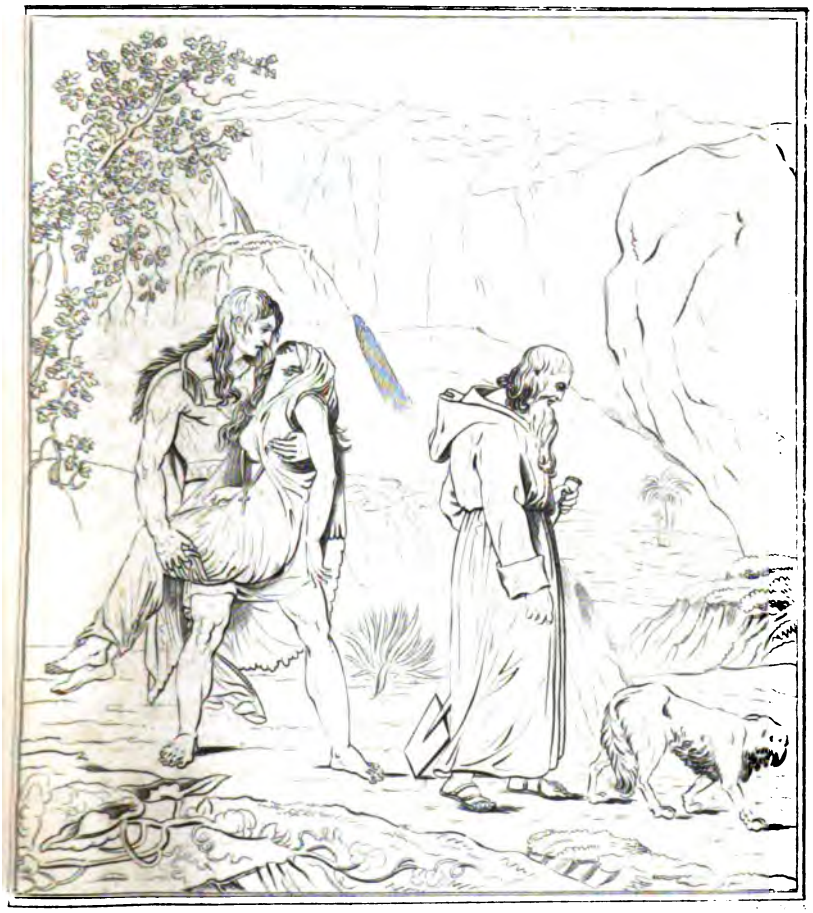
As you must be anxious to preserve the purity of our language, I wish you would contrive to arrest a word which I have met prowling about lately, and which threatens to usurp the place of a very discreet and long established verb. This intruder is *approbate*, a new-fangled expression, not sanctioned by any of our classical writers, and certainly not worth introducing. To *approbate*, means nothing more, as I understand it, than *to approve;* and as this latter word has for some centuries performed its duty perfectly well, I should be sorry to see it superceded by a new-comer, who occupies more room, and has to my ears a very ungracious and unpleasant sound. If you can reason it out of use, or laugh it out of countenance, lose no time in doing so, for I wish to see the list of our Americanisms abridged as much as possible. D.

THE FINE ARTS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MODERN FRENCH SCHOOL.

THE FUNERAL OF ATALA, FROM M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND'S STORY OF ATALA, BY GAUTHEROT.

Atala, a young female of Louisiana, fell a victim to a religious vow she had made, in obedience to the will of her dying mother, at an age when she was ignorant of the passion of love. She was then eighteen, when Chactas, a warrior of a people in enmity with her country, was made prisoner. According to the custom of the nation, he was condemned to the most afflicting punishment. Atala beheld him; became enamoured of his person; snatched him from the pile; and fled with him among the deserts of Florida. Their footsteps were traced by a dog, a species of blood-hound, who accompanied a benevolent priest upon his mission. Father Aubry (such was his name) conducted the fugitives to his habitation; heard the recital of their adventures;



Atala

felt himself equally interested in the fate of Chactas, though an idolater, as in that of Atala; and proposed to unite them in marriage. Atala, on leaving her native country, had provided herself with a mortal poison. This she swallowed, and, on the point of death, learned, with inconceivable anguish, that she might have been absolved from the oath.

Chactas, driven to despair, dug, with his own hands, the tomb of his mistress. Her reliques were enveloped in a linen cloth, and, accompanied by father Aubry, he carried the body to the cemetery of the Indians under the arch of the *Pont-naturel.*

Such is the subject of this pathetic composition, which cannot be contemplated without emotion. The artist has very judiciously collected all the accessaries capable of contributing to the general effect. The figures are well imagined, and the attitudes highly expressive. The wildness of the scenery is perfectly adapted to the subject. The dog even, who precedes the funeral procession, combines with the unity of expression, and this unity is essential in art, the power of which over the spectator is, in a manner, instantaneous.

The figures of the picture are of the natural size.

JUNIUS'S LETTERS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Oldschool,

On reading in your last number the article on Junius, I recollected to have seen in an old American magazine, some account of a personage who makes a considerable figure in one of the letters. He is not, it is true, a man of much dignity; but as the celebrity of Junius has given importance to the meanest objects touched by his pen, the following extract is worth preserving. It is from the Pennsylvania Magazine for January 1775.

Died at Salem, Newjersey, Edward M'Quirk, noted for riotously opposing Mr. Wilkes's election at Brentford, and for being tried and convicted for a murder committed at the same time.

T.

NOTES OF A DESULTORY READER.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In justice to Mr. Fox's assertion (remarked upon in my last notes) of the loves of Dido and Æneas, borrowed by Virgil from Apolonius, I give an observation which I have since met with in Pope's preface to his translation of the Iliad. "The story of Sinon and the taking of Troy was copied (says Macrobius) almost word for word from Pisander, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from those of Media and Jason, in Apolonius." Still, there is no doubt that the fine passage selected by Mr. Fox, in proof of his position, is taken from Homer: nor is it at all improbable that Catullus may have been in the eye of the epic poet, as well as Apolonius, even though the former should have been but an imitator of the latter. Catullus was cotemporary with Julius Cæsar, Virgil with Augustus; hence, if either has borrowed from the other, the borrower must have been Virgil.

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Mr. Addison, in his dialogues on the usefulness of ancient medals, puts the following observation into the mouth of the sarcastic Cynthio. "The *grato ictu* and the *felix injuria* would have told the name of the author, though you have said nothing of him. There is none of all the poets, that delights so much in these pretty kinds of contradictions as Claudian. He loves to set his epithet at variance with its substantive, and to surprise his reader with a seeming absurdity." But the first phrase is found in Lucan as well as in Claudian, *et grato moriens interfecit ictu;* and Mr. Gibbon, the historian, in speaking of the Quintilian Brothers, is as bold as either of the poets, when he says, "The *kind cruelty* of Comodus united them in death." These contradictory epithets, however, are not absolutely proscribed; since it is added by Cynthio, "that some of the greatest beauties as well as faults of Claudian, arise from the frequent use of this particular figure."

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Is it the mere effect of imagination, or is there not a peculiar melancholy flow in the last line of Ovid's description of Halcyone, following with her watery eyes the receding bark, which bears away her husband?

Ubi terra recessit
Longius, atque oculi nequeunt cognoscere vultus,
Dum licet insequitur fugientem lumine pinum.

The episode of Thermosiris, the priest of Apollo, in Telemachus, is pronounced by Mr. De Chateaubriand, to be equal in value to a long poem; and who, indeed, on perusing it, is not tempted to exclaim with the youthful hero of Ithica, *Jamais J'e n'ai vu un si venerable viellard*—never did I behold so venerable an old man! It may be doubted, however, if the representation of this sublime personage would be so superlatively impressed, were we not prepared for his reception by one of the most exquisitely tranquillizing passages that ever was penned. I had already noted it, before meeting with this remark of Chateaubriand, as one of those which justify Voltaire in saying, that this work of Fenelon both breathes virtue and inspires it. It cannot be doubted, that it has its influence in rendering Thermosiris so transcendently venerable in the eyes of the French traveller; and that it should be received as part of the picture. I venture it in my own translation, though doubtless at the expense of the original. "The better to support the wearisomeness of captivity and solitude, I sought for books; for I was overwhelmed with sadness, for want of some instruction to nourish and sustain my mind. Happy, said I to myself, are they who are disgusted with violent pleasures, and who are capable of contenting themselves with the sweets of an innocent life! Happy they, who amuse while instructing themselves, and who take pleasure in cultivating their minds with the sciences! In whatsoever place they may be thrown by adverse fortune, they always carry along with them the means of entertaining themselves, and the *ennui* which devours other men in the very midst of their enjoyments, is unknown to those who can employ themselves in reading. Happy those who love to read; and are not, like myself, deprived of the means of gratification!"

These reflections are immediately succeeded by the description of the amiable priest of Apollo; and charming as it is, the following portrait from Dr. Armstrong's poem on Health, might be placed by its side as no unworthy companion.

The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Though old, he still retain'd
His manly sense and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remember'd that he once was young;
His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
Him, even the dissolute admired; for he
A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,
And laughing could instruct. Much had he read;
Much more had seen; he studied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind, &c.

No writer, perhaps, of any age or country whatever, has thrown so much enthusiasm into prose as Rousseau. Few poets more abound in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn;" and both in his Nouvelle Eloise, and his Confessions, there are passages little less glowing than the most impassioned of those of Pope's Eloisa to Abelard. Was ever the impatient langour of ill-starred love; the torture of that suspense, in which, in the language of Thomson, "we wish and wish the soul away," more eloquently depicted, than in the letter of St. Preux from Meillerie? What exquisite feeling does he not impart to the reveries in his Confessions; and can any thing exceed the pathos with which he recalls and dwells upon the serene but fleeting moments he passed with madame De Warens, at Charmettes? "Here," says he, "begins the short happiness of my life; here commence those peaceable but rapid moments which give me a right to say, that I have lived. Precious and regretted moments! Ah! begin for me again your amiable course; flow more gently in my recollection, if it be possible, than you in reality did in your fugitive succession." This is introductory to the incident of the Periwinkle which, with "all the melancholy madness of poetry," has much of its inspiration also. Neither do I know any thing more solemn and affecting, than this apostrophe to the manes of his departed protectress, when presuming to unveil her errors to the reader: "O! if souls that are disengaged from their earthly incumbrances, still see from the bosom of eternal light, that which passes among mortals; pardon me, ever dear and venerated shade, if I show no more respect to thy faults than my own; if I equally unveil both to the eyes of the reader. I

ought, I will be just for you as for myself; you will always lose much less by it than I. Ah! how amply do thy soft and amiable character, thy inexhaustible goodness of heart, thy frankness, and all thy other excellent qualities, redeem thy foibles, if one may thus call the mistakes of thy reason alone. You had errors, but not vices; your conduct was reprehensible, but your heart was always pure."

Nor is he less impressive when expatiating on the charms of nature, and elevating his soul to the divine Author of all. He then assumes the mannner of Fenelon, and is not inferior to that sublime moralist, in inspiring the piety and benevolence he breathes. "I rose," says he, "every morning before the sun, and ascended by a neighbouring orchard into a very pleasant pathway above the vineyard, and which led along the side of the hill to Chamberry. Here, as I walked, I offered up my prayers, which consisted not in a vain agitation of the lips, but in a sincere elevation of the soul to the Author of that amiable nature, whose beauties were before my eyes. I never liked to pray in my chamber; the walls and other little works of man, seem so many interpositions between God and me. I love to contemplate him in his works, while my heart is lifted towards him. My prayers were pure, I have a right to say so, and worthy, on that account, of being heard. I only supplicated for myself and for her, from whom in my vows I was never separated a moment, a life, innocent and tranquil, exempt from vice, from grief, from pinching want; the death of the just, and their lot in a future state." This association of *Mamam* in his prayers, is similar to the tender passage in Ovid's Halcyone and Ceyx.

> Omnibus illa quidem superis pia thura ferebat:
> Proque viro qui nullus erat, veniebat ad aras.
> Utque foret sospes conjux, suus utque rediret
> Obtabat, nullamque sibi preferrat.

But notwithstanding these effusions of an exquisitely feeling heart, Rousseau must be admitted to be a dangerous writer, and his moral lessons to abound with all the paradox and inconsistency that have been attributed to them. Even his enthusiastic admiration of nature, his vivid pictures of mountain scenery, and the lofty delirium of his castles in Spain, as he calls them, have

mischievous effects on romantically constituted minds, ever assimilating themselves in sublimity to the grand objects presented to them, and thereby rendered unfit for the common offices of life.

> Wo to the youth whom Fancy gains,
> Winning from Reason's hands the reins;
> Pity and wo! for such a mind
> Is soft, contemplative, and kind;
> And wo to those who train such youth,
> And spare to press the rights of truth,
> The mind to strengthen and anneal,
> While on the stithy glows the steel!
>
> Scott's Rokeby.

This frame of mind may be called innocent, and is perhaps the natural concomitant of virtue. Nevertheless, it may be said to be generally more unfavourable to success in life, and habits of industry than the grossest dissipation. And this temperament, the writings of Rousseau, beyond all others, have a tendency to nourish and stimulate; for which reason, as much as for the false morals they inculcate, they are pernicious to young persons of sensibility. This author so transfuses his soul into his page, that to minds of a congenial cast, it cannot fail to impart a portion of that baleful langour by which it is inspired. In it, as in Voltaire's temple of love,

> On entend pour tout bruit des concerts enchanteurs
> Dont la molle harmonie inspire les langueurs.

The Geneva philosopher probably gave birth to the deleterious Sorrows of Werter; the uncontrolled susceptibilities of the drama of Kotzebue; and the "free as air" maxims of the Wolstoncraftian and Godwinian school. But then to him, no doubt, we owe the novel, animated manner, so much admired in the Volneys, the Denons, the Chateaubrainds, &c.

—

Mr. Burke, extremely out of humour with Rousseau for the mischievous tendency and effects of his writings, seems grudgingly to allow him what is due to his eloquence. In his letter to a member of the national assembly, he says, "I have often

wondered how he comes to be so much more admired and followed on the continent, than he is here. Perhaps a secret charm in the language may have its share in this extraordinary difference. We certainly perceive, and to a degree we feel, in this writer, a style glowing, animated, enthusiastic; at the same time that we find it lax, diffuse, and not in the best taste of composition; all the members of the piece being pretty equally laboured and expanded, without any due selection and subordination of parts. He is generally too much on the stretch, and his manner has little variety." Without arraigning this remark, which is probably correct, we collect from it, however, one of Mr. Burke's own principles of composition. He aimed, it appears, at variety in his diction, and was careful that his eloquence should not be constantly on the stretch, and hence, the great diversity of style his productions exhibit. He seems too, to have searched for Wisdom, where few others would have thought of looking for her; and accordingly, he occasionally vamps up the old saws of forgotten writers. Thus we find him, not only raking in the "old stubble of Moliere," but even in that of Gui du Fur de Pibrac; and there is much reason to believe, that a speech of Ulysses in Shakspeare's little read play of Troilus and Cressida, furnished hints for his reflections on the French revolution; for that part of them, at least, which relates to insubordination and anarchy.

> O when degree is shaken,
> (Which is the ladder to all high designs)
> The enterprise is sick. How could communities,
> Degrees in schools, and brotherhood in cities,
> Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
> The primogeniture and due of birth,
> Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,
> But by degree, stand in authentic place?
> Take but degree away, untune that string,
> And hark what discord follows; each thing meets
> In mere oppugnancy. The bounded waters
> Would lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
> And make a sop of all this solid globe:
> Strength would be lord of imbecility,
> And the rudeson would strike his father dead:
> Force would be right; or, rather right and wrong

(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Would lose their names, and so would justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite,
And appetite (a universal wolf
So doubly seconded by will and power)
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And last eat up himself.

Though this detail may not be exactly copied by Burke, he seems to have imbibed its perfect spirit, when, speaking of anarchy, he says, "the law is broken, nature is disobeyed, and the rebellious are outlawed, cast forth and exiled, from this world of reason, and order, and fruitful penitence, into the antagonist world of madness, discord, vice, confusion, and unavailing sorrow.

From the chorus of Moliere's Doctors he borrows the ridicule applied to the revolutionary expedient of multiplying assignats—"assignare, postea assignare, ensuita assignare;" and to Gui du Fur de Pibrac's quatrain,

Aime l'etat, tel que tu le vois etre:
S'il royal, aime la royante;
S'il ne l'est point, s'il est communante,
Aime le aussi, quand dieu t'y a fait naitre.

We unquestionably owe this refined morsel of morality, in the appeal to the old whigs. "Taking it for granted, that I do not write to the disciples of the Parisian philosophy, I may assume, that the awful author of our being is the author of our place in the order of existence; and that having disposed and marshalled us by a divine tactic, not according to our will, but according to his, he has, in and by that disposition, virtually subjected us to act the part which belongs to the place assigned us. Children are not consenting to their relation, but their relation, without their actual consent, binds them to its duties; or rather it implies their consent; because the presumed consent of every rational creature is in unison with the predisposed order of things. Men come in that manner into a community with the social state of their parents, endowed with all the benefits, loaded with all the duties of their situation."

This is but the imperfect and condensed sense of a passage, amplified and dilated with much beautiful illustration.

But independent of the hints which he knew so well to improve, I consider the political writings of Mr. Burke, as evincing more solid wisdom, and a greater reach of thought, than are to be found in those of any other man. Intermingled with the very passages in which he has given most rein to his rhetorical talent, and which some are pleased to call incomprehensible rant, may be found maxims which might serve as texts for an essayist, and sayings much more worthy of perpetuation than those of the wise men of Greece. Yet it is the lot of Mr. Burke to be denominated by many a florid and frothy writer; and some of his best specimens of eloquence have been arraigned as turgid, verbose, and unintelligible. Ridicule has been applied to him, for his no less solid than brilliant reflections on the extinction of chivalry; and because above the intellect of numbers who undertake to judge him, it has been attempted to sink him even below the rate of ordinary scribblers. From such common-place critics as cannot dispense with the most minute precision, the most obvious triteness in language and idea, little quarter is to be expected for the following passage. It is on the very delicate subject of church and state, or rather a national mode of worship; and is selected as an example of the luxuriant amplification this writer employs on subjects too complicated and refined to be made out and elucidated by mere logical deduction. After quoting the justly admired sentiment of Cicero, Quod illi principi et prepotenti Deo qui omnem hunce mundum regit, &c. in corroboration of his position, that without civil society man cannot arrive at the perfection of which his nature is capable, nor even make a remote or faint approach to it:—he goes on to say, "They (the favourers of the doctrine) conceive that He who gave our nature to be perfected by our virtue, willed also the necessary means of its perfection. He willed the state. He willed in connexion with the source and original archetype of all perfection. They who are convinced of this his will, which is the law of laws, and sovereign of sovereigns, cannot think it reprehensible that this our own corporate fealty and homage, that this our recognition of a seigniory paramount, I had

almost said this oblation of the state itself, as a worthy offering on the high altar of universal praise, should be performed as all public, solemn acts are performed in buildings, in music, in decoration, in speech, in the dignity of persons, according to the customs of mankind, taught by their nature; that is, with modest splendour, with unassuming state, with mild majesty, and sober pomp. For these purposes, they think some part of the wealth of the country is as usefully employed as it can be in fomenting the luxury of individuals. It is the public ornament. It is the public consolation. It nourishes the public hope. The poorest man finds his own importance and dignity in it, whilst the wealth and pride of individuals at every moment makes the man of humble rank and fortune sensible of his inferiority, and degrades and vilifies his condition. It is for the man in humble life, and to raise his nature, and to put him in mind of a state in which the privileges of opulence will cease when he will be equal by nature, and will be more than equal by virtue, that this portion of the general wealth of his country is employed and sanctified."

Is this reasoning, or eloquence, or rant? Some may say the latter merely, and that there is much verbiage with little meaning; and terseness of expression, it must be granted, has been evidently neglected, if not purposely avoided. To me, however, there are ideas also, and those very profound, and pious, and sublime; and without giving any opinion of the doctrine they inculcate, I can freely subscribe to the sentiments of one of the first of modern poets, in respect to the author of them, whom he designates as

> ——————the sage whose reverend form
> Was seen amidst the tumult of the storm,
> High waving wisdom's sacred flag unfurl'd,
> In awful warning to a frantic world.

MR. C. R. LESLIE.

The following resolutions were adopted at a meeting of the President and Directors of the Pennsylvania Academy of the

Fine Arts, on the 9th inst. and Mr. Hopkinson, Mr. S. F. Bradford, and Mr. James M'Murtrie, were appointed a committee to carry them into effect.

Whereas it is the first duty and greatest pleasure of this Academy to encourage and assist the efforts of American genius in the Fine Arts by every means in our power; and we have the highest satisfaction in the rapid improvement in painting exhibited by Mr. Charles R. Leslie, now in London, in the several pictures he has sent to this city; therefore, in order to stimulate and aid Charles R. Leslie in the prosecution of his studies,

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to procure an engraving, to be executed in the best style which the talents of our country can afford, of the "Trial of Constance," an original picture by the said Charles R. Leslie, and now exhibited in the Academy, and to obtain as extensive a subscription as possible for the said work, upon such terms and in such manner as the committee shall think most likely to promote its success.

Resolved, That all the proceeds of the sales of the said engraving, after deducting all necessary charges and expenses, be appropriated to the use of the said C. R. Leslie, and be collected and paid to him by the said committee.

ACCOUNT OF THE LATE DR. LEYDEN.

From a London publication.

This singular and singularly learned man, it will be recollected, died at Java, to which island he had accompanied his patron, lord Minto, at the time of its conquest. The following tribute to his memory comes from the pen of general Malcolm, so much distinguished by his embassy to Persia, by the several treaties which he has negotiated with the Indian sovereigns, and by his late masterly sketch of the political history of India. The general was a countryman of Dr. Leyden's; and it is pleasing to observe that love of the *natale solum* which was common to them both, glowing, with unabated fervour, in the distant regions of Hindoostan, amidst objects calculated to absorb the mind in far

different sensations. It was originally addressed to the editor of the Bombay Courier, from which paper we have extracted it.

To the Editor of the Bombay Courier.

SIR,

I enclose some lines which have no value but what they derive from the subject: they are an unworthy, but sincere tribute to one whom I have long regarded with sentiments of esteem and affection, and whose loss I regret with the most unfeigned sorrow. It will remain with those who are better qualified than I am to do justice to the memory of Dr. Leyden: I only know that he rose by the power of native genius from the humblest origin to a very distinguished rank in the literary world. His studies included almost every branch of human science, and he was alike ardent in the pursuit of all. The greatest power of his mind was perhaps shown in his acquisition of modern and ancient languages. He exhibited an unexampled facility, not merely in acquiring them, but in tracing their affinity and connexion with each other; and from that talent, combined with his taste and general knowledge, we had a right to expect, from what he did in a very few years, that he would, if he had lived, have thrown the greatest light upon the more abstruse parts of the history of the East. In this curious, but intricate and rugged path we cannot hope to see his equal.

Dr. Leyden had, from his earliest years, cultivated the muses, with a success which will make many regret that poetry did not occupy a larger portion of his time. The first of his essays which appeared in a separate form was "The Scenes of Infancy," a descriptive poem, in which he sung, in no unpleasing strains, the charms of his native mountains and streams in Tiviot-dale. He contributed several small pieces to that collection of poems called the Minstrelsey of the Scottish Border, which he published with his celebrated friend Walter Scott. Among these the Mermaid is certainly the most beautiful. In it he has shown all the creative fancy of real genius. His Ode on the death of Nelson is undoubtedly the best of those poetical effusions that he has published since he came to India. The following apostrophe to the blood of that hero has a sublimity of thought and happi-

ness of expression which never could have been attained but by a true poet:—

"Blood of the brave, thou art not lost
Amid the waste of waters blue;
The tide that rolls to Albion's coast
Shall proudly boast its sanguine hue;
And thou shalt be the vernal due
To foster valour's daring seed;
The generous plant shall still its stock renew,
And hosts of heroes rise when one shall bleed."

It is pleasing to find him on whom Nature has bestowed eminent genius, possessed of those more essential and intrinsic qualities which give the truest excellence to the human character. The manners of Dr. Leyden were uncourtly, more, perhaps, from his detestation of the vices too generally attendant on refinement, and a wish (indulged to excess from his youth) to keep at a marked distance from them, than from any ignorance of the rules of good breeding. He was fond of talking; his voice was loud, and had little or no modulation, and he spoke in the provincial dialect of his native country; it cannot be surprising, therefore, that even his information and knowledge, when so conveyed, should be felt by a number of his hearers as unpleasant, if not oppressive. But with all these disadvantages (and they were great) the admiration and esteem in which he was always held, by those who could appreciate his qualities, became general wherever he was long known; they even who could not understand the value of his knowledge, loved his virtues. Though he was distinguished by his love of liberty, and almost haughty independence, his ardent feelings and proud genius never led him into any licentious or extravagant speculation on political subjects. He never solicited favour; but he was raised, by the liberal discernment of his noble friend and patron, lord Minto, to situations that afforded him an opportunity of shewing, that he was as scrupulous and as inflexibly virtuous in the discharge of his public duties, as he was attentive in private life to the duties of morality and religion.

It is not easy to convey an idea of the method which Dr. Leyden used in his studies, or to describe the unconquerable ardour with which these were pursued. During his early resi-

dence in India I had a particular opportunity of observing both. When he read a lesson in Persian, a person near him, whom he had taught, wrote down each word on a long slip of paper, which was afterwards divided into as many pieces as there were words, and pasted in alphabetical order, under different heads of verbs, nouns, &c. into a blank book that formed a vocabulary of each day's lesson. All this he had, in a very few hours, instructed a very ignorant native to do, and this man he used, in his broad accent, to call "one of his mechanical aids." He was so ill at Mysore, soon after his arrival from England, that Mr. Anderson, the surgeon who attended him, despaired of his life; but though all his friends endeavoured, at this period, to prevail upon him to relax in his application to study, it was in vain. He used, when unable to sit upright, to prop himself up with pillows, and continue his translations. One day that I was sitting by his bedside, the surgeon came in. "I am glad you are here," said Mr. Anderson, addressing himself to me, "you will be able to persuade Leyden to attend to my advice. I have told him before, and I now repeat that he will die, if he does not leave off his studies and remain quiet." "Very well, doctor," exclaimed Leyden, "you have done your duty, but you must now hear me: I cannot be idle; and whether I die or live, the wheel must go round to the last:" and he actually continued, under the depression of a fever, and a liver complaint, to study more than ten hours each day.

The temper of Dr. Leyden was mild and generous, and he could bear, with perfect good humour, raillery on his foibles. When he arrived at Calcutta in 1805, I was most solicitous regarding his reception in the society of the Indian capital. "I entreat you, my dear friend," I said to him the day he landed, "to be careful of the impression you make on your entering this community; for God's sake, learn a little English, and be silent upon literary subjects, except among literary men." "Learn English," he exclaimed, "No, never: it was trying to learn that language that spoilt my Scotch; and as to being silent, I will promise to hold my tongue, if you will make fools hold their's."

His memory was most tenacious, and he sometimes loaded it with lumber. When he was at Mysore, an argument occurred

upon a point of English history: it was agreed to refer it to Leyden, and, to the astonishment of all parties, he repeated verbatim the whole of an act of parliament in the reign of James I, relative to Ireland, which decided the point in dispute. On being asked how he came to charge his memory with such extraordinary matter, he said, that several years before, when he was writing on the changes that had taken place in the English language, this act was one of the documents to which he had referred as a specimen of the style of that age, and that he had retained every word in his memory.

His love of the place of his nativity was a passion in which he had always a pride, and which in India he cherished with the fondest enthusiasm. I once went to see him when he was very ill, and had been confined to his bed for many days: there were several gentlemen in the room: he inquired if I had any news: I told him I had a letter from Eskdale: and what are they about in the borders? he asked: a curious circumstance, I replied, is stated in my letter; and I read him a passage which described the conduct of our volunteers on a fire being kindled by mistake at one of the beacons. This letter mentioned that the moment the blaze, which was the signal of invasion, was seen, the mountaineers hastened to their rendezvous, and those of Leddesdale swam the Ewes river to reach it. They were assembled, though several of their houses were at the distance of six and seven miles, in two hours; and at break of day the party marched into the town of Hawick (a distance of twenty miles from the place of assembly) to the border tune of "*Wha dar meddle wi' me?*" Leyden's countenance became animated as I proceeded with this detail; and at its close he sprung from his sick bed, and with strange melody, and still stranger gesticulations, sung aloud, "*Wha dar meddle wi' me? wha dar meddle wi' me?*" Several of those who witnessed this scene looked at him as one that was raving in the delirium of a fever.

These anecdotes will display more fully than any description I can give, the lesser shades in the character of this extraordinary man. An external manner certainly not agreeable, and a disposition to egotism, were his only defects. How trivial do these appear, at a moment when we are lamenting the loss of

such a rare combination of virtues, learning, and genius, as were concentrated in the late Dr. Leyden!

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN MALCOLM.

Where sleep the brave on Java's strand,
Thy ardent spirit, Leyden! fled,
And Fame with cypress shades the land,
Where Genius fell, and Valour bled.

When Triumph's tale is westward borne,
On border hills no joy shall gleam:
And thy loved Tiviot long shall mourn
The youthful poet of her stream.

Near Jura's rocks the mermaid's strain,
Shall change from sweet to solemn lay:
For he is gone, the stranger swain,
Who sung the maid of Colonsay.

The hardy tar, Britannia's pride,
Shall hang his manly head in wo:
The bard who told how Nelson died,
With harp unstrung, in earth lies low.

I see a weeping band arise;
I hear sad music on the gale;
Thy dirge is sung from Scotia's skies;
Her mountain sons their loss bewail.

The minstrel of thy native north,
Pours all his soul into the song;
It bursts from near the winding Forth,
And Highland rocks the notes prolong.

Yes, he who struck a matchless lyre,
O'er Flodden's field and Katrine's wave,
With trembling hand now leads the choir,
That mourn his Leyden's early grave.

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN BROKE TO CAPTAIN LAWRENCE.

HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S SHIP SHANNON,
Off Boston, June, 18,13.

Sir,

As the Chesapeake appears now ready for sea, I request you will do me the favour to meet the Shannon with her, ship to ship, to try the fortune of our respective flags. To an officer of your character, it requires some apology for proceeding to further particulars. Be assured, sir, that it is not from any doubt I can entertain of your wishing to close with my proposal, but merely to provide an answer to any objection which might be made, and very reasonably, upon the chance of our receiving unfair support.

After the diligent attention which we had paid to commodore Rodgers; the pains I took to detach all force but the Shannon and Tenedos to such a distance that they could not possibly join in any action fought in sight of the Capes; and the various verbal messages which had been sent into Boston to that effect; we were much disappointed to find the commodore had eluded us by sailing on the first change, after the prevailing easterly winds had obliged us to keep an offing from the coast. He perhaps wished for some *stronger* assurance of a fair meeting. I am therefore induced to address you more particularly, and to assure you that what I write I pledge my honour to perform to the utmost of my power.

The Shannon mounts twenty-four guns upon her broadside, and one light boat gun; eighteen pounders on her main deck, and thirty-two pound carronades on her quarter deck and forecastle; and is manned with a complement of three hundred men and boys (a large proportion of the latter) besides thirty seamen, boys and passengers, who were taken out of recaptured vessels lately. I am thus minute, because a report has prevailed in some of the Boston papers that we had one hundred and fifty men, additional, lent us from La Hôgue, which really never was the case. La Hôgue is now gone to Halifax for provisions, and I will send all other ships beyond the power of interfering with us, and meet you wherever it is most agreeable to you, within the limits of the undermentioned rendezvous, viz.

From six to ten leagues east of Cape Cod light-house, from eight to ten leagues east of Cape Ann's light, on Cashe's ledge, in lat. 43° Nor. at any bearing and distance you please to fix off the south breakers of Nantucket, or the shoal on St. George's Bank.

If you will favour me with any plan of signals or telegraph, I will warn you (if sailing under this promise) should any of my friends be too nigh or any where in sight, until I can detach them out of my way; or, I would sail with you under a flag of truce to any place you think safest from our cruisers, hauling it down when fair to begin hostilities.

You must, sir, be aware that my proposals are highly advantageous to you, as you cannot proceed to sea singly in the Chesapeake without imminent risk of being crushed by the superior force of the numerous British squadrons which are now abroad, where all your efforts, in case of a rencontre, would, however gallant, be perfectly hopeless. I entreat you, sir, not to imagine that I am urged by mere personal vanity to the wish of meeting the Chesapeake; or that I depend only upon your personal ambition for your acceding to this invitation:—we have both nobler motives. You will feel it as a compliment if I say, that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render to my country; and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced, that it is only by repeated triumphs in *even combats*, that your little navy can now hope to console *your* country for the loss of that trade it can no longer protect. Favour me with a speedy reply. We are short of provisions and water and cannot stay long here.

I have the honour to be, sir, your ob't humble serv't.

(Signed) P. B. V. BROKE.

Captain of his Britannic Majesty's ship Shannon.

N. B. For the general service of watching your coast, it is requisite for me to keep another ship in company, to support me with her guns and boats when employed near the land, and particularly to aid each other if either ship in chase should get on shore. You must be aware that I cannot, consistently with my duty, waive so great an advantage for this *general* service, by

detaching my consort, without an assurance on your part of meeting me directly; and that you will neither seek or admit aid from any other of *your* armed vessels, if *I* detach *mine* expressly for the sake of meeting you. Should any special order restrain you from thus answering a formal challenge, you may yet oblige me by keeping my proposal a secret, and appointing any place you like to meet us (within three hundred miles of Boston) in a given number of days after you sail; as unless you agree to an interview, I may be busied on other service, and perhaps be at a distance from Boston when you go to sea.—Choose your terms—but let us meet.

To the Commander of the U. S. Frigate Chesapeake.

Endorsement on the envelope.

We have thirteen American prisoners on board, which I will give you for as many British sailors, if you will send them out, otherwise, being privateersmen, they must be detained.

ADVICE TO THE OFFICERS OF THE ARMY.

THE "Advice to Officers of the Army," an admirable imitation of Swift, conveys, in a strain of playful irony, a fund of real instruction for the conduct of military men; while the humour is so playful, the raillery so happy, and the hits so palpable, that it is impossible to be offended even by their keenness. We select a few of the most playful pieces of admonition.

TO GENERAL OFFICERS COMMANDING IN CHIEF.

A commander in chief, is to the army under his command, what the soul is to the body: it can neither think nor act without him; and, in short, is as perfect a nonentity without its commander, as a wife is without her husband. You must, therefore, through pure good-will and affection for your troops, take care of your own sacred person, and never expose it to any dangers. You have not arrived at this rank without knowing the folly of knocking one's head against a post, when it can be avoided. When any service of danger is to be performed, you should send your

second in command, or some inferior officer—but whomsoever you send, if he succeeds in the business, be sure to take all the merit of it to yourself.

Remember that ease and conveniency are apt to render soldiers effeminate; witness Hannibal's army at Capua. Never, therefore, let the troops have comfortable quarters; and as money, according to Horace, lowers a man's courage, be sure to cut off every emolument from your army, to prevent the impediment of a full purse. No persons will behave so desperately in action as those who are tired of their lives; *Ibit eò quò vis qui zonam perdidit*—and the more you pinch the army under your command, the more you may appropriate to your own use; your country can afford to make you the handsomer allowance.

Be sure to give out a number of orders. It will at least show the troops you do not forget them. The more trifling they are, the more it shows your attention to the service; and should your orders contradict one another, it will give you an opportunity of altering them, and find subject for fresh regulations.

You should have a clever secretary to write your despatches, in case you should not be so well qualified yourself. This gentleman may often serve to get you out of a scrape. You must take pains so to interlard your letters with technical terms, that neither the public, nor the minister to whom they are addressed, will understand them; especially if the transactions you are describing be trivial: it will then give them an air of importance.—This is conformable to the maxim in epic and dramatic poetry, of raising the diction at times to cover the poverty of the subject.

TO AID-DE-CAMPS OF GENERAL OFFICERS.

An aid-de-camp is to his general what Mercury was to Jupiter, and what the jackall is to the lion. It is a post that very few can fill with credit, and requires parts and education to execute its duties with propriety. Mistake me not; I do not mean that you are to puzzle your brain with mathematics or spoil your eyes with poring over Greek and Latin. Nor is it necessary you should understand military manœuvres, or even the manual exercise. It is the graces you must court by means of their high priest, a dancing-master. Learn to make a good bow; that is the

first grand essential: the next is to carve and hold the toast; and if you aspire to great eminence, get a few French and German phrases by rote: these, besides giving you an air of learning, may induce people to suppose you have served abroad. Next to these accomplishments, the art of listening with a seeming attention to a long story, will be of great use to you; particularly if your general is old, and has served in former wars, or has accidentally been present in any remarkable siege or battle. On all occasions take an opportunity of asking him some question, that may lead him to describe the particulars of those transactions.

Whenever the general sends you with a message in the field, though ever so trifling, gallop as fast as you can up to and against the person, to whom it is addressed. Should you ride over him it would show your alertness in the performance of your duty.

In coming with orders to a camp, gallop through every street of the different regiments, particularly if the ground is soft and boggy. A great man should always leave some tracks behind him.

You should always assume a mysterious air; and if any one asks you the most trifling question, such as, whether the line will be out at exercise to-morrow? or any other matter of equal importance, never give a direct answer; but look grave, and affectedly turn the discourse to some other subject. If a subaltern should only venture to ask you what it is o'clock? you must not inform him, in order to show that you are fit to be entrusted with secrets.

TO COLONELS AND LIEUTENANT COLONELS COMMANDING CORPS.

You are to consider yourself as the father of your corps, and must take care to exercise a paternal authority over it: as a good father does not spare the rod, so should not a commanding officer spare the cat-o-nine-tails.

When promoted to the command of a regiment from some other corps, show them that they were all in the dark before, and, overturning their whole routine of discipline, introduce another as different as possible; I will not suppose of your own—you may not have genius enough for that: but if you can only contrive to vamp up some old exploded system, it will have all the appearance of novelty to those, who have never practised it before; the few

who have, will give you credit for having seen a great deal of service.

Never speak kindly to a non-commissioned officer. An austere and distant behaviour gives them an elevated idea of your dignity; and if it does not tend to make them love you, it will at least cause them to fear you, which is better.

Never stir without an orderly serjeant, particularly when you ride through a town, or from one regiment to another. If you have no other use for him, he will serve to hold your horse when you dismount.

When the regiment is on the march, gallop from front to rear as often as possible, especially if the road is dusty. Never pass through the intervals, but charge through the centre of each platoon or division. The cry of—*open to the right and left—incline to the right*—marks your importance; and it is diverting enough to dust a parcel of fellows already half choked, and to see a poor devil of a soldier, loaded like a jack-ass, endeavouring to get out of the way. In your absence, the same liberty may be taken by the adjutant.

If on service you are appointed to the command of any garrison or post, guard every part, except that by which the enemy is most likely to approach: for if you prevent his coming, you can have no opportunity of showing your valour. These parts you may reconnoitre yourself; and if you should be taken, you will at any rate get the character of an alert officer, having been the first to discover the enemy.

The command of five or six hundred men will give you some idea of you own consequence; and you will of course look down upon all but your superiors in the army, and gentlemen of high rank and fortune. Though your father may have been a pedlar or an exciseman, you will entertain a hearty contempt of all *bourgeois*; and though your education may have been confined to reading, writing, and the four first rules in Arithmetic, yet you are to consider every man as an ignorant illiterate fellow, who knows not how to manœuvre a battalion.

The shorter the soldiers' coats are, the better will they be calculated for expeditious marching; and cutting them off a good deal in the skirts, will not in the least increase your clo-

thier's account, though it will give the men the more soldierlike appearance. Thus a game cock, the most martial animal that we know of, not only looks, but fights the better for being close trimmed.

Let the sleeves also be short, that they may not obstruct the soldiers in handling their arms; and tight, that they may show off their shape to advantage. It is well known, that nothing is so ugly as a coat that fits a man like a sack; your's therefore, need not button over the breast: the lappels also should be sewed down, not for the sake of the piece of cloth saved by this means, but in order to prevent slovenly fellows from suffering them to flap about. Pockets either to the coat, waistcoat, or breeches, are unnecessary to soldiers, who have nothing to put in them. This light clothing, besides giving your men an air of particular smartness, will enure them to the inclemency of the weather.

TO THE ADJUTANT.

An adjutant is a wit *ex officio*, and finds many standing jokes annexed to his appointment. It is on the happy application of these that his character depends. Thus, for example, when the men lose the step, you may observe, that "their legs move like those before a hosier's shop in windy weather;" if, in the platoon exercise, they do not come down to the *present* together, that "they perform the motions just as they were born, one after the other". In short, by attending a little to the conversation of the wags among the noncommissioned officers and soldiers, you may soon form a very pretty collection; which certainly must be sterling, as they have stood the test of perhaps a century.

TO THE QUARTER-MASTER.

The standing maxim of your office is to receive whatever is offered you, or you can get hold of, but not to part with any thing you can keep. Your store-room must resemble the lion's den;

Multa te advorsum spectantia, *pauca* retrorsum.

Observe the same with respect to straw and wood. It is mechanical, and unbecoming in a gentleman, to be weighing them like a cheesemonger. When the soldiers are receiving straw

for the hospital, order them to drop a truss or two at your hut in the rear. This will lighten their burthen, and make the task less toilsome. The same may be done with the wood for the hospital; and the sick, especially the feverish, have little need of fire in summer.

If the soldiers complain of the bread, taste it, and say that better men have eat much worse. Talk of the *bompternicle*, or black rye bread of the Germans, and swear you have seen the time when you would have jumped at it. Call them a set of grumbling rascals, and threaten to confine them for mutiny.—This, if it does not convince them of the goodness of the bread, will at least frighten them, and make them take it quietly.

TO THE SURGEON.

The great secret of your profession is the art of substitution. By this you may provide yourself with medicines, the produce of your own native soil, which will rival in excellence the most expensive articles from the Levant or the Indies. Thus chalk will do for crabs' eyes, or any testaceous powder, oil of turpentine, for balsam of capivi, and oak bark, for Peruvian—by the way, it would be inconsistent with your character, as a good Protestant, to encourage those thieves the Jesuits, by using any of their medicines.

Whenever you are ignorant of a soldier's complaint, you should first take a little blood from him, and then give him an emetic and a cathartic—to which you may add a blister. This will serve at least to diminish the number of your patients.

Keep two lancets; a blunt one for the soldiers, and a sharp one for the officers; this will be making a *proper* distinction between them.

TO THE PAYMASTER.

Your's is as snug an office as any; particularly when the regiment is upon foreign service; but if you have given security, or have a commission to answer for your miscarriages, you must take care to go on fair and softly.

Make your accounts as intricate as you can, and, if possible, unintelligible to every one but yourself; lest, in case you should

be taken prisoner, your papers might give information to the enemy.

Always grumble and make difficulties, when officers go to you for money that is due to them; when you are obliged to pay them, endeavour to make it appear granting them a favour, and tell them they are lucky dogs to get it. I dare say, they would be of the same way of thinking, if you had it in your power to withhold it.

TO YOUNG OFFICERS.

If you belong to a mess, eat with it as seldom as possible, to let folks see you want neither money nor credit. And when you do, in order to show that you are used to good living, find fault with every dish that is set on the table, damn the wine, and throw the plates at the mess-man's head.

On coming into the regiment, perhaps the major or adjutant will advise you to learn the manual, the salute, or other parts of the exercise; to which you may answer, that you do not want to be drill-serjeant or corporal—or that you purchased your commission, and did not come into the army to be made a machine of.

Be sure also to stigmatise every officer, who is attentive to his duty, with the appellation of *Martinet;* and say "he has been bitten by a mad adjutant." This will discourage others from knowing more than yourself, and thereby keep you upon an equality with them.

When ordered for duty, always grumble and question the roster. This will procure you the character of one that will not be imposed on. At a field-day, be sure not to fall in before the regiment is told off and proved; and then come upon the parade, buttoning your gaiters, or putting on some part of your dress. Observe the same when for guard: making twenty or thirty men wait, shows you are somebody.

Whenever you mount guard, invite all your friends to the [redacted]; and not only get drunk yourself, but make your [redacted] drunk also; and then sing, and make as much noise as [redacted]. This will show the world the difference between an officer and a private man; since the latter would be flayed alive for the least irregularity upon duty.

When at a field day or review, you have taken post in the rear for the manual exercise to be performed, you have a fine opportunity of diverting yourself and the spectators. You stand very conveniently for playing at leap-frog, or may pelt one another with stones; or if there should be snow on the ground, with snow-balls. This will be a very harmless relaxation, as you have nothing else to do, and besides the diversion it will afford among yourselves, will contribute vastly to amuse the soldiers, and prevent them from puzzling their brains too much with the business they are about.

When you are ordered to visit the barracks, I would recommend it to you to confine your inspection to the outside wall; for what can be more unreasonable than to expect, that you should enter the soldiers' dirty rooms, and contaminate yourself with tasting their messes? As you are not used to eating salt pork or ammunition bread, it is impossible for you to judge whether they are good or not. Act in the same manner when you are ordered to visit the hospital. It is none of your business to nurse and attend the sick. Besides, who knows but you might catch some infectious distemper? And it would be better that fifty soldiers should perish through neglect or bad treatment, than that your country should lose a good officer.

When on leave of absence, never come back to your time; as that might cause people to think, that you had no where to stay, or that your friends were tired of you.

Whenever you go into a coffee-house, or other public place, look big, talk loud, and abuse the waiters: there cannot be a more infallible mark of spirit.

You need not mind contracting a few debts: for in this you will be justified not only by the conduct of every person of rank, but also by the example of the nation at large, which owes more than the value of all the lands in Britain. In these circumstances you may indeed be much pestered by the pursuit of creditors, and by the gentry known by the name of evergreens: this kind of warfare, however, will serve admirably to qualify you, in case you should be sent abroad on service, to perform the duty of a partisan.

TO THE ENGINEER.

In building a fort, if the situation is left to you, choose a spot that is commanded by some neighbouring eminence, as you will afterwards be obliged to occupy and fortify that also, and so have two jobs instead of one. Should any buildings stand theresbouts, pull them down that they may not serve to cover the approaches of an enemy: the materials under the denomination of rubbish, you may take as your perquisite; and government ought to be obliged to you, if you do not charge for carrying it away.

If you have as many sons as king Priam, put them all down extra or assistant engineers, though most of them should be at school, and not one of them know a right angle from an acute one. You will at least act like a good father, and parental duty ought to have the precedence of every other.

The grass on the ramparts and glacis of fortified towns, and on the lines and adjacent grounds in camp, belongs to you, as being within your manor; on which, as lord, you may set up a pound, and put in the horses of any officers, which may accidentally break loose from the pickets, lest they should trample down the works: *your* horses know better, and may therefore graze at discretion. For the same reason, obtain an order from the commanding officer that no soldiers be drilled, nor linen dried on the glacis, or in the places of arms.

Whenever you can, let the batteries be constructed *en barbette:* embrazures are not easily mowed.

The old pallisades are your undoubted right: I dare say that, as a man of honour, this consideration will not make you condemn them, before they are actually decayed and unfit for service. The covert way is the soul of a place, and therefore cannot be sufficiently attended to.

When appointed to succeed a brother engineer, immediately set about alterations in the works. Throw down in one place and build up in another: this will serve at the same time to show that you have more knowledge of your business than he, and also to fill up your accounts.

If the commanding officer has no objections to your making a garden on the glacis, the bushes will, in case the place should be reconnoitred or attacked, serve admirably well as a covering from the enemy.

LEVITY.

Notwithstanding lord Rochester was the most debauched and impudent nobleman of his time, and though he had even exhibited as a mountebank on Tower-hill, yet he had not confidence enough to speak in the house of peers. One day, making an attempt, he gave a true picture of this defect. 'My lords,' said he, 'I rise this time—My lords, I mean to divide this discourse into four branches—My lords, if ever I attempt to *branch* in this house again, I'll give you leave to cut me off *root and branch* forever.

—

Ralph Wewitzer, ordering a box of candles, said he hoped they would be better than the last. The chandler said he was very sorry to hear them complained of, as they were as good as he could make. 'Why,' says Ralph, 'they were very well till about half burnt down, but after that they would not burn any *longer*.'

—

A buck being taken before a justice that was rather crooked, after the other witnesses were examined, 'What have you to say?' said the justice. 'Nothing at all,' replied the spark, 'for I see *you are all on one side*.'

—

Whilst Tom will say with impious notion,
That ignorance begets devotion;
His own example makes the doubt,
For Tom by no means is devout.

—

Two persons quarrelling in a public house, one told the other he knew what would hang him. 'You are a liar,' replied his antagonist, 'and I defy you to prove your words;' when the first produced a rope, and said 'this would hang you.'

—

SPECIMENS OF FAMILIAR HISTORY INTENDED FOR A NEWSPAPER.

'It is with great concern we inform the public, that Mr. Simeon Softly, an eminent cork-cutter, lies dangerously ill of the gout, at his country seat, near Gray's-Inn Lane.

'A battle was fought yesterday in Five-farthing Fields, between a chimney-sweeper, and an old clothes-man of some distinction, which terminated in favour of the latter. There were several amateurs of the first rank present, as Lord ——, Colonel ——, and the Hon. Mr. ——.

'Friday last, as Mr. Humphrey Tripping, a grocer of considerable property, was riding along the High-street, Islington, his horse had the misfortune to lose one of his shoes.

'Wednesday evening, the following melancholy accident happened. As Mr. Thomas Belch, of Gun-dock, was returning home from the tavern, he was suddenly attacked by two bowls of arrack punch, which deprived him of his senses and recollection. He left a business and two apprentices to regret his loss.

'Mr. Grubble has given his brother George the use of his horse, while he remains at Margate.

'Advices from Limehouse mention that a violent quarrel broke out between Mr. and Mrs. Tarpaulin, which was not got under when the post came away.

'The overseer of St. Bartholomew's parish came to town last night. He immediately went to the Cat and Fiddle, and was waited upon by the landlord. We hope to be able to lay before our readers, in a few days, the real object of his journey to Isleworth.

'An intelligent correspondent informs us, that the clerk of St. John's has given orders for a new bible and prayer-book for the church, but in rough calf, and not in morocco, as asserted in an evening paper.

'Mrs. Dingley and family are at Ramsgate; they return by the hoy. There is an evident design in keeping the public ignorant of the cause of this extraordinary measure.

'Captain Stout, late of the Train Bands, has taken a snug box next the turnpike, Islington. It is that with the brown door, opposite to the public house.

'Mr. Grantley is come to his new house in Rosamond's Row. He has sold his share in the shop at Norton Falgate, which occasioned a good deal of speculation.

'George Wigley, Esq. we are sorry to find, leaves the snuff-shop in Barbican, the air not agreeing with his health.

"Bartholomew fair yesterday, boasted of much fashion; Mr. and Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Boggle, the widow Brady, and her daughters, the two Miss Jones, with a long &c. of fashionable names.'

Spiller, the player, being one evening behind the scenes, tormented by a violent fit of the toothach, the barber of the theatre offered to relieve him by drawing it. 'No, my good friend,' replied he, 'no, I cannot spare one tooth now, but on the tenth of June, the house closes, and then you may draw every tooth I have, for I am sure, after that, I shall have nothing to eat.'

A clergyman preaching a wedding sermon, chose the following passage in the Psalms for his text: 'And let there be abundance of *peace while the moon endureth.*'

PETIT MARTRE. The finest anecdote of one ever known, is the following in Seneca de Brevit, Vitæ ch. 12. The delicate gentleman seated in his litter inquired of the chairman, "Have I sat down," as if it was beneath him to know any thing which he did.

SELECTED POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The Lay of the Scottish Fiddle: a Tale of Havre de Grace. Supposed to be written by Walter Scott, Esq. First American from the fourth Edinburgh edition. Inskeep and Bradford, Newyork.

WE are so much in the habit of hearing the enemy abused with all the gravity of dullness, that it is quite comfortable to laugh a little at them. We therefore thank the merry author of this little volume, which contains some very good hits at the conduct of the British navy, and, although written with every mark of haste and even carelessness, shows that the writer possesses a sparkling vein of genuine humour. The idea of ascribing the poem to Walter Scott is not, however, happy, nor well sustained, for the endeavour to imitate his manner has occasioned, we presume, the seriousness and length of some of the introductory cantoes, which do not accord with the general tone of

the poem; besides there is too great an incongruity in making Walter Scott speak of

The whipperwill, *our* bird of night,

or of the Americans as "*our* brave lads," or that Cornwallis was

forced to yield
Before *our* country's sword and shield.

But this is, however, of small consequence. The poem is a parody of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and describes the recent achievements of the British in the Chesapeake. A very fit subject, it must be confessed, for ludicrous poetry; but as it has so recently issued from the press, we have neither time nor space for more than a very rapid and short notice of its prominent parts. Like the model from which it is copied, the Lay of the Last Fiddle commences with the journey of an old blind fiddler, who is led by his dog from Newyork to Princeton, where he is hospitably entertained, after the manner of the dutchess of Buccleugh, by lady Joline, the wife, it seems, of a Princeton tavern-keeper of that name, who is ennobled for the occasion by our bard, and successor, if our collegiate recollections do not deceive us, of the Gifford family.

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was satisfied,
Began to rise the *Fiddler's* pride.
His elbow itched to quaver now;
The little dog cried bow, wow, wow,
And wagged his tail to hear again
The music of some well known strain.
The minstrel 'gan to prate anon,
Of Archy Gifford, dead and gone,
Of good John Gifford—rest him God—
A stouter ne'er at training trod.
And would the beauteous lady deign
To listen to his lowly strain,
Though tired with walking many a mile,
And worn with hunger, thirst, and toil,
He did'nt know, he could'nt tell,
Perchance the strain might please her well.
The gracious ladye with a smile,
Glad thus the evening to beguile,
Granted the minstrel's lowly suit,
And gave the wight a dram to boot.

And now he said he would full fain
He could recall an ancient strain
He never though to sing again.
It was not formed for common swine,
But such high lords as John Joline.
He once had played for John Gifford,
Till he fell asleep, and loudly snor'd,
And much he longed, yet feared to try
The sleep compelling melody.
Amid the strings his fingers strayed
As if an harp he oft had played,
But sooth to say he shook his head.
Yet soon he caught the measure true,
Of yankee doodle, doodle doo.
And pleased to find he'd found the strain,
Warm transport seemed to fire his brain,
The fiddle with his chin he pressed,
The fiddle pressed against his breast,
His fingers o'er the catgut strayed,
His elbow worked, and worked his head,
And as he dol'd the jingling rhyme,
With thundering rout his foot kept time.
They thought the d—l was in the man,
When the *Last Fiddler* thus began.

The first canto is entitled "The Three Knights," and describes the early history and adventures of sir Cockburn, sir Beresford, and sir Bolus. In the second canto, which treats of "the council," these three are represented as consulting how best to annoy the Yankees. Sir Bolus, after stating the hopes of plunder with which they had come to America, laments—

And yet by our bright ruling star,
The star of plunder and of war,
Save neutral, or d——d oyster boat,
Not fit on ocean's wave to float,
A skiff, a veritable log,
As none but vent'rous Yankee dog
Would trust his carcase in a mile,
Though ocean wore her sweetest smile;
Save such vile prey, our cruise has been,
The vilest cruise that e'er was seen.
He ceased, then cast his hopeless eye
On a huge map just lying by,

And straight that eye, with living fire,
Was lighted up in bitter ire;
In tones that quelled the ocean wave,
Thus our good knight began to rave.
"The recreant wight who dares to say,
In the bright face of this good day,
That in this land French influence
Exists not—sure has lost his sense.
A living proof, behold we here,
In black and white distinct appear,
Behold, sir knights, a vile French place,
Called Havre—with a d——d de Grace!
Another too! yclept French town,
Which we, by Heaven, must tumble down,
Ev'n though their walls were twelve feet thick,
Of good gray stone or blood-red brick,
Like those of far famed Lewistown,
We tried in vain to batter down;
Which, like Amphion famed of old,
Sir Beresford, in *safety* bold,
Raised up by magic of his lyre,
To keep the town from catching fire."
Childe Cockburn to sir Bolus goes,
With spectacles on Bardolph nose,
Which burnt the glass at such a rate,
It almost singed his whiskered pate;
Pores o'er the map with curious eyes,
And soon the staring proof espies.
Sir Beresford, though half asleep
As usual, come and took a peep;
And all agreed, was nought so clear,
As that French influence triumphed here.
Then thus sir Bolus, "Who will dare
The dangerous glory, and repair
To these vile towns, and wrap in flame
Their being, nay, their very name?
Who dares, upon our knightly word,
His majesty shall make a lord."
Sir Beresford was capering round,
With lightsome step and airy bound,
Whistling an Irish jig the while,
With many a self approving smile,
His much admired leg to greet,
In silken hose, "neat and complete;"

He heard not, or seemed not to hear,
But whistled still "Brave Brian's Bier."
But keen Childe Cockburn, good at need,
A stouter never stole a steed,
Or bullock, with a single blow,
Sent bellowing to the shades below;
With noble spirit, valour stirred,
Started up and took the word.
"O merrily I to the battle will hie,
And merrily, merrily burn;
And many a day shall not pass away,
Till sir Cockburn in triumph return.
Ere long will I gaze on the bright burning blaze
Of this rascally town of the French;
And feast on the fright of the scampering wight,
And the terror of half naked wench.
O swiftly can speed my vessel at need,
And sweet blows the south wind so mild—
Gramercy! sir knight, I ne'er felt such delight,
Since I robbed a hen-roost when a child.
And safer by none can thy errand be done
Than, noble knight, by me;
I love to hear the shrill cry of fear,
And the bright burning cottage to see.

The third canto relates the progress of these heroes, as they advance up the Chesapeake.

The Rappahannock soon they saw,
And then Potomack's yawning maw;
So wide it seemed in sooth to say,
'Twould swallow up the mighty bay.
With merry shout and thundering rout,
They passed the bluff of Point Lookout,
Saw the pale shrine of St. Jerome,
Where time long past he found a home.
Cox's rude cliff now near was seen,
And Cedar point all smiling green;
And Herring bay and Parker's isle,
Where Nature wears her sweetest smile,
And fairies, as I was once told,
Their nightly revels love to hold;
And oft by wandering wight are seen
Tripping along the dewy green.

Steady the vessels held their way,
Coasting along the spacious bay,
By Hooper's strait, Micomico,
Nantikoke, Chickacomico,
Damquarter, Chum, and Hiwasse,
Cobequid, Shubamaccadie,
Piankatank, and Pamunkey,
Ompomponoosock, Memphragog,
Conegocheague, and Ombashog,
Youghiogany, and Choctaw,
Aquakanonck, Abacooche;
Amoonoosuck, Apoquemy,
Amuskeag, and Kahokie,
Cattahunk, Calibogie,
Chabaquiddick, and Chebucto,
Chihohokie, and Chickago,
Currituck, Cummashawo,
Chickamoggaw, Cussewago,
Canonwalohole, Karatunk,
Lastly great Kathtippakamunck.*
At length they came where gazing eye
A scene of beauty well mote spy.
Far distant up a winding bay,
Annapolis before them lay.
Its ancient towers so stately rose,
And wore an air of calm repose;
And though the hand of slow decay
Had stol'n its ancient pomp away;
And sometimes in the dead of night,
The listening ear of wakeful wight
Might hear old Time, relentless crone!
Heave from its base some mouldering stone,
That trembled on the ruined wall,
Ready at every touch to fall,
Yet still a noble air it wore;
As if in distant days of yore,

* The reader acquainted with the geography of this country will perceive that Mr. Scott, in his zealous pursuit of high sounding and poetical names, has brought together on the shores of the Chesapeake, places many of them at least three thousand miles distant. The editor, however, being determined to give the poem just as he found it, has scrupulously retained these names, which are certainly highly sonorous, and only to be parallelled by a catalogue of Russian generals or Indian chiefs.

Far better times it well had known,
Though now decayed and aged grown.

When the poet has brought them within sight of Havre de Grace, he suddenly pauses in the narration, and gives the following parody of one of Scott's happiest passages:

The fiddle stopped; and sudden rose
The music of the minstrel's nose.
Though hush'd the song the sonorous sound,
Amazed the nodding audience round:
Now it seems far, and now a-near,
Now meets and now eludes the ear;
Now seems like conch-shell, echoing wide,
Along some misty mountain's side;
Now like the low and solemn knell
Of village church, in distant dell;
Now the sad requiem loads the gale,
And seems like tithe pig's smothered wail,
As pent in bag, to pay the tolls
Of parish priest for saving souls.
Seems now a groan, and now a squeak,
Now thorough bass, and now shrill shriek:
As when some methodistic crew,
Meet in their midnight gospel stew,
Babble blasphemous nonsense there,
And with loud rant some dotard scare:
Till tumbling breathless to the ground,
The pious mountebanks flock round;
Breathe bitter moans, snuffle, and then,
Through vocal nose, cry out "Amen!"
After his nap they moved him tell,
How he, who fiddle played so well,
Could fall asleep mid such sweet tones,
And vex their ears with these strange moans!
But ere the minstrel could reply,
A shout in distant room rose high.

Then is introduced a riotous debauch of the Princeton students, and a song of lord Joline's of the same stamp with that of John of Brent. Canto 5th is occupied wholly with a digression on the courtship and loves of lord Joline and his wife. The best executed part of this is the sketch of an unsuccessful rival of lord

Joline, which seems to be modelled after Brian, in the Lady of the Lake. In the midst of the festivities—

Close in a darksome corner sat
A scowling wight with old wool hat,
That dangled o'er his sunburnt brow,
And many a gaping rent did show;
His beard in grim luxuriance grew;
His great toe peeped from either shoe;
His brawny elbow shown all bare;
All matted was his carrot hair,
And in his sad face you might see
The withering look of poverty.
He seemed all desolate of heart,
And in the revels took no part.
Yet those who watched his blood-shot eye,
As the light dancers flitted by,
Might jealousy and dark despair,
And love detect, all mingled there.
On the rough meadow of his cheek,
The scythe he laid full twice a week,
Fostered the honours of his head,
That wide as scrub oak branches spread,
With grape-vine juice and bear's grease too,
And dangled it in eel-skin queue.
In short, he tried each gentle art
To anchor fast her floating heart;
But still she scorned his tender tale,
And saw unmoved his cheek grow pale,
Flouted his suit with scorn so cold,
And gave him oft the bag to hold.
Still would he linger where she strayed,
Still gaze upon the cruel maid,
And watch her every look and smile,
And pine with jealous pangs the while,
Whene'er a losel wight essayed
To tamper with his darling maid.
But where's the keen poetic tongue,
Can tell what pangs his bosom wrung,
When lord Joline first took her out,
To dance with him the merry bout?
With close shut teeth and speechless ire,
And heart consumed in smothered fire,

He saw delight dance in her eyes;
He saw her mounting colour rise.
But when he heard the fiddle squeak,
And saw lord Joline kiss her cheek,
His peace he could no longer hold,
Love and despair had made him bold.
Doubles his fist, his eye-balls flame,
As near the fated spot he came,
Where our gay lord, in dalliance sweet,
The gentle damsel soft did greet.
Not England's champion, matchless Crib,
Who broke black Molineux's rib;
Not Milo, when the bull he slew,
As story goes, and ate him too;
Not stout lord Douglas, when at court,
He spoiled the great Fitz-James's sport,
And for his Lufra gave a thump
That laid sir Groom a lifeless lump—
Not one of these e'er lent a blow
Like that which laid his lordship low.
Flat on the floor his curl-pate lies,
His light foot to the ceiling flies.

In the fifth and last canto the poet returns to the burning of Havre de Grace.

The blinking morn began to peep
From eastern skies down on the deep,
And cast a gray uncertain light
On the dark bosom of the night,
Just as the gallant barges bore
Childe Cockburn's powers bump on the shore.
The Stalwart knight, with furious heat,
Jumped on the strand, stiff on two feet;
And eager as the royal beast,
Who on hot carnage loves to feast,
Dauntless directed his swift way
To where some twelve militia lay,
Safe as a thief behind a wall,
Attending to their country's call.
The sentinel, who half asleep,
From veiled lids would take a peep,
Saw eager Cockburn thundering on,
And 'gan, I wot, to quake anon.

In tribulation bawled he out
For help to his companions stout,
Who bravely to his rescue came,
And taking most deliberate aim,
At four miles distance, with shut eye,
At Cockburn and his crew let fly.
I've heard a true eye-witness say,
Twelve canvass backs at morning play,
By that discharge all found their grave,
And with their broad bills bit the wave.
But true it is that some stray shot
Sent one of Cockburn's men to pot;
And our brave lads who wisely thought,
A victory so dearly bought,
Would give more cause of wo than weal
To those who only came to steal,
Agreed to quit the bloody fray;
So donned their arms and ran away,
To tell, with self approving glee,
Their wondrous feats of chivalry.
By this time all the town was roused,
And not a living soul was housed;
The foeman raised the yelling shout,
The Congreve rockets whizzed about,
The fiery missives dreadful gleamed,
The half awakened women screamed,
Feebly the frightened infant cried,
And uproar lorded far and wide.
Was none to quell the foeman's heat,
And stop the tide of wild defeat?
None to arrest the caitiff band,
Or quench the wrathful burning brand?
O'Neale, from sea-girt Erin's isle,
Where bulls are made that make us smile,
With high imperial lineage graced,
Back his illustrious fathers traced
To great O'Neale, who like king Log,
Erst reigned o'er many a fen and bog,
In Munster or in Leinster fair,
Or somewhere else, I know not where.
Such was his birth, as saith dame Fame,
And from *Milesian* blood he came;
That blood which in hot current flows,
Unmixed, through all the race of Os—

O'Rourke, O'Connor, and O'Dwyer,
And the round Os of Connaughtshire—
That blood which flowed in freedom's cause,
For equal rights and equal laws,
And boils whene'er its country's wrong
Is sung in melancholy song.
Valiant O'Neale amid the crowd,
Cried out "By Jasus," oft and loud;*
But finding that it would not do,
To fright the plunder-loving crew,
Retired behind a neighbouring wall,
And swore as loud as he could bawl,
Till Cockburn's men, as legends say,
Kidnapped and carried him away.
Thrice valiant wight! of mighty fame,
And far as swearing goes, true game,
I've heard, and I believe it true,
A thousand heroes just like you,
Had put Childe Cockburn's prowess down,
And very likely saved the town.
But vain were all! the rockets fly,
Like stars athwart the summer sky,
And soon a curling tide of smoke,
From many a cottage blackening broke
Then might you see the bursting fire,
Reddening and spreading, higher, higher,
Until its volume seemed to rise
To the blue dome of yonder skies.
Then might you hear the matron's shriek,
The cry of infant faint and weak,
The crackling timber as it fell,
And the brave Briton's slogan yell,

* Mr. Scott here seems to insinuate that O'Neale distinguished himself only by making a great noise, and swearing lustily. Whether this injustice of the poet proceeds from some remains of the old grudge arising from the dispute about Ossian, or about the honour of peopling the two countries, the editor cannot tell. This much is pretty certain, that he has not given due credit to O'Neale for his superior prowess. It has been clearly ascertained, that he killed two of the twelve canvass back ducks mentioned in the poem; and it is, moreover, the general opinion in the neighbourhood of Havre de Grace, that he would have killed several of the British, had he not, by a very excusable blunder, shut both eyes instead of one, whenever he pulled the trigger.

As prowling mid the fire he glides,
Like spirit that in flame resides,
All mingling in one chorus drear,
And smiting on the startled ear.

There then follow some serious and very just remarks on these atrocities. The following parody of Scott's address to his harp concludes the poem:

Scotch fiddle, fare thee well! the night dogs bark,
Their wild notes with thy drowsy tones aye blending,
Rouse from his reverie some boozy spark,
From porter-house or tavern homeward wending;
Resume thy case again, thou wantest mending,
And thy worn strings make droning minstrelsey;
The squeaking tones with city vespers blending,
Mixed with the distant hum of nightly glee,
In drowsy concert sleepy maketh me.

Yet once again, farewel, Scotch fiddle *dear*
(For dear thou art to those that buy thy lay)
Ah! little recked I of thy tones so clear,
That scare love making catlings far away.
How often have I scraped whole nights away,
And murdered tunes the world hath never known;
What time to dancing wights and damsels gay,
I tuned thy strings, and fiddled all alone:
That I survive these nights, sweet fiddle, is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some airy minstrel wakes thy *worn out* string!
'Tis Church's ghost, come from Tartarean fire!
"Scotch ointment," stead of rosin pure he brings.
And hark! how sweet th' anointed fiddle rings!
Fainter and fainter in receding swell,
As the pure spirit spreads his *singed* wings,
My fingers itch to play the wizard spell,
But 'twill not be—SCOTCH FIDDLE, fare thee well!

The notes, for in these times the prose is the greatest part of a poem, are a very good satire on the minute researches of Scott, but we think they are rather too long.

On the whole, however, this is a very amusing production, and we hope that the nameless author, whoever he may be, will

cultivate his humour, and hold himself in readiness to satirize all the follies which either our enemies or our friends may commit during the war.

Σ

ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE HOUR OF FEELING.

Cease with thy warbled sigh, my reed, awhile,
To aid the witching power of Fancy's smile:
Cease with thy tender tones to sooth my ear,
Or melt pure Feeling's "sadly pleasing" tear;
And let my heart anticipate the hour,
When even, reed, thy own melodious power,
Thy lively trill, or softly sinking wail,
To sooth the listless ear of Age shall fail;
When many a cord that binds Affection here
Death shall have loos'd, and many a silent tear,
Has bathed the graves of those I love so well,
Nor ceased to flow when paused their funeral knell;
When I, alas! may inly chide the fate
That slew my friends, and left me desolate.
When taught, perchance, by various griefs to mourn,
There will be none on whom my heart may turn;
With all Affection's confidence rely,
Trust with a tear, or kind relieving sigh:
When I may wander here with saddened mind,
And but the wrecks of all I loved can find;
Sickening for kindred intercourse may pine
To meet a heart whose throb responds to mine.
Accustomed here a mother's smile to meet,
Shall I return, and no endearment sweet;
No blessed tribute of Affection's zeal
O'er my lone heart its silent bounties steal.
O yes, my soul! that dreaded day may come,
When I may seek this spot nor find a home;
Strange and unwelcomed stray those scenes among,
Where happier childhood woke a simpler song.

Yes, I may often seek this favourite scene,
May catch, ye trees, the shadows of your green;
Rest my gray head beneath yon simple bower,
Where passed my youth its visionary hour;
Where Fancy many a thornless garland wove,
To strew the walk of Innocence and Love.
No longer, then, allured by Fancy's cheat,
Cheered, Hope, no more by thy presages sweet;
Still through those boughs the fragrant gales may blow;
But Memory's sigh shall mingle with their flow.
Each dear familiar object I review
Shall the warm tear of fond remembrance dew.
Sad will I pause on yonder fruitful hill,
To catch the plaintive cry of whip-poor-will;
And blend my sigh with every feeble wail,
Made by the moaning bird or dying gale.
O then what tender images shall come
Soft o'er my heart, what melting thoughts of home!
Pleased with her woes, fond Memory, all awake,
O'er the lost past her pensive course shall take;
Wake with her smile full many a languid bloom,
And talk with those who slumber in the tomb.
But short-lived hour, illusory and sweet,
Soon will thy sadly pleasing dreams retreat;
Soon from their spell will burst my restless mind,
A woful dark reality to find.
Fancy, thy starry beams shall then have set,
Veiled by the thickening vapour of regret;
Chilled by old age, shall from my heart retire,
Nor guide my touch to wake my simple lyre.
Ah! shall it wake when youthful joys are o'er,
When hope shall swell, nor warm their tide no more?
Shall Genius, blooming through the frost of time,
With Youth's sweet spirit weave the untaught rhyme?
O no! To animate my simple strain,
I then shall woo the muse, and woo in vain.

Perchance my flageolet may warble here,
And all its broken sweetness to my ear
Swell quite unfelt, or warble to recall
Lamented scenes, and aid my tear to fall.
But hush my heart; Anticipation hold,
No more Futurity's dark page unfold;
No more admit nor nurse such thoughts of gloom,
For while I grieve my joys untasted bloom.
Before arrives that dread destructive day,
When the bright hopes of youth shall fade away,
How many smiles from just approving Heaven,
May I acquire, how many hours be given
To virtuous duties, to Improvement's toil,
To Wisdom's precepts, and to Friendship's smile.
And if my hours do blest improvement know,
And steal the sweets of virtue as they flow;
If constant I the paths of duty tread,
Shall I the hour of dissolution dread?
Will it be mine to tremble at the hour
When heaven-born Wisdom best shall prove her power?
Making this world the scene of each desire,
Shall I to aught more truly great aspire?
Progressive but in folly, idly mourn,
The long lost joys that never must return?
Nor be repeated till they are above
In Heaven's eternal scene of holy love?
No: still, sweet Hope, shall thy enchanting lyre
Strains of seraphic melody respire;
In heaven awakened then that harp of thine
Shall breathe no strains but such as are divine.
Still from afar thy beams serenely clear,
The rugged paths of tottering age shall cheer;
And though their lovely light no more may warm
The scenes that frolic Fancy loves to form,
Still constant to my heart thy star shall rise,
A far-seen beam attractive to the skies.
Home of the blest! celestial realms of light!
Eternal morn of youth that knows no night!

Where spirits, such as Virtue warmed, shall prove
A perpetuity of peace and love.
And ye whom Fate may summon first from hence,
To these celestial realms of innocence;
Friends of my youth, though I your loss must feel,
And Memory's wakening power some tears may steal,
Not long upon the past my heart shall rest,
Nor mourn with impious sigh that you are blest,
My soul, to pious resignation given,
Shall upward look, and seek you all in heaven.

VINVELA.

COMPOSED IN A BOWER, AUGUST 1812.

LONG nourished vines that now are withering round
The bower where I so oft, well pleased, have found
Peace and the muse, with twilight's tender gloom,
Where is your fragrance, where your lively bloom?
Where the bright hues that graced your lovely shade,
When last beneath those curling vines I strayed?
Alas! my flowers, no more ye open here
Your tender tints to Evening's balmy tear.
Early of all your fragile glories shorn,
The summer shower the cooling breeze of morn,
Nor faintly sighing gales of cloudless eve,
From ye delightful redolence receive.
No more, no more, your mingled blooms ye shed,
To strew the path I ever loved to tread.
Far from this scene, O! wherefore did I stray
Till your short hour of bloom had passed away?
Why leave the simple beauties of this scene
To bloom uncherished, and to fade unseen?
No hand had ye (alas! deprived of mine)
To teach your flowery tendrils where to twine;
Nor one lone step that ever loved so well
As mine beneath your simple shade to dwell.

O what a change! as sad and slow I wind
Those paths, at every varied step I find
Some broken stem that brown and mouldering lies,
Unlovely relic of the flower I prize;
Or coming Autumn, stern destroyer thou,
Some variegated garland for thy brow.
The chilly rustling breeze, the housed sheaf,
The yellow bur, and frequent falling leaf,
All sadly speak thy withering tempest near,
Claim the short sigh, and ask a mournful tear.
Too soon, alas! thy blighting winds have come
To waste the simple blooms that deck my home;
Chill o'er my tearful cheek too soon they passed,
Sadly prophetic of the wintery blast.
But cease, my murmuring muse, for still are here,
Unhurt, my friends most loved and most sincere,
Whose smiles, with sweet affection ever warm,
Bloom through the reign of winter's wasting storm;
And constant through each changing season dart
A gleam of purest transport through my heart.
No longer mourn this desolated spot,
But sing the dearer blessings of my lot;
Turn on the past a retrospective view,
That past, that coming seasons shall renew.
And say, when friends are clustering round the hearth,
In sober converse or in guileless mirth;
Each bosom from degrading passions free;
Each feature beaming social harmony.
Though loudly roars the tempest of the night,
Where is the heart that would not taste delight;
Where is the eye that, viewing such a scene,
Would weep that woods and fields no more were green?
If then one cloud the cheerful brow may shade,
If then one sigh this happy scene invade,
'Tis one from selfish sorrow wholly free,
Paid to the wandering sons of penury.

VINVELA.

LINES GIVEN WITH A WILD MAY-FLOWER.

HERE take this offspring of the vale,
And woo it fondly to thy breast;
For while its unsipped sweets exhale,
I know thy heart will love it best.

And when thy eye, for flowers more gay,
Shall wander from its languid bloom,
And cast its dying leaves away,
To give the livelier rose-bud room,

It will not chide the lips unkind,
That dared its earliest breath to steal;
The hand that casts it to the wind
Its drooping foliage shall not feel.

Though on thy lip its blooms will hang,
And waste its fragrance on thy breast,
It will not feel a strange wild pang,
When bidden there no more to rest:

Nor will one blush indignant start,
To see the rose-bud fondly worn;
Nor one fear tremble lest thy heart
Should perish by the lurking thorn.

X. X.

JOVE'S EAGLE.—TUNE, "GENERAL WOLFE."

THE synod of gods were assembled in state,
Conven'd in the regions above,
When Phœbus arising began the debate,
And thus he address'd father Jove:

O father! as lately the coursers of day
Descended the road in the west,
All faint and exhausted, I paus'd in my way,
To give them refreshment and rest.

Looking down where the blue rolling ocean extends,
Where once lay the region of night:
Lo! full on my view a large continent bends
Ne'er seen by the beams of my light.

From hence mighty rivers and lakes I survey'd,
The trees on their margin that grow;
And mountains projecting, such grandeur of shade,
They frown on Olympus below.

My course was so rapid I caught but a glance,
For had I delay'd my career,
My steeds would have check'd sister Dian's advance,
That season to mortals so dear.

Then wing-footed Hermes the throne thus address'd:
O father! now listen to me:
This eagle I found while exploring the west,
And here I present him to thee.

Jove said, while the bird on his sceptre had sprung,
How stately! how noble his air!
Now fain would I see if an eagle so young,
In triumph my thunder can bear.

The bird seiz'd the bolt and resplendent he flew,
While the gods all beheld in amaze;
How calmly he sail'd through the regions of blue,
And bore in his talons the blaze.

See Neptune! cries Jove, how he flashes along,
Now over thine empire he flies;
From ocean is dash'd a refulgence so strong
The lustre ascends to the skies.

He bears in his talons my thunder so well,
'Tis a present I cannot decline;
Henceforth let all those on Olympus who dwell
Know the bird of the west shall be mine.

Then blue-ey'd Minerva accosted the throne;
Thy justice shall mortals arraign;

Thy herald is seen in thy thunders alone,
And man will indignant complain.

Let Mercy and Justice thine attributes prove,
And thus be their union express'd;
The olive of Pallas and thunder of Jove
Be borne by the bird of the west!

With brim-flowing nectar these words they approve,
And this was the toast they express'd:
The olive of Pallas and thunder of Jove,
And here's to the bird of the west!

OBITUARY NOTICE.—ALEXANDER WILSON.

In the progress of human events, which, however broken in its course, and varied in its aspect, serves still as a memorial of the mortality of man, it has become our melancholy duty to announce to the readers of the Port Folio, the death of Alexander Wilson, author of "American Ornithology," and other miscellaneous publications, in prose and verse. Under the pressure of a dispensation so unexpected and weighty, we claim, and feel a confidence, that we shall not fail to receive, the sincere condolence of a large portion of the American people—nor will the Atlantic itself set bounds to the sympathy which the visitation will awaken. The old world will liberally mingle her tears with the new, over the grave of a philosopher, who belonged to them both—whose views were as unlimited as the empire of nature, and his benevolence as extensive as the family of man.

We are perfectly aware of the slender degree of credit which is usually attached to posthumous eulogy—nor are we less sensible of the improper and even pernicious purposes to which that meed, which ought to be the exclusive inheritance of distinction and worth, is too often prostituted. On the present occasion, however, we have no apprehension of being charged with dealing in hyperbolical praise. It is our fortune to be concerned with the character of an individual, of whom, his cotempora-

ries have a thousand times declared, and posterity will repeat the sentiment with growing admiration, that his merit challenges our highest encomium.

Whether the much lamented subject of the present notice, was or was not entitled to the epithet *great* (a term, which as applied to the human character, is oftentimes used with but little meaning) is a point, the settlement of which does not appertain to our present undertaking. We contend, however, without hesitation, or the slightest dread of an inability to establish the fact, that he was one of those extraordinary and distinguished individuals, whom nature rarely calls into existence—that he was in a high degree calculated to excite the admiration, and contribute to the improvement of his fellow men—and that he has left behind him a chasm in society, which few persons living are able to fill. He was endowed with an unusual assemblage of those rare and exalted attributes, which render their possessor equally useful, eminent, and beloved. Nor will it, by a liberal public, be regarded as among the weakest of his claims to posthumous renown, that he was literally *Faber suæ fortunæ;*—that, without the slightest aid from fortune, friends, or powerful connexions, he raised himself to eminence in a strange land, by a degree of industry, which seldom knew repose, acting on the magnificent resources of his mind.

Although attached to the country of his adoption, by every sentiment that can be implanted in a feeling heart, and every consideration that can influence, in any way, a virtuous mind, Mr. Wilson was not a native of the United States. He was born in Paisley, in Scotland, a very large country town, remote but a few miles from the city of Glasgow. In the grammar school of his native place, he received his first and only knowledge of classical learning. He was designed, by his father, for the clerical profession. But, although a firm believer in the leading doctrines of the Christian religion, and sincerely devoted to the duties and offices appertaining to the sacred principles he professed, he could never bring his mind to an acquiescence in narrow sectarian policy. Regarding the great Author of the universe, as alike unbounded in all his attributes, he adored him as the common God and Father of every member of the Christian

family. So peculiarly catholic were his views on this subject, that he even considered the fields, forests, and tops of mountains, where Nature bursts on the soul in all her magnificence, as the most proper situations for paying due adoration to her mighty King. Natural, in common with revealed religion, had a strong and permanent hold on his mind. In the structure, form, and corresponding habits of the various tribes of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, no less than in the stupendous economy of the universe, he saw, and acknowledged the wisdom, power, and benificence of the Deity; and hence his piety always kept pace with his advancement in knowledge. Carefully blending the Christian with the philosopher, he became better as well as wiser by the study of Nature.

At an early period in the life of Mr. Wilson, domestic misfortunes in his father's family checked the regularity of his literary pursuits, which he had commenced under more promising auspices, and prosecuted with distinguished reputation and success. But although chilled and retarded for a time in the progress of its evolution, the germ of his genius was not blasted by the shades of adversity. Abounding in native vigour, and peculiarly sensible to every fostering breeze, and every gleam of sunshine that occurred, its expansion was such as to hold forth, even to common observers, a promise of ultimate and abundant fruitfulness.

Misfortunes continuing to thicken around him, and to obscure by deeper shades his literary prospects, it was thought expedient by his friends that young Wilson should be instructed in the knowledge of a trade. But the project, being alike inconsistent with his views and repugnant to his feelings, proved entirely abortive. He was not formed for the narrow sphere of a mechanical occupation. His soul was modelled on a more magnificent scale, and panted after loftier enjoyments. Nature and not art commanded his admiration; science and not wealth formed the object of his ambition. Every pittance of leisure allowed him during his apprenticeship, was faithfully devoted to the cultivation of his intellect. Even when engaged in the practice of his destined occupation, still was his mind wandering in quest of some wider sphere, and more congenial employment. Not all the bustle of busy occupation, nor all the clank of surrounding machinery, could drive from his mind the re-

collection of the pleasures he was wont to enjoy in the contemplation of nature—in dwelling on the features of the verdant lawn, the hermit stream, the towering precipice, or the mountain cataract: for these, and such other objects of beauty and sublimity as forcibly address themselves to the imagination, or touch the heart, awakened in his bosom the zeal of the enthusiast, and the raptures of the poet.

Notwithstanding the numerous disadvantages and discouragements which cramped the energies of his soul, and hung on his spirits with such an oppressive weight, Mr. Wilson had not reached his nineteenth year when he became respectably known, and had his society sought after in some of the literary circles of Scotland. He had here the pleasure of mingling occasionally with kindred minds, and of exciting among them a chastened admiration and rational delight, by sustaining his part, which he seldom failed to do with distinguished eclat, in the various intellectual exercises of their meetings.

Still, however, he was dissatisfied with his lot; for he felt within himself a secret consciousness, which nothing could extinguish, that nature had intended him for higher destinies than he was likely to attain in his native country. He accordingly, in the year 1794, embarked for the United States, which became, as he had anticipated, the principal theatre of his usefulness and renown.

Yet, even here, fortune and fame, as if determined to test to the utmost the fortitude of their votary, were not prompt in bestowing their favours. They became propitious only after a series, on his part, of the most arduous labours and exemplary perseverence in the pursuit of science.

For the first twelve or fifteen years of his residence in the United States, Mr. Wilson struggled through life, with various success, in the humble capacity of a country school-master. A stranger, unfriended, and destitute of wealth, nothing as yet occurred to elevate him to that rank in society to which his talents and attainments so eminently entitled him. During this tedious period of probation, such were the poignancy of his feelings and the gloominess of his reflections, from disappointed expectations and "hope deferred," that he was driven occasionally to

the very verge of despair. At one time, in particular, the most serious apprehensions were entertained by his acquaintance for the sanity of his intellect. But music, poetry, and the study of nature, in which he was accustomed to indulge during his hours of solitude, served as a balm to his wounded spirit, and contributed to restore the balance of his mind.

Although every department of nature had attractions and charms for the mind of Mr. Wilson, his highest pleasure arose from his acquaintance with the feathered tribes. His intercourse with these was marked by an intimacy which no other individual, perhaps, has ever enjoyed. Their features, forms, habits, and manners, were almost as familiar to him as those of man. He seemed to have a peculiar aptitude for cultivating an acquaintance with these children of the forest. It would scarcely be a deviation from the letter of truth to say, that he could converse with many of them in their own language. With such precision of manner and sound could he imitate their notes, as to be able to repair to their haunts in the groves and forests, and collect them around him on the bushes and trees. Often has he amused and gratified his friends by an exhibition of this singular power of imitation.

During his residence in the country, it was, at length, the good fortune of Mr. Wilson to contract an acquaintance, which soon became an intimacy, and afterwards friendship, with the late William Bartram, one of the most distinguished practical botanists of the age. Among his numerous acts of attention and favour, Mr. Bartram put into his hand Edwards's System of Ornithology, a work which he knew to be peculiarly adapted to the taste of his friend.

This event, so trivial in itself, was all important in its effects on the views and subsequent pursuits of Mr. Wilson. It constituted a new era in his literary life. Although the work afforded him a rich and welcome fund of information and pleasure, he was, notwithstanding, able to detect in it numerous inaccuracies, imperfections and errors. He immediately discovered that it was not a faithful transcript of nature—a full and correct delineation of the feathered race in the United States. This consideration first suggested to him the idea of attempting himself a complete

system of American Ornithology. To carry into effect, however, this magnificent conception, he needed an accomplishment which he had not yet acquired—the art of drawing and colouring from nature.

About this time Mr. Lawson, who is distinguished alike for his excellence as an artist and his benevolence as a man, had attempted to instruct Mr. Wilson in the principles of drawing; an employment which would furnish him, as he conceived, with a never-failing source of amusement, and serve as an effectual antidote to the paroxysms of despondency to which he had been subject. But the attempt had hitherto proved unsuccessful. Unwilling, at his period of life, to begin with the rudiments of the art, and feeling no particular interest in copying figures, Mr. Wilson's first efforts were altogether unpromising, and he was about to abandon the business in despair. Under these circumstances Mr. Bartram advised him to attempt the outlines of birds, which he knew to be among the favourite objects of his attention. In this his success was flattering beyond the most sanguine expectation, and almost beyond credibility itself. His first efforts produced very accurate and excellent sketches; so that in a short time he was able to draw a bird in nearly as high a style of perfection as his friend and instructor. The art of colouring being soon afterwards acquired, Mr. Wilson felt that a very weighty obstacle in relation to his proposed system of ornithology was now removed. Various other obstacles, however, still remained, sufficient to have deterred, even singly, common minds from so arduous an undertaking. But *his* zeal, perseverance, and ability, surmounted them all.

About this time Mr. Wilson was introduced, by a common friend, to Mr. Samuel F. Bradford, who was in want of a person of steady habits and literary attainments to aid him in his extensive book-selling establishment. These two gentlemen, till now entirely strangers to each other, were mutually pleased at their first interview. An arrangement between them was immediately concluded, and, without further negotiation, Mr. Wilson was engaged by Mr. Bradford at a liberal salary. It was not long after their intercourse had thus commenced, in a manner so frank and honourable to them both, when Mr. Wilson disclosed his

views in relation to a system of American Ornithology. Mr. Bradford was delighted with the idea of cooperating in the production of so splendid a work; and believing his friend to be incapable of undertaking what he was unable to execute, agreed to become the publisher, and, in the way of means, to give every aid and facility which the enterprise might require.

Things thus arranged, in a manner that far surpassed his most flattering expectations, and left not a wish on the subject ungratified, Mr. Wilson felt the glow of a new existence. What he had hitherto scarcely dared to figure to himself, even in the extravagance of an enthusiast's hope, was now about to be realized as if by enchantment. Fame, at least, if not fortune, was placed within his reach, and never was mortal more eager to embrace it. Not a moment was lost that the most vigilant industry could turn to account. The united energies of his body and his soul were devoted to the duties of his new occupation. For a time almost every earthly concern was forgotten, except what appertained to his favourite undertaking. To procure the best possible materials for the work, exertions were pushed with an ardour and intrepidity, and continued with a perseverance surpassing belief. From the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, every section of the country was carefully explored, and that by the footsteps of a solitary individual. Neither toils, nor dangers, nor privations were regarded, provided the great work could be accomplished. In quest of birds the boundless forest was traversed alone; the threatening precipice was climbed to its summit; the angry river, covered with drifting masses of ice, and swollen with the waters of an hundred hills, was navigated in a small and perishable bark; the deadly brake, strewed with poisonous plants and briathing with serpents, was trodden without hesitation or fear; the tangled and pestiferous marsh, which the human foot had seldom pressed, was dauntlessly penetrated to its inmost recesses; and even the friths and arms of the sea were compelled to give up their numerous water-fowl, that had retreated to them as an asylum from the persecution of man. Every thing short of miracles was performed, that ample justice might be done to the subject, and the public expectation be completely fulfilled. The

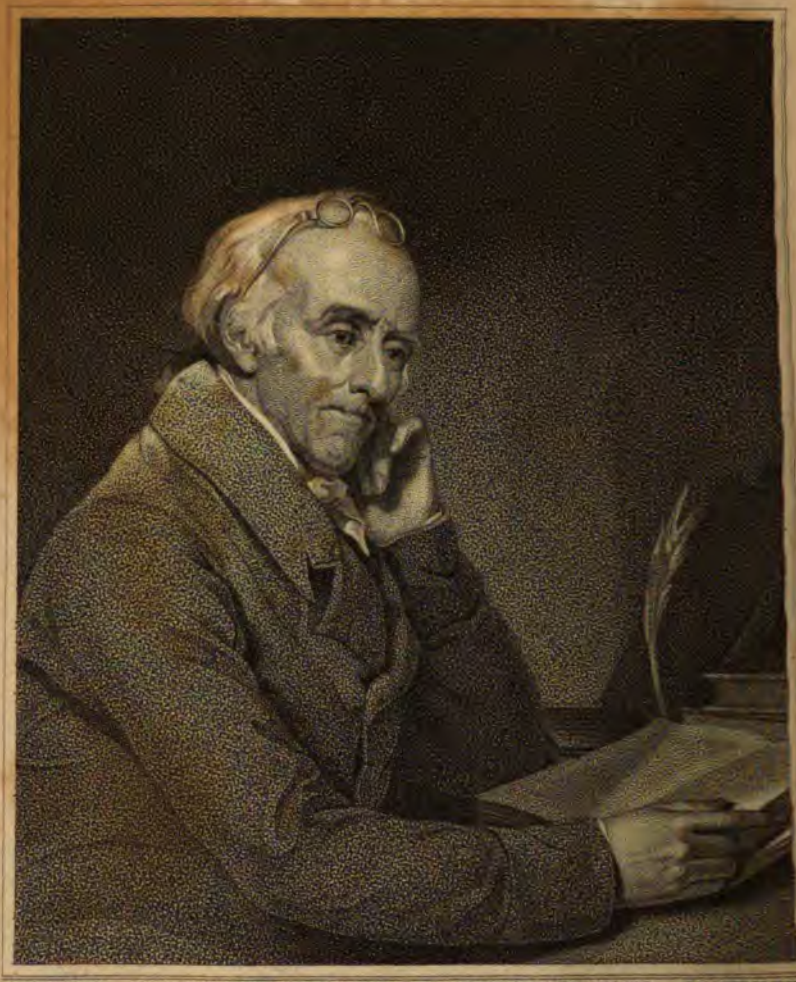
fruit of these labours, which might well admit of the epithet Herculean, was soon discoverable in the splendid, rich, and accurate pages of the "American Ornithology." The merits and general character of this great national work, it is not our present intention to examine. It is sufficient to remark, that it has already passed the ordeal of criticism, and received not merely the approbation, but the admiration and applause, of the best judges in Europe and America. No one will pronounce it a faultless publication; yet as few will withhold from it the just praise of being by far the most full, perfect, and superb delineation and history of the birds of the United States, of which the world is at this time in possession. It bears no marks of a closet performance—none of the puny features and sickly aspect which necessarily characterize every work composed of borrowed and doubtful materials. It has all the healthy freshness, strength of feature, and constitutional hardihood of originality and truth. Without pretending to a spirit of prophecy we venture to predict, that it will continue for ages a work of high and unshaken authority, and transmit to posterity the name of its author with unfading lustre. We are happy in being able to state, that Mr. Wilson had so far collected his materials and matured his arrangements for the completion of this work, that, on that score, the public will sustain no material disappointment in the event of his death. The remaining volumes may be looked for by subscribers at the usual periods, and, we trust, without any abatement in those various excellencies by which the preceding ones have hitherto excited universal approbation.

Although beyond comparison the most weighty and important, the American Ornithology is not the only work for which the public is indebted to the pen of Mr. Wilson. He became an author, in verse, before he had reached his twentieth year, and continued throughout his whole life to pay occasionally his court to the Muses. He was likewise the author of various letters and essays in prose, which have enriched the pages of several of the periodical publications of our country. The collection of a sufficient number of these minor productions, to form a volume, is now in contemplation by his surviving friends. Should the project be carried into effect, a biographical memoir of the

author will accompany them. For the advantage of literature, taste, and sound morals in the United States, as well as in justice to the posthumous reputation of a most deserving individual, whose early prospects were clouded by adversity and crossed by disappointments, we flatter ourselves that the liberal intention will be speedily realized.

Such is a brief and hasty outline of the life and character of Mr. Wilson, drawn by a feeble hand, and under the influence of a spirit broken and humbled by a sense of his loss. We shall only add, that he died on the morning of the 23d ultimo, in the entire possession of all his faculties. Endowed with great constitutional intrepidity, perfectly resigned to the will of Heaven, and still further sustained by lively hopes and brightening prospects of a happy immortality, he awaited his dissolution with exemplary calmness. To him, in his last moments, might have been aptly applied the words of a distinguished and pious personage in relation to himself, "See in what peace a Christian can die."

C.



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BENJAMIN RUSH M.D.

THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.
COWPER.

VOL. II. OCTOBER, 1813. No. 4.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF DR. RUSH.

THE sentiment was prevalent with the Greeks and Romans, and, in modern times, appears to be as extensive as the range of civilization and knowledge, that great men belong to their country—that they are not privileged to live for themselves, but become a species of public property, to which every member of the community may prefer his claim. This is peculiarly the case with regard to their character and example, after their decease. These invaluable *relics*, if such they may be called, are justly to be regarded as legacies in common, bequeathed to the family of mankind at large—to kinsmen and strangers, countrymen and foreigners, cotemporaries and posterity, without discrimination. It is by the application of these bequests to their legitimate objects—by faithfully delineating them on the page of history, or in some way permanently holding them up to view as models for imitation, and incitements to the acquisition of excellence and the performance of public good, and thus converting them into schools of greatness and virtue—it is in this way, and in this alone, that the loss sustained by the death of the distinguished in-

dividuals, to whom they appertained, is in some measure counterbalanced.

Having been heretofore frequently engaged in the melancholy yet not ungrateful task of rendering the pages of this journal the public organs of posthumous renown, and of endeavouring to instruct the living, awaken them to a love of lofty achievement, or rouse them to a life of virtuous exertion, by the examples of the dead, we are now called on to add another instance of the kind, to those in which we have been already concerned. Nor is the present an instance of transient duration, or ordinary magnitude. Swelling beyond the limits of our own country, and setting even time itself at defiance, it will continue to the latest posterity to excite an interest, wherever genius is revered, and science and literature are held in estimation.

Since the death of Washington and Hamilton, whose virtue and greatness had been the boast of their fellow citizens, and whose lives shed a lustre on the age which gave them birth, no instance of mortality has occurred in the United States to awaken so extensively the public sensibility, as the death of Dr. Rush. Having been long at the head of the first school of medicine in our country; distinguished, both at home and abroad, as one of the ablest medical writers of the age, and conspicuous for the services he had rendered as a practitioner, no less than for his public spirit and benevolence as a man, he had an equal hold on the pride, the affections, and the hopes of his fellow citizens. In the death, therefore, of such a character, whose place, in its full extent, few men living are able to fill, every member of the American community felt his own individual loss. Hence the spontaneous and strong expressions of a widely extended sorrow which ensued—individuals and public bodies uniting in the manifestation of a general sympathy, from one extreme of the country to the other. Even envy itself became silent on the occasion; and jealousies, long cherished personal animosities, and unkind feelings of every description, appeared to be discarded, giving place to a sincere regret for what was regarded by every one as a national loss. Houses of worship were shrouded in black; institutions, scientific and literary, wore badges of

mourning; and, in Philadelphia, Newyork, Baltimore, Charleston, and other places of distinction, eulogies were pronounced, by special appointment, on the character of the deceased. Posthumous honours so spontaneous and extensive, conferred on an individual who had derived nothing of his elevation from adventitious causes; around whom the glare of power had never thrown an artificial lustre; but who was indebted to his own resources, native and acquired, for so distinguished a standing in the minds of his fellow citizens—such honours were forcibly expressive of the public sentiment, that, if not the father of his country, at least, one of the fathers of medicine in his country, had descended to the tomb.

These introductory remarks may, perhaps, have awakened an expectation in the minds of our readers, that we are about to lay before them an original biographical article in relation to Dr. Rush. This, however, is not the case. Under the circumstances which now exist, and the prospect which lies before us, an attempt of the kind would be in us superfluous. Two excellent eulogies on the great professor have been already published, and are now in our possession; and among his posthumous works, which we hope will shortly appear, we are promised a history of his life from his own hand. This will be amply sufficient to fill up the measure of public expectation, and, therefore, not only removes the necessity, but precludes the propriety of any thing from us. There is reason to believe that Rush's history of his own life, will be as strikingly preeminent over every thing else that could be given on the subject, as Cæsar's Commentaries are over all other histories written in relation to the wars he conducted.

Of the eulogies already published, one is from the nervous and eloquent pen of Dr. Staughton, of Philadelphia, and the other from that of Dr. Ramsay, of Charleston, which has so often contributed equally to the instruction and delight of his fellow citizens, and has enriched so essentially the literature of his country. These two productions, although perfectly dissimilar, must each be regarded as excellent in its kind. The former is remarkable for boldness of thought, force of expression, and

eloquence of manner; while the latter, unadorned by these loftier qualities, and exhibiting a more sober and scientific aspect, is copious in interesting anecdote and biographical detail.

For the gratification of that portion of the readers of the Port Folio, into whose hands these able performances have not yet fallen, we shall publish from both of them such extracts as, while they shed no inconsiderable light on the character of the deceased, cannot, we think, fail to produce a determination in the admirers of literary merit, to procure and peruse the entire works. We venture to promise, too, without the least apprehension of being charged hereafter with holding out exaggerated and fallacious prospects, that the result of such determination will amply repay the time that may be spent and the difficulties that may be incurred in carrying it into effect.

The following succinct and interesting account of the birth and earlier years of Dr. Rush, is contained in the eulogy of his friend Dr. Ramsay:

"Benjamin Rush was born December 24, 1745 (old style) on his father's plantation, about fourteen miles to the northeast of Philadelphia. His ancestors migrated from England to Pennsylvania soon after its first settlement in the seventeenth century. In the eighth or ninth year of his age he was sent for education to Nottingham, about sixty miles southwest from Philadelphia, where an academy had been long conducted with great reputation by the Rev. Samuel Finley, D. D. afterwards president of the college in Princeton, Newjersey. The inhabitants of this retired spot were plain country farmers, who cultivated so indifferent a soil that they could not derive a living from it without strict economy and the daily labour of their own hands. Their whole time was occupied in providing the necessary supplies for their support in passing through this world, and in preparing them for a better. To assist them in the latter, they enjoyed the blessings of public preaching and the faithful evangelical labours of one of the wisest and best of men. In their comparatively depressed situation, as to worldly matters, their morals were a virtual reproach to the inhabitants of many districts who

enjoyed a much greater proportion of the good things of this life. Almost every dwelling house was so far a church, that the reading of the word of God, and the offering up of family prayers, generally recurred every day; there were few, or rather no examples of, or temptations to immorality of any kind. Among these people, remarkable for their simplicity, industry, morality, and religion, young Rush spent five years of his early youth in acquiring a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages. He there also learned much of human nature, and began to class mankind according to their state of society; a distinction of which he profited very much in his future speculations in political philosophy. The transition from the variegated scenes of Philadelphia to this sequestered seat of learning, industry, and religious habits, could not fail of making a strong impression on his observing mind. He there acquired a reverence for religion —its consistent professors and teachers: a prepossession in favour of regular orderly conduct, of diligence, industry, punctual attention to business, and in general of such steady habits as stamped a value on his character through life. In laying a solid foundation for correct principles and conduct, he was essentially aided by the faultless example, judicious advice, and fatherly care of the learned and pious Dr. Finley. This accomplished instructor of youth was not only diligent and successful in communicating useful knowledge, but extended his views far beyond the ordinary routine of a common education. He trained his pupils for both worlds, and in his intercourse with them, had respect to their future as well as present state of existence. To young Rush he was devoted by peculiar ties: for he was fatherless, and the son of the sister of his beloved wife. A reciprocation of affection took place between the parties, much to the credit and advantage of both. Benjamin Rush found a father in his uncle Finley, and when adult, repaid the obligation in kind, by acting the part of a father to his son, James E. B. Finley, left an orphan when very young, by the death of his father in 1766. This new obligation was gratefully acknowledged by the subject of it, particularly by giving the name of Benjamin Rush to his first born son. This youth, in the ninth year of his age, was

honoured with an affectionate letter from his illustrious kinsman, after whom he was named, shortly before his death. The good advice contained therein, if followed, cannot fail of producing happy effects. Thus, kind offices of respect and affection have been reciprocated in these families through three generations, and seed is sown that promises to bear good fruit in the fourth. The whole, considered in a connected view, holds out encouragement to abound in works of kindness, for they often bring their own reward.

"Benjamin Rush, after finishing his preparatory course of classical studies at Nottingham, was, in 1759, entered a student in the college of Princeton, then under the superintendance of president Davies. This eloquent preacher was pronounced by his pupil, Rush, not only in early youth, but in his adult age, to have been the greatest pulpit orator this country had produced. Under the tuition of this distinguished preacher, and able instructor, he, whose life we are reviewing, obtained the degree of A. B. in 1760, and before he had completed his fifteenth year. The next six years of his life were devoted to the study of medicine, under the direction of Dr. Redman, who, in his day, ranked among the most eminent of the faculty in Philadelphia. The writings of Hippocrates were among the first books Benjamin Rush read in medicine, and while he was an apprentice he translated his aphorisms from Greek into English. He also began to keep a notebook of remarkable occurrences, the plan of which he afterwards improved, and continued through life. From a part of this record, written in the seventeeth year of the age of its author, we derive the only account of the yellow fever of 1762 in Philadelphia, which has descended to posterity. In the same year he was one of Dr. Shippen's ten pupils, who attended the first course of anatomical lectures given in this country. Two years after, and while he was a daily attendant in the shop of Dr. Redman, he commenced his brilliant career as an author. On the expiration of his apprenticeship, Benjamin Rush went, in 1766, to Edinburgh, to prosecute his studies at the university in that city, then in the zenith of its reputation, and there was graduated M. D. in 1768. His Thesis "*De coc-*

tione ciborum in Ventriculo," was written in classical Latin, and I have reason to believe, without the help of a grinder of Theses, for it bears the characteristic marks of the peculiar style of its author. Its elegant latinity was the least part of its merits. The eagerness of its author to acquire professional knowledge, induced him to test a medical opinion in a way against which a less ardent student would have revolted. To ascertain whether fermentation had any agency in digestion, he made three unpleasant experiments on his own stomach. By taking five grains of an alkaline salt, he first destroyed any acid that might be accidentally in it, and immediately afterwards dined on beef, peas, bread, and beer. Three hours after dinner he took an emetic of two grains of emetic tartar. The contents of his stomach, when thrown up, were proved to be acid by the usual tests.

"The experiment was repeated with veal instead of beef, and water instead of beer; but in all other particulars, the same as before, and with a similar result.

"The experiment was repeated a third time, but with fowl instead of beef or veal, and cabbage instead of peas, and unleavened bread instead of that which is in common use; but in all other particulars the same as before. The result was similar to what it had been in both the preceding experiments. From these facts, thrice repeated, an inference was drawn, that the aliment in the human stomach, in the course of three hours after deglutition, underwent the aceteous fermentation.

"While Dr. Rush was a student at Edinburgh, he had an opportunity of distinguishing himself, and at the same time of rendering an acceptable service to his *alma mater*, Nassau Hall. On the death of president Finley, in 1766, the Rev. Dr. Witherspoon, of Paisley, in Scotland, was chosen his successor. He at first declined an acceptance of the office, and it remained vacant more than a year. The trustees of that institution, entertaining a high opinion of their alumnus Rush, appointed him their commissioner to solicit Dr. Witherspoon to accept the presidency of Princeton college, and the presbytery, of which he was a member, to consent to his dismission. These commissions were

ably and successfully executed. The address and talents of the young commissioner inspired the parties with a belief that a college which had already produced such fruit was worthy of their attention. I leave it to others to appreciate the consequences of this successful negociation, to the interests of religion and learning in America, and only refer you to the observations of Dr. Miller, the learned historian of the eighteenth century, on this event. Dr. Rush spent in London the next winter after his graduation in Edinburgh. In the following spring he went over to France, and in the fall of the same year returned to Philadelphia, and commenced the practice of physic. In 1769 he was elected professor of chemistry in the college of Philadelphia. This addition to Drs. Shippen, Morgan, Kuhn, and Bond, who had begun to lecture a few years before, made a complete set of instructors, and fully organized this first medical school in America. By a subsequent arrangement in 1791, the college was merged in an university, and Dr. Rush was appointed professor of the institutes and practice of medicine, and of clinical practice in the university of Pennsylvania."

Our eulogist proceeds to give a view, lucid, circumstantial, and we think sufficiently correct, of the leading theories and principles in medicine which were maintained and taught by Dr. Rush. From this part of the publication we forbear to make any extracts, inasmuch as they would be wholly uninteresting to the general reader. Nor is this our only reason. Differing in opinion from the learned writer on many points of no small importance to medical science, we would deem it an act of injustice both to the public and ourselves to introduce them here, without disclosing the grounds on which our dissent is founded. But as our object is rather to review the events of his life than to inquire into the correctness of his opinions, controversy of every description is without the scope of the present article. The following well-drawn picture, however, of the city of Philadelphia during the prevalence of the yellow fever in the year 1793, and of the part which Dr. Rush acted throughout the whole of that calamitous period, will not, by the reader of feeling and humanity, be viewed without a deep and lively interest:

"The year 1793 brought the theories and the native strength of Dr. Rush's genius to the test. Philadelphia was in that year desolated by the yellow fever, after it had disappeared for thirty-one years. This baffled the skill of the oldest and most judicious physicians. They differed about the nature and treatment of it; but, in general, free evacuations were supposed to be improper from the depressed state of the pulse, which was a common symptom. The prevailing fever was considered by some as a modification of the influenza, and by others as the jail fever. Its various grades and symptoms were considered as so many different diseases, all originating from different causes. There was the same contrariety in the practice of the physicians that there was in their principles. This general calamity lasted for about one hundred days, extending from July till November. The deaths in the whole of this distressing period were four thousand and forty-four, or something more than thirty-eight each day, on an average. Whole families were confined by it. There was a deficiency of nurses for the sick. There was likewise a great deficiency of physicians, from the desertion of some and the sickness and death of others. At one time there were but three physicians who were able to do business out of their houses, and at this time there were probably not less than six thousand persons ill with the fever.

"A cheerful countenance was scarcely to be seen for six weeks. The streets every where discovered marks of the distress that pervaded the city. In walking, for many hundred yards, few persons were met, except such as were in quest of a physician, a nurse, a bleeder, or the men who buried the dead. The hearse alone kept up the remembrance of the noise of carriages or carts in the streets. A black man leading or driving a horse with a corpse on a pair of chair wheels, met the eye in most of the streets of the city at every hour of the day, while the noise of the same wheels, passing slowly over the pavement, kept alive anguish and fear in the sick and well, every hour of the night.

"All the physicians, for some time after the commencement of this disease, were unsuccessful in its treatment. Dr. Rush tried, in the first instance, the gentle purges used in the yellow

fever of 1762; but finding them unsuccessful, and observing the disease to assume uncommon symptoms of great prostration of strength, he laid them aside about the 20th of August, and had recourse to ipecacuanha on the first day of the fever, and to the usual remedies for exciting the action of the sanguiferous system, and gave bark in all its usual forms, and joined wine, brandy, and aromatics with it. He applied blisters to the limbs, neck, and head. Finding them all ineffectual, he attempted to rouse the system by wrapping the whole body in blankets dipped in warm vinegar. He rubbed the right side with mercurial ointment, with a view of exciting the action of the vessels in the whole system, through the medium of the liver. None of these remedies appeared to be of any service. Perplexed and distressed by his want of success, he waited upon Dr. Stevens, an eminent and worthy physician from St. Croix, who happened then to be in Philadelphia, and asked for such advice and information upon the subject of the disease as his extensive practice in the West Indies would naturally suggest. He replied, that "he had long ago laid aside evacuations of all kinds in the yellow fever; that they had been found to be hurtful, and that the disease yielded more readily to the bark, wine, and, above all, to the use of the cold bath. He advised the bark to be given in large quantities and in every possible way, and pointed out the manner in which the cold bath should be used so as to derive the greatest benefit from it." These remedies were faithfully applied by Dr. Rush. Bark was prescribed by him in large quantities and in various ways. Buckets full of cold water were frequently thrown upon patients. The bark was offensive to the stomach, or rejected by it in every case. The cold bath was grateful, and procured relief in several cases, by inducing a moisture on the skin. But three out of four of the patients died to whom the cold bath was administered in addition to the tonic remedies before mentioned.

"The disease had a malignity and an obstinacy never before observed, and it spread with a rapidity and mortality far exceeding its ravages in the year 1762, when the yellow fever last visited Philadelphia. From thirty to seventy died every day, though one third of the inhabitants of the city had fled into the country. In this dreadful state of things, what reward would be reckoned

too great for the man who should find out and publish a remey, which would generally cure this wasting pestilence? Heaven, in mercy to the afflicted inhabitants, raised up such a man in Dr. Rush. Well knowing the numerous and complicated distresses which pestilential diseases had often produced in other countries, the anguish of his soul was inexpressible. But he did not despair: he believed that good was commensurate with evil, and that there did not exist a disease for which the goodness of Providence had not provided a remedy. Under this impression he applied himself with fresh ardour to investigate this novel disease. He ransacked his library, and pored over every book that treated of the yellow fever. The result of his researches, for a while, was fruitless. The accounts of the symptoms and cure of the disease, by the authors he consulted, were contradictory, and none of them appeared altogether applicable to the prevailing epidemic. He had, among some old papers, a manuscript account of the yellow fever as it prevailed in Virginia in the year 1741, which was given to him by Dr. Franklin, and had been written by Dr. Mitchell of Virginia. This was read with attention. In it a remark was made, "that evacuation by purges was more necessary in this than most other fevers, and that an ill-timed scrupulousness about the weakness of the body was of bad consequence in these urging circumstances." Solid reasons were given in support of this opinion, and it was added, "I can affirm that I have given a purge in this case, when the pulse has been so low that it could hardly be felt, and the debility extreme; yet both one and the other have been restored by it." This single sentence was the groundwork of Dr. Rush's subsequent successful practice.

"From these words a new train of ideas suddenly broke in upon his mind. He was led to believe that the weak and low pulse generally observed in this fever, which had hitherto deterred him from the use of strong evacuating medicines, was the effect of debility from an oppressed state of the system. His reasoning powers taught him to distinguish between this and an exhausted state. His fears from large evacuations were in a moment dissipated. He adopted Dr. Mitchell's theory and practice, and resolved to follow them. It remained now only to

fix upon a suitable purge to answer the purpose of freely discharging the contents of the bowels. Calomel, in doses of ten grains, quickened by ten or fifteen grains of jalap, was preferred. The effects of this powder, especially when repeated according to circumstances, not only answered, but far exceeded his expectations. It perfectly cured four out of the first five patients to whom he gave it, notwithstanding some of them were advanced several days in the disease."

Reflecting on the vast compass of Dr. Rush's acquirements and exertions as a scholar, an author, a practitioner of medicine, and a man of public business, his able eulogist makes the following judicious and important remarks:

"It is matter of wonder, how a physician who had so many patients to attend; a professor who had so many pupils to instruct, could find leisure to write so much, and at the same time so well. Our wonder will cease when it is known that he suffered no fragments of time to be wasted, and that he improved every opportunity of acquiring knowledge, and used all practicable means for retaining and digesting what he had acquired. In his early youth he had the best instructors, and in every period of his life great opportunities for mental improvement. He was gifted from heaven with a lively imagination, a retentive memory, a discriminating judgment, and he made the most of all these advantages. From boyhood till his last sickness, he was a constant and an indefatigable student. He read much, but thought more. His mind was constantly engrossed with at least one literary inquiry, to which, for the time, he devoted his undivided attention. To make himself master of that subject, he read, he meditated, he conversed. It was less his custom to read a book through, than to read as much of all the authors within his reach, as bore on the subject of his present inquiry. His active mind brooded over the materials thus collected, compared his ideas, and traced their relations with each other, and from the whole drew his own conclusions. In these and similar mental exercises, he was habitually and almost constantly employed, and daily aggregated and multiplied his intellectual stores. In this manner his sound judgment was led to form these new combinations which constitute principles in science.

He formed acquaintances with his literary fellow citizens and well-informed strangers who visited Philadelphia, and drew from them every atom of information he could obtain, by conversing on the subjects with which they were best acquainted. He extracted so largely from the magazine of knowledge deposited in the expanded mind of Dr. Franklin, that he mentioned to me many years ago, his intention to write a book with the title of Franklíniana, in which he proposed to collect the fragments of wisdom which he had treasured in his memory, as they fell from the lips of this great original genius. To Dr. Rush every place was a school, every one with whom he conversed was a tutor. He was never without a book, for when he had no other the book of nature was before him, and engaged his attention. In his lectures to his pupils he advised them to "lay every person they met with, whether in a packet boat, a stage wagon, or a public road, under contribution, for facts on physical subjects." What the professor recommended to them, he practised himself. His eyes and ears were open to see, hear, and profit by every occurrence. The facts he received from persons in all capacities are improved to some valuable purpose. He illustrates one of his medical theories by a fact communicated by a butcher; another from an observation made by a madman, in the Pennsylvania hospital. In his scientific work on the diseases of the mind, he refers frequently to poets, and particularly to Shakspeare, to illustrate the history of madness, and apologizes for it in the following words: "They (poets) view the human mind in all its operations, whether natural or morbid, with a microscopic eye, and hence many things arrest their attention which escape the notice of physicians." It may be useful to students to be informed that Dr. Rush constantly kept by him a note-book, consisting of two parts, in one of which he entered facts as they occurred; in the other, ideas and observations as they arose in his own mind, or were suggested by others in conversation. His mind was under such complete discipline, that he could read or write with perfect composure, in the midst of the noise of his children, the conversation of his family, and the common interrogatories of visiting patients. A very moderate proportion of his time was devoted to sleep, and much

less to the pleasures of the table. In the latter case, sittings were never prolonged but in conversation on useful subjects, and for purposes totally distinct from the gratification of appetite. In the course of nearly seventy years spent in this manner, he attained a sum of useful practical knowledge that has rarely been acquired by one man in any age or country. It may be useful to survivors to be informed that his incessant labours, both of mind and body, neither shortened his life, nor impaired his health. In a letter I received from him in 1803, he observes "I continue, through divine goodness, to enjoy, in the fifty-ninth year of my age, uncommon good health." In a letter written to his kinsman, our associate Dr. Finley in 1789, he observes, "in my sixty-fifth year I continue to enjoy uncommon health, and the same facility in studying and doing business that I possessed five and twenty years ago." And again, in another dated March 4th, 1813, about six weeks before his death, he observes: "through divine goodness, I continue to enjoy uncommon health for a man in his sixty-ninth year. Now and then I am reminded of my age by light attacks of the tussis senilis, but they do not impair my strength nor lessen my facility in doing business."

The peculiar views of Dr. Rush, in relation to the effects of American independence on the intellect of our country are thus stated by Dr. Ramsay.

"In this event he gloried, and from it he expected much good, and that of no common kind. While others counted on the increase of commerce, the influx of riches, the high rank among nations which awaited the new formed states, Dr. Rush's attention was preferrably fixed on the expansion of the human mind likely to grow out of independence. From the happy state of things which left every man at liberty to think what he pleased, and to speak what he thought; to pursue his own interest and the impulse of his mind in any way he thought best, without any control from privileged orders, or the restraints of arbitrary government, he anticipated a great increase of talents and knowledge. The progress of eloquence, of science, and of mind, in all its various pursuits, was considered by him as the necessary effect of republican constitutions, and in the prospect of them he

rejoiced. Nor was he disappointed, for, in a lecture delivered in November 1799, he observes, "From a strict attention to the state of mind in this country, before the year 1774 and at the present time, I am satisfied the ratio of intellect is as twenty are to one, and of knowledge as an hundred are to one, in these states, compared with what they were before the American revolution."

Many of his observations respecting the education of American youth, besides being original, are peculiarly excellent. The following being of this description, deserve to be extensively recorded, and held, we think, in perpetual remembrance:

"He observes," says his eulogist, "that an education in our own, is to be preferred to an education in a foreign country. That the only foundation for a useful education, in a republic, is to be laid in religion. Without this there can be no virtue, and without virtue there can be no liberty; and liberty is the object and life of all republican governments.' He declares, 'that he would rather see the opinions of Confucius or Mahomed inculcated upon our youth, than see them grow up wholly devoid of a system of religious principles. But the religion he recommends is that of the New Testament.' He observes, 'all the doctrines and precepts of the Christian religion are calculated to promote the happiness of society, and the safety and well-being of civil government. A Christian cannot fail of being a republican. The history of the creation of man, and of the relation of our species to each other by birth, which is recorded in the Old Testament, is the best refutation that can be given to the divine right of kings, and the strongest argument that can be used in favour of the original and natural equality of all mankind. A Christian cannot fail of being a republican, for every precept of the Gospel inculcates those degrees of humility, self-denial, and brotherly kindness, which are directly opposed to the pride of monarchy and the pageantry of a court. A Christian cannot fail of being useful to the republic, for his religion teacheth him that no man 'liveth to himself.' And, lastly, a Christian cannot fail of being wholly inoffensive, for his religion teacheth him, in all things, to do to others what he could wish, in like circumstances, they should do to him.'

"He recommends that 'next to the duty which young men owe to their Creator, a regard to their country be inculcated

upon them. Let our pupil be taught that he does not belong to himself, but that he is public property. Let him be taught to love his family; but let him be taught at the same time that he must forsake and even forget them, when the welfare of his country requires it. He must love private life; but he must decline no station, however public or responsible it may be, when called to it by the suffrages of his fellow citizens. He must love popularity; but he must despise it when set in competition with the dictates of his judgment, or the real interest of his country. He must love character and have a due sense of injuries; but he must be taught to appeal only to the laws of the state, to defend the one and punish the other. He must avoid neutrality in all questions that divide the state; but he must shun the rage and acrimony of party spirit. He must be taught to love his fellow creatures in every part of the world; but he must cherish with a more intense and peculiar affection the citizens of the United States. He must be indulged occasionally in amusements; but he must be taught that study and business should be his principal pursuits in life. He must love life, and endeavour to acquire as many of its conveniences as possible, by industry and economy; but he must be taught that his life 'is not his own' when the safety of his country requires it.'

"He asserts that "eloquence is the first accomplishment in a republic, and often sets the whole machine of government in motion. Let our youth therefore be instructed in this art. We do not extol it too highly, when we attribute as much to the power of eloquence as to the sword in bringing about the American revolution."

His sentiments in relation to commerce are such as characterize the enlightened American patriot. They are worthy to be engraven on tablets of adamant, and hung up in every legislative hall in the union.

"He considers "commerce as the best security against the influence of hereditary monopolies of land, and therefore the surest protection against aristocracy, and as next to religion in humanizing mankind, and as the means of uniting the different nations of the world together by the ties of mutual wants and obligations."

Although Dr. Rush was eminent in many things, it will, we think, hereafter appear, when time shall have passed an irreversable decision on his character, that his principal eminence consisted in his excellence as a *practical physician*. Should his system of medicine, which he reared up by a life-time of toil and industry, like that of all his illustrious predecessors, be reduced to a ruin, and even the principles which composed it be neglected or forgotten, still will his practice be remembered, and revered as authority for the treatment of the diseases of our country. In relation to this point, the observations of Dr. Ramsay are worthy of a place in the memory of every practitioner of medicine:

"Dr. Rush was a great practical physician. In the treatment of diseases he was eminently successful, and in describing their symptoms and explaining their causes, he was uncommonly accurate. Nor is this matter of wonder, for he was minutely acquainted with the histories of diseases of all ages, countries and occupations. The annals of medicine cannot produce an account of any great epidemic disease, that has visited our earth in any age or country, which is more minute, accurate, and completely satisfactory, than Dr. Rush's description of the yellow fever of 1793, in Philadelphia. Had he never wrote another line, this alone would have immortalized his name. He was a physician of no common cast. His prescriptions were not confined to doses of medicine, but to the regulation of the diet, air, dress, exercise, and mental actions of his patients, so as to prevent disease, and to make healthy men and women from invalids. His preeminence as a physician, over so many of his cotemporaries, arose from the following circumstances:

"He carefully studied the climate in which he lived, and the symptoms of acute and chronic diseases therein prevalent, the different habits and constitutions of his patients, and varied his prescriptions with their strength, age, and sex. He marked the influence of different seasons upon the same disease, and varied his practice accordingly. He observed and recorded the influence of successive epidemic diseases upon each other, and the hurtful as well as salutary effects of his remedies, and thereby acquired a knowledge of the character of the reigning

disease, in every successive season. His notes and records of the diseases which have taken place in Philadelphia for the last forty-four years, must be of incalculable value to his son and successor. In attendance upon patients, Dr. Rush's manner was so gentle and sympathizing, that pain and distress were less poignant in his presence. On all occasions he exhibited the manners of a gentleman, and his conversation was sprightly, pleasant and instructive. His letters were peculiarly excellent; for they were dictated by a feeling heart, and adorned with the effusions of a brilliant imagination. His correspondence was extensive, and his letters numerous; but every one of them, as far as can be known to an individual, contained something original, pleasant and sprightly. I can truly say, that in the course of thirty-five years' correspondence and friendly intercourse, I never received a letter from him without being delighted and improved, nor left his company without learning something. His observations were often original, and when otherwise far from being insipid; for he had an uncommon way of expressing common thoughts. He possessed in a high degree those talents which engage the heart. He took so lively an interest in every thing that concerned his pupils, that each of them believed himself to be a favourite, while his kind offices to all, proved that he was the common friend and father of them all."

Dr. Ramsay's observations on the effect of an early determination to become eminent, should be treasured up in the mind of every youth who devotes himself to medicine:

"From his early youth he (Dr. Rush) resolved to be a great man, and a great man he became. Diligence conquers the hardest things. Intense desire of knowledge rarely fails of gaining its object. This laudable ambition was a security against vice and folly. It was also a fence placed round his virtues: but there was a stronger one; an exalted sense of moral obligations, founded on the system of divine truth, as revealed in the holy Scriptures. Of this he gave a strong proof in the conformity of his life to the precepts of the Gospel. For the Scriptures he had the highest reverence, and often referred to them in his conversation and letters, and also in his lectures, and from them drew several ingenious illustrations of his medical opinions."

We shall close our extracts from the Eulogy by Dr. Ramsay, with the following animated and eloquent passage:

"In these and several other ways, particularly by his pen and his practice, Dr. Rush supported the cause of morality and religion in our country, and superadded the character of a Christian to that of a scholar. Such was the tenor of the life of our illustrious countryman, who is now no more! No more the ornament of the first medical school in America! No more the instructor, the delight, and the admiration of that portion of our youth which is destined to take care of the healths and lives of their fellow citizens! No more the medical luminary of our western world! But he has not ceased to exist. His soul, at this moment, lives in some part of the universe; and his body, though now mouldering in the dust, Revelation assures us, at some future time, will rise from the grave, and commence a new and immortal life. Let us therefore be comforted. Death is not an eternal sleep. Its effects are only temporary. In due time they will all be done away, as though they ne'er had been. A reunion of his soul and body will constitute the same person, and the identical Dr. Rush, whom we this day lament as dead, will assuredly live again, and live forever and ever. In this world he sought for knowledge, as the thirsty traveller in a sandy desert seeks for water; and in his course of nearly seventy years, he acquired an uncommon stock of it, and rejoiced in his success: but who can tell what will be the amount of his acquisitions and consequent pleasure in the ensuing seven hundred years, seven thousand, or if you please, seven millions of years, blest with the beatific vision of the omniscient God? But I forbear; the mind sinks beneath the weight of the sublime and happy destinies of those who are the reconciled friends of the "God of Knowledge."

After noticing the time and manner of the death of Dr. Rush, together with his age, which was sixty-eight years and three months, the Rev. Dr. Staughton bursts forth into a strain of eloquent, sublime, and impressive declamation:

"The bells, with muffled tongue, tolled not the tidings of his death. He had forbidden them. He had seen in his practice ill effects result to his patients from the intelligence they have

conveyed, and wished as to himself, that testimonies of personal respect should be sacrificed to public good. Our friend is gone. No more shall we hear his luminous and oracular instructions, in the parlour circle or from the professor's chair. The eye of intelligence has lost its brightness. The furrowed cheek offers its channels no longer to the tears of sympathy. The whitened locks engage our reverence no more. Death has changed the countenance, and the meek light of wisdom it exhibited has vanished. A minister of health, no more shall we see him rolling through our streets in his plain vehicle, the faithful African at his side. No more shall he dispel the gloom from the chambers of disease, hear the blessings of convalescents, or alleviate the struggles of expiring life. His loved habitation, the temples of devotion, welcome his footsteps no more.

"He has lived for his country; and in a special degree, citizens of Philadelphia, he has lived for *you*. The consciousness of your loss, and your gratitude for his toils, you have evinced by that general sadness which overspread the city when report announced *Dr. Rush is dead*. From crowded windows and streets, as to the church-yard his remains were borne, the countenances of thousands had, in common with those of the long procession of divines, physicians, philosophers, merchants and tradesmen, but ONE *expression*. To have given utterance to the universal feeling, you need only have exclaimed, *our father! our friend is no more!*"

In the same style of elevated oratory the eulogist depicts the attainments and character of the mind of Dr. Rush:

"His acquaintance with the sciences was general. If into some his leisure and his inclination had prevented his wading deeper than to collect the pebble and the shell, from the profound of others he brought up and exhibited the pearl and the gem. His progress in universal knowledge was assisted greatly by his powers of retention. What he had once inscribed on the tablet of his memory was rarely effaced. It was one of the aphorisms of lord Bacon, "reading makes a full man, writing a correct man, and speaking a ready man." Dr. Rush was always full, correct, and ready. His reading was extensive. He marked down every idea that had any claim to originality, beauty, ener-

gy, or usefulness. Few men ever collected from books and life, so large a body of literary and medicinal anecdotes and facts as himself. His memoranda are a rich museum. His penetration could detect the gold in its ore, and discover mines where thousands saw only desert. Sometimes he had recourse to what the rhetoricians call topical memory, and his recollection would receive aid from a knot, or the fixing the eye for a few moments on some object occurring frequently to his senses: but the vigorous interest he felt in all his engagements, and his correct arrangement of ideas in his mind, rendered such auxiliaries not frequently necessary.

"The mind of professor Rush was characterized by a manly independence. In science, religion, and medicine, he was an eclectic. His intellect was a Columbus, mistaking sometimes the nature and extent of discovery, but delighting in voyage, calm, persevering, and successful. Longinus represents liberty as the nurse of genius: genius does honour to its foster-mother. With greater emphasis than Watts might Rush have exclaimed:

> Custom that tyranneis of fools,
> That leads the learned round the schools
> In magic chains of forms and rules,
> My genius storms her throne.
> No more, ye slaves, with awe profound,
> Beat the dull track nor dance the round,
> Loose hands and quit th' enchanted ground,
> Knowledge invites us each alone."

In colours no less glowing, and in lines which mark the hand of a master, the political portrait of the professor is this sketch:

"The tumult of political life ill agrees with the silent pursuits of science. But Dr. Rush was a patriot; a decided whig. When he saw the interests of his beloved country endangered, he sprung into the lines of the foremost to assert her rights. His early exertions, his bold conceptions, the nervous effusions of his pen, and the mild intelligence of his counsels, assisted in lifting the colonies of America into free and independent states. He sat in congress in the year 1776, and has enrolled his name on the sacred charter of American liberty. He was elected

member of the state convention for the adoption of the federal constitution. Under his parent state he never held any office; and under the general government was only treasurer of the mint. The cause of freedom, and the universal happiness of man, were dear to his inmost heart. He exulted for joy as he beheld their approach, as exults the Siberian on his loftiest mountain, when after months of darkness he first views the returning sun. America shared his best affections, but he felt himself, like Cato, born for the human race."

The orator continues:

"The niche in the temple of society, which professor Rush was peculiarly destined to fill, was that of a physician. Of this he was convinced, and to the science of medicine he directed the forces of his mind. Other studies were his visits; this was his home. His arm, like that of Æsculapius on his coins, was bared for medical exertion. His practice was large, and his labours Herculean; but notwithstanding his natural constitution was feeble, and required perpetual vigilance to preserve its tone, he so systematized his engagements, as that by giving to each its hour, he could fulfil the claims of all. His confidence in medical remedies was strong. He would seldom despair of cure or relief, until death tore the patient from his superintendance. The very idea of incurable diseases was abhorrent from his judgment and feelings. He was of opinion, that for every disease the God of mercy had provided a remedy, and that its non-discovery argued only the imperfection of the healing art. He anticipated a millenial day, in which sickness would yield to temperance and medicine, as certainly as the shades of night to the radiance of the morn. Such benevolent sentiments were not the illusions of eccentricity. He believed he was justified in his hopes by the progress of medical knowledge; but his confidence and zeal were animated and sustained, like the heart of Alexander at Jerusalem, by the page of sacred prophecy."

The eloquence of Dr. Rush, which was certainly pleasing and impressive in a very eminent degree, is described with an eloquence no less impressive by the pen of Dr. Staughton:

"We have seen that in his juvenile exercises the deceased discovered an attachment to oratory and belles lettres. This talent, ripened, peculiarly fitted him to become a public lecturer. He was greatly charmed with the eloquence of Whitfield, and has been thought, notwithstanding the compass of his voice was more limited, to have acquired, I suspect involuntarily, something of his emphasis and melodious tone. He always felt an interest in the sentiments he delivered. He was master of the stroke that could grave truth on the memory, or throw into vibration all the strings of the heart. His last course of lectures are supposed, by his class, to have been equal in animation and effect with any he ever delivered.

"I can never forget the close of his lectures in the spring of 1812. I quote merely from memory. 'And now gentlemen,' said he, 'I bid you farewell. For the first time this season I have met you with reluctance. Accept my thanks for your respectful and orderly attention to the doctrines I have taught you. Happy should I have been to have invited you frequently through the winter to my family. I have no doubt I should have been edified and pleased with your company: but domestic affliction has prevented me.' He would have gone on, but his countenance suddenly reddened, and the big tears fell from his eyes. The class recollected the trying circumstances of a beloved son. Again he attempted to read—he could not. His aged hand raised insensibly with grief, fell heavy on the desk—he bowed to retire. Some of the class attempted to express their feelings by clapping, but they were not able. The emotion was not to be uttered. Every youthful eye seemed to say, venerable father, *God Almighty be thy supporter!*

"A more powerful touch of natural, unpremeditated and penetrating eloquence I never witnessed."

To exhibit the greatness of Rush in its true dimensions, the eulogist next observes:

"Let it be remembered that professor Rush owed none of his eminence to the diminutiveness of the talents of his associates. He was great in the midst of greatness. In the medical department of an university, where anatomy is made familiar

by the promptness of nomenclature, the accuracy of demonstration, and the charms of physiology—where in surgery the lectures exhibit an informing simplicity, and the knife attempts with success every thing but miracle—where the materia medica, botany, and natural history are presented with the attractions which reading and judgment, genius and eloquence supply—where chemistry and the remaining parts of a medical education are taught with correctness, respectability, and effect—Dr. Rush maintained his elevation. Like a primal fixed star, amid the host of heaven, he shone with a lustre wholly his own."

After noticing the "opposition and persecution" which Dr. Rush experienced in the course of his life, Dr. Staughton thus very properly reverses the picture:

"His troubles were counterbalanced with tokens of public respect. In 1793, in testimony of his important services during the yellow fever, the board of health presented him an elegant piece of plate, with an appropriate inscription. In 1805, he was addressed to answer certain queries which the Prussian government had ordered to be made on the subject of yellow fever; as a return he received from the king a coronation medal. The thanks of the king of Spain, in 1806, were tendered him for his answer to some queries on the subject of the same disease. In 1807, from the queen of Etruria, a tribute to his talents, he received a gold medal. During the same year he became a member of the National Institute, class of fine arts, at Paris, and the year following a member of the society of the School of Physic there. In 1811 he received a diamond ring from the emperor of Russia, as a compliment to his medical character. While distinguished by these honours from abroad, at home he enjoyed the respect and love of thousands.

"In the temples of Æsculapius tablets were hung up recording the diseases which his skill and genius had cured. Look up—behold the tablet containing the cures of the great Philadelphia physician.

"Read the testimony of a youth:

> "'Twas in the circle of the gay I stood,
> Death would have enter'd! Nature push'd him back,

"Supported by a doctor of renown:
"His point he gained."

"See next the record of the poet:

"How late I shuddered on the brink of fate!
"That time is mine," O Rush! "to thee I owe;
"Fain would I pay thee with eternity!

"Here is the gratitude of age and weakness:

"Alive by miracle! or what is next,
"Alive," by Rush! "if I am still alive,
"Who long have buried what gives life to live;
"Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought."

"Another——but the record is too long. It is a record of nearly fifty years, and of thousands of cases; we cannot go through it. The names of many of you are there—mine is there."

The passage containing Dr. Staughton's observations on the benevolence of the deceased shall close our extracts from his eloquent pamphlet.

"Among the virtues that characterize good men, some one, like a Penthesilea, is frequently seen more prominent than the rest. In professor Rush that virtue was benevolence.

"It was benevolence that induced him to visit the poor gratuitously; to leave often on their table money to procure them support, while he, like the man of Ross,

"Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes and gives."

"Benevolence attached him to the worthy abolition society of this city, for improving the condition of the African race, to whose constitution his name is appended, of which, since August 1803, he has been unanimously chosen president at every annual election, and whose funds have been increased by his bequests. It was this led him, among the first of his fellow citizens, to design the African episcopal church, and promote other similar establishments in the city. Of this the grateful Africans were sensible, who solicited leave to walk to the grave before his body, hung their pulpits in mourning, and delivered their un-

lettered and affectionate eulogiums to his memory. It was benevolence suggested his elegant Dream on the Paradise of Negro Slaves. Benevolence inspired in his mind the arders of a Howard, and urged him, *first in the western world*, to the attempt to alleviate the miseries and lessen the crimes of prisons. It was this constrained him to inquire into the effects of public punishments on society, and into the consistency of the punishment of murder by death, with reason and Revelation. It was benevolence dictated his ingenious plan of a peace office for the United States. Benevolence converted into pleasure his visits to yonder superb mansion of mercy, the Pennsylvania hospital. It was this rendered the cell of the maniac the seat of his humane observation, and prepared him to offer to the world his immortal work on the Diseases of the Mind. It was this, associated with his love of order, that during the thirty years he was physician to that excellent establishment, made him never ten minutes absent at the hour of prescribing, unless sickness obstructed. It was the spirit of benevolence prompted him to offer information to Europeans disposed to migrate to the United States. It was this led him to exhibit, as a pattern to his classes, the humanity of of Boerhaave, who, it is said, in his attendance upon the poor, discovered more solicitude and punctuality than in his attendance upon his rich patients. Asked by a friend his reason for so doing, he answered, "I esteem the poor my most profitable patients, for God is their paymaster." It was this conducted Dr. Rush to the jail where lay, confined for debt, a friend to whose family in prosperity he had long been physician. He offered him his sympathies. He did more! he introduced into his hand a body of bank notes, amounting to more than the sums he had ever obtained for his services. He insisted on his receiving it, and departed, content with the approbation of him, who in the judgment will say, "I was in prison, and he came unto me!"

We shall dismiss this article, by briefly remarking, that we have prepared it rather from a sense of duty, than under the influence of that lively impulse and enthusiastic glow which, unless a writer feel, it is impossible for him to arrive at excellence in any performance. If we have not, while writing, laboured under actual discouragement, we have been sensible at least of a

want of animation and zeal, from a consciousness that the result of our labours is shortly to be forgotten. For no sooner will the life of Dr. Rush from his own pen appear, than all other biographical notices of him will sink into obscurity.

C.

REMARKS ON MELLISH'S TRAVELS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Oldschool,

While committing to paper the observations which follow, I have full in my view the prohibitory laws of the Port Folio, in regard to admitting into its pages topics of religious or political controversy; and could I suppose, that my remarks did, in the smallest degree, encroach upon its regulations, I would much prefer suppressing them, to imposing upon you the task of considering and rejecting them. But they do not, I trust, contravene the statutes of the establishment.

Without further preface, then, they relate to a late decision, or rather an *obiter dictum* of Mr. John Mellish, the traveller, on the politics of America. A decision, which, however correct it may be, is not only extrajudicial, but arrogant in the extreme, as proceeding from a man so lately come among us, and, consequently, very imperfectly acquainted with our affairs. It will be perceived, that in thus arraigning, what I call the interference of Mr. Mellish, I do not at all enter into the respective merits of our political parties; but merely censure the traveller for meddling with a business entirely foreign from his office, and to which, from his own showing, he is, as a violent party zealot, utterly incompetent to form an impartial opinion, had he even been long enough in this country to possess the requisite evidence on which to found one. Although in his assumed capacity of judge, he has nonsuited the federalists, yet, by the charge I prefer against him, he would be equally culpable had he decided against their opponents; and hence, I presume it is evident, that this essay has no feature of political controversy.

I have said that Mr. Mellish has shown himself a party zealot; and even passing by, among other things, the very tolerant notice of Mr. Paine and his writings, can we doubt the fact, when we advert to the enthusiasm he displays on the Edinburgh dinner, on the birth-day of Mr. Fox, on which occasion our traveller, notwithstanding that he is shocked at the virulence and indecency of our newspapers, had no repugnance to a toast, which, somewhat harshly and indecorously, it must be confessed, devoted lord Melville to the gallows. But Mr. Mellish is only a party man on the other side of the water. What has that to do, it may be asked, with the party contests in America? To enter into an exposition of the principles of this connexion, would involve me in a discussion that might militate with the ordinances of your magazine, and therefore I shall merely content myself with an observation, which has been sufficiently dwelt upon by others; and that is, that party spirit, since the commencement of the French revolution, is not confined to the exclusive concerns of a country, as formerly, but is coextensive with the civilized, or rather the Christian world. This spirit has superseded that attachment to the native soil, which has often blindly embodied men in contests the most sanguinary; and, like the feud of the Guelphs and Gibelines, has induced a common cause among individuals of communities, as remote in geographical position as in civil institution; and hence it is, that the party-feelings of Mr. Mellish readily find matter of congeniality and assimilation on the American side of the water. But, certainly, it is the essence of all uncharitableness for a stranger, "at one fell swoop," to demolish, as far as in him lies, the good name and reputation of a party, already labouring under a sufficient share of prejudice. And what would Mr. Mellish himself think, were I, instead of him, the European traveller in America, who, assuming the garb of perfect neutrality, and availing myself of the authority derived from the authorship of a brace of pretty bulky and imposing tomes, should boldly denounce the administration of the United States, and say, that the merits of the party question that agitated the country, were wholly on the side of their adversaries? Would he not think I had exceeded my function?

Venturing no further on this subject, I with pleasure subjoin, that I see much more to commend than reprehend in the general tenor of the work before us. The traveller seems disposed to do justice to our country and national character; and, bating some unequivocal symptoms of Caledonianism, he may be called a liberal man. But no more would I take his decisions on matters of taste upon trust, than I would his *ipse dixits* on politics. No man, indeed, that I have ever met with, seems better qualified to declare, with one of his countrymen I have heard of, "I am na prejudiced, nor national; but of a' the world, gi' me a Scoatchman." At any rate, with him, there is no music worth hearing but Scotch, nor any dancing that, in his eyes, has animation or grace, that does not cause the foot of the jigger to beat the floor with the rapidity of a pewterer's hammer, and his whole frame to imitate the violent gesticulations of a Neapolitan, capering for a cure to the bite of a tarantula. The poor Gallic cotillons, in which the company were simply amusing themselves at Princeton, are belaboured without mercy, because not in the quick time and shuffle of a Highlander's reel. Nor is the traveller less partial to the literature, than to the glees and jigs of his country. He quotes none but Scotch poets, and calls Burns his favourite bard, thereby pretty plainly giving him the precedence of Shakspeare and Milton and Pope. In a word, Mr. Mellish is brimfull of that amiable and mollifying naivête, which is ascribed to the Swiss, when labouring under, or just falling into, the *maladie du pays;* and, however applicable to him, among others of his nation, may be Wilkes's sarcastic motto, of *nos patriam fugimus*, it is evident that, in quitting his country, he has not abandoned his partialities to it; and, consequently, may be supposed to have predilections of other kinds; and by no means to be that sheet of white paper that would receive and reflect, without mixture or alloy, the true, genuine impression of American politics. If I have any thing further to object to the work, it is, that my ear is not entirely gratified with the traveller's unvaried phraseology, of going by the stage, by a boat, by a flat, by a horse, &c. &c. In America, indeed, we talk of going by land or by water, but never put the *by* to the vehicle which carries us.

Thus much in return for the political dogmas of a European, who seems to think, that either his birth in the old world, or his province of book-making in the new, or both, invest him with the prerogative of passing sentence, without ceremony, upon the public conduct and motives of a very large and respectable portion of the members of this great community.

AN AMERICAN.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—PLAN OF A NATIONAL BURIAL GROUND.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE necessity of forming a distinct national character in the United States, is fully manifested by the present state of our political dissensions, and I therefore presume that you will not refuse a place to a few remarks, which point out the practicability of an object so desirable. It would be, perhaps, superfluous to investigate at length the causes of these dissensions, and to inquire why the formation of that national character has been delayed. They have their origin, we suspect, partly from causes beyond the reach of legislative precaution—in some degree from the peculiarities in our local situation, which time alone can correct; and not a little too from the number of distinct sovereignties composing our union, which rather tend to repress that large, expansive, and comprehensive sympathy, without which no national character can exist. This evil was seen and dreaded by Washington in his dying hours; for in his will he provided for the establishment of a college, at the seat of government, formed on principles purely national. The passage, to which I allude, is as follows:

"I proceed, after this recital, for the more correct understanding of the case to declare, that as it has always been a source of serious regret with me, to see the youth of these United States sent to foreign countries for the purposes of education, often before their minds were formed, or they had imbibed any adequate ideas of the happiness of their own, contracting, too frequently, not only habits of dissipation and extravagance,

but *principles unfriendly to republican government, and to the true and genuine liberties of mankind*, which, thereafter, are rarely overcome. For these reasons, it has been my ardent wish to see a plan devised, on a liberal scale, which would have a tendency to spread systematic ideas through all parts of this rising empire, thereby to do away local attachments and state prejudices, as far as the nature of things would, or indeed ought to admit, from our national councils. Looking anxiously forward to the accomplishment of so desirable an object as this is, in my estimation, my mind has not been able to contemplate any plan more likely to effect the measure, than the establishment of a university in a central part of the United States, to which the youths of fortune and talents from all parts thereof, might be sent for the completion of their education in all the branches of polite literature, in the arts and sciences, in acquiring knowledge in the principles of politics and good government; and, as a matter of infinite importance, in my judgment, by associating with each other, and forming friendships in juvenile years, be enabled to free themselves, in a proper degree, from those local prejudices and habitual jealousies which have just been mentioned, and which, when carried to excess, are never failing sources of disquietude to the public mind, and pregnant of mischievous consequences to this country. Under these impressions, so fully dilated,

Item. I give and bequeath, in perpetuity, the fifty shares which I hold in the Potowmac company, under the aforesaid acts of the legislature of Virginia, toward the endowment of a university, to be established within the limits of the district of Columbia, under the auspices of the general government, if that government should incline to extend a fostering hand toward it; and until such seminary is established, and the funds arising on these shares shall be required for its support, my further will and desire is, that the profit accruing therefrom, shall, whenever the dividends are made, be laid out in purchasing stock in the bank of Columbia, or some other bank, at the discretion of my executors, or by the treasurer of the United States for the time being, under the direction of Congress, provided that honourable body should patronize the measure; and the dividends pro-

ceeding from the purchase of such stock are to be vested in more stock, and so on, until a sum adequate to the accomplishment of the object is obtained, of which I have not the smallest doubt before many years pass away, even if no aid or encouragement is given by legislative authority, or from any other source."

Hither a certain number of students were to be sent from every state, and the father of his country flattered himself that such an intercourse would, in time, eradicate these deep-rooted jealousies, or at all events, mitigate their malignant nature. It is with a profound diffidence that I venture to differ from an authority so weighty; but this plan, though certainly honourable and useful, appears to me to comprehend more of speculative, than of immediate practical benefit. Speculation is something too cold and undefined for the enlargement and consolidation of our sympathies. The young men who had received their instruction in the national university, must have their time engrossed by matters of science merely. The prime object for which they assembled would be lost; and, even admitting that friendships were thus formed amongst the members, still the influences of those personal feelings on the minds of the community, must be of very partial and of very limited extent. It depends on chance, and a thousand unforeseen incidents, whether these boys shall afterwards be doomed to act important parts on the theatre of life; and unless they do, their personal influence, in extinguishing state jealousies, must be very slight, and the very object for which they have received their instruction in the national university, will be completely defeated.—In short, I seriously doubt, whether any establishment of this kind is calculated to counteract the evil. I question whether any thing, resting on speculation, will at all answer this object. No, sir. The plan, in my opinion, must be to seize on some subject of general sympathy, and to make that subject national and permanent. Unless we can carry the passions of our countrymen with us in this project, we do nothing, or, perhaps, worse than nothing. Speculative inquiry may indeed inform us of the necessity of this measure; but speculation itself can never be proposed as the project. It is a case of feeling, and not of argument; and unless in our researches we are able to find some sub-

ject exciting a general and comprehensive sympathy, it is in vain to attempt such a project. If it be inquired whether there is any subject calculated to inspire such general interest, I reply proudly in the affirmative. Both parties are contending which shall honour our naval heroes the most; and, what is a whimsical fact, neither party will believe their opponents sincere in the admiration which they offer midst all this political uproar, nevertheless our gallant countrymen are still honoured, and if all our dissensions would eventuate thus, I should almost be tempted to exclaim *esto perpetua!*

The popular song of Yankee Doodle is a striking and humiliating evidence of the want of something *national* in our character, and of our readiness even to adopt any thing for want of something better. This tune was occasionally sung and played by the Newenglanders as a matter of sport only, and was taken because it might be set to almost any measure. The British played it in derision when they first landed in Boston. When Fortune favoured our revolutionary exertions, it was played by the Newenglanders to retort the contempt of the British. From that time to the present it has been our only national tune, notwithstanding those who have adopted it have laughed at it ever since.

In casting about for a cause capable of exciting the sympathy of every heart, it does appear to me that congress have nearly furnished one to our hands. They formerly passed a resolution soliciting the body of Washington, for the purpose of having the same buried at the seat of government, and at the expense of the nation. This resolution still remains unperformed. Now my proposition is to render the body of Washington still of service to his country. Congress have now, in my opinion, an opportunity of redeeming with honour the pledge they have so long delayed. I would have them enlarge the terms of the original resolution, and so frame it as to have a national burial ground at the seat of government, which might be the place of sepulture for any American preeminently distinguished. I would have this ground surrounded by a strong and massy wall, with a majestic arch thrown over it, leaving only a space at the top large enough for the admission of light. It should be kept

carefully locked, and a particular person should be entrusted with the key, whose duty it should be to have the care of the place. He should attend the stranger who solicited admission to this repository of the dead. None should receive the honour of an interment in this place but by the previous sanction of congress. When that body had expressed their determination thus to honour the memory of a man, a committee should be appointed, who should offer a golden medal as a premium to the American artist who was capable of erecting the most superb monument to the memory of the deceased. Cenotaphs congress might likewise decree to such of their countrymen who had rendered their names illustrious, and whose bodies could not be procured for interment. The ashes of our Washington should receive the honours of the first interment. Next should repose those of Greene and our other revolutionary heroes in order. But this place should not be restricted to the burial of heroes only. Any of our countrymen whose genius adorned the character of his country either in arms, legislation, or the arts, the rostrum, or the bar, should be a proper candidate for this honour. It should be the Westminster abbey of America. On the fourth of July in every year I would have the doors of this sanctuary thrown open for indiscriminate admission. The president of the United States should, on that day, accompanied by all the heads of departments, repair to this spot in solemn procession, at which time and place our declaration of independence should be read over the grave of Washington. I would have this day, Mr. editor, observed as a solemn and affecting jubilee, in the presence of those illustrious dead to whom we owe the blessings which we now enjoy. I am confident that I do not now address a single heart that does not throb in unison with mine. Let me further state, that time is always required to mature the reverence which we feel on occasions like the present. Had this been done by congress directly after our declaration of independence, with what reverence would every American have repaired to the spot where reposed the ashes of our national benefactors. It is for want of something of this kind, some visible, august, and permanent memorial, that our national sympathies are so dispersed and absorbed in the bickerings of party. I forbear to

urge several points of minor consideration indeed, but all tending to the same object. For instance, what competition it would excite amongst American artists to be the successful candidate to execute the monument! what enthusiasm it would kindle in the arts! and whose bosom does not beat with a generous ambition, when he is told that he may, by his genius, be honoured, by slumbering in death by the side of Washington! What enthusiasm would it not kindle in the minds of those on whom devolves the duty of defending their country's honour! Our ceremony of inducting our chief magistrate into office is utterly destitute of that dignity which the importance and solemnity of the occasion demands. The constitution indeed says that the oath must be administered by the chief justice to the president in the presence of the senate: but is that any reason why preparatory solemnities should not be superadded? We will suppose that the president, accompanied by the heads of departments, should pass in procession through this repository of illustrious dead, preceded by a band playing a solemn national dirge, with what different feelings would he enter the senate chamber, to take the oath of office! Let congress further reflect, that they owe this to their country as a just retribution for not having buried the body of Washington, as they have been solemnly pledged to do by their own resolution.

The plan which I now propose might easily be connected with other establishments, having for their object the formation of a national character. Thus, for instance, it might be conne t-ed with the university contemplated by Washington. Medals might be awarded to the student who should compose the best eulogy to the memory of one whose ashes were deposited in that place. This would serve to point the sympathies of the students, and to give to the university that cast of nationality which Washington had in view.

My countrymen do not seem to have considered the vast importance of death towards, if I may be allowed the expression, the canonization of that expansive sympathy from which a national character is ultimately formed. Our little party dissentions, our subordinate interests, our hostility, envy, and jealousies are bounded by the grave. The true character of the indi-

vidual is then delivered over to the judgment of impartial history, a tribunal whence there is no appeal. Reverence for the dead, attested by magnificent sepulture and stately monuments, prolongs and consolidates national sympathies. When we tread those consecrated walks, we seem to breathe in their presence, and to catch, as by personal intercourse, a portion of that enthusiasm which, when living, they inspired. No man who wishes to render his name illustrious, either by arts or arms, in the field, in the cabinet, or on the ocean, can for a moment remain insensible to such powerful stimulants. It is no less the moral duty than the interest of the country to preserve the ashes of those whose lives are devoted to her glory. This is the only tribute which the nation can pay worthy of souls so heroic; and it never has been found, not even amongst the most ruthless savages, to fail of producing a national feeling. When the Sythians retreated before Alexander, they relinquished their homes without regret, and plunged still deeper amidst the glooms of an inhospitable wilderness. When the Macedonian monarch reproached them for so doing, they warned him not to disturb the bones of their ancestors. R.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF GENERAL GREENE.

THE BOARD OF WAR, NORTH CAROLINA.

Camp Charlotte, Dec. 18, 1780.

GENTLEMEN,

I ADDRESSED you on the 14th of this instant upon the subject of the commissary's department; and in that letter informed you that col. Polk did not chuse to serve at the head of this business on account of his family, and that in consequence thereof I had addressed col. Davie to engage in it. The colonel arrived yesterday and is willing to embark in the business, provided he can have the department put upon such a footing as to enable him to furnish the necessary supplies for the army.

I have before mentioned the necessity of having one person appointed with full and ample powers to call forth the supplies from the several districts and to apply them as the service may

require. Unless this business is in the hands of one man, no officer on earth can tell how to take his measures.

The king of Prussia speaking upon this subject, says—"It is necessary to be very circumspect in the service of commissaries; for if these gentlemen happen to be bad men, the state will suffer considerably: you must therefore endeavour to find a superintendant of known probity, who will frequently and minutely examine their proceedings and direct their supplies, in such a manner as to correspond with the general's operations."—Such a person is essentially necessary for this army; and as a commissary general or superintendant must always be made acquainted with the general's intentions sometimes even before a movement is made, his principles, secrecy and discretion should be unquestionable. Colonel Davie is recommended to me as such a person; and if the board are of the same opinion, I wish them to give him the appointment. He will not engage unless his powers are ample; for he is not willing to hazard his reputation, without a fair prospect of succeeding. His ambition, popularity, good sense, and activity, give great reason to hope he will execute the business to your satisfaction, so far as the poverty of the public and the wretched state of our finance shall put it in his power. He must be authorized to displace all commissioners of districts or counties who are negligent or remiss in the discharge of their duty, and to impress provisions and supplies upon emergencies. Nothing short of this will enable him to give such assurances to the commanding officer as he can depend upon with safety to himself and security to the country.

It is my intention to get governor Rutledge to invest him with a similar appointment for the state of South Carolina; and I also mean to give him the appointment with the army, that he may direct the supplies of Virginia, as well as the southern states.

No time is to be lost in putting this business in a proper train, as the army is taking an entire new position, one part upon the Pedee, the other upon the west side of the Catawba. I shall be with the division upon the Pedee, and gen. Morgan will command the other. General Smallwood is going to Maryland and will not return to the army until spring.

The deranged state of the hospital department and the small quantity of stores now on hand, induce me to wish that the board could provide some articles for that department. Inclosed is an estimate of such as are absolutely necessary to render the condition of the sick tolerable.

I also send the board copy of a letter received from Mr. John Adams, from which you may see what you have to expect. I hope the state will not trust to the shadow of security, but make exertions proportionable to the danger which threaten it.

I am, gentlemen, &c.

THE BOARD OF WAR, NORTH CAROLINA.

Camp Charlotte, Dec. 18, 1780.

GENTLEMEN,

THE collections made by the county commissioners for supplying the army with provision and forage falls greatly short of the real and unavoidable consumption thereof. The different supplies are furnished on certificates given by the continental forage masters and commissaries. The holders of those certificates are not upon an equal footing with those given by the commissioners of the counties; the latter having a certain proportion of salt allowed on them and a plan fixed for their final redemption: whereas those given by the continental officers have no settled mode of redemption, and appear of but little value to the possessors. This creates a reluctance in the inhabitants to furnish the army, and operates to the injury of the holders. For remedying both these evils I beg leave to suggest to the board the propriety of authorising the county collectors to take up those certificates given by the continental officers, and give the inhabitants state certificates in their stead, and the certificates given by the continental officers may serve as receipts for so much received for the use of the army. This is a matter of importance both to the inhabitants and the army, and justice as well as policy renders some regulations necessary. Whatever mode the wisdom of the board may suggest for removing the evil will be perfectly satisfactory to me. In any case I hope something will be done to give satisfaction to the people and for paving the way for our obtaining supplies with as little difficulty as possible. I am, gentlemen, &c.

MAJOR GENERAL BARON STEUBEN.

Camp on the Pedee, Dec. 28, 1780.

My Dear Baron,

Your two letters of the 4th of this inst. I had the honour to receive.

Upon the whole I am not sorry that general Lawson's corps did not come on; they would have been of little use, their time of service being so short. Nor am I surprised at what you inform me respecting the officers of the Virginia line. They have been too long neglected, and on that account, have been too much indulged in being at home, until all sense of duty and discipline are lost. The state either value their services too low or have not the ability to provide for them which they are generally thought to have. They are either poor or blameable, which I am not able to determine. However, you must talk one language to the state and another to the officers. The state must be pressed to provide and the officers to obey. Our force is so small, and that which we have so badly provided, that it is of the highest importance reinforcements should come forward as fast as they can be equipped fit for service. And what renders it more necessary at this time is, the enemy have received a large reinforcement, and our force is divided—one part of the army being with me at this place, and the other with gen. Morgan on the west side of the Catabaw. This disposition was made partly from choice and partly from necessity. I soon found after my arrival at Charlotte that we could not be subsisted there; and the country has been so generally ravaged, that no position offered so favourable a prospect as the one I have made choice of, nor could I fix upon one better calculated to streighten the enemy's limits and give repose to our troops for improving their discipline, and I can you assure no army ever wanted it more.

Gen. Smallwood has left this army and gone to the northward, partly with the view of forwarding the recruits and the supplies from Maryland, but principally to obtain a new commission from congress, to be antedated a year or two before his appointment, which he claims of right, founded on his own pretentions as well as the privilege of the state. He positively refuses to submit to your command, and some other general officers in the line. This he acquainted me with on my first arrival, and I wrote his excel-

lency general Washington on the subject, but have received no answer. As I am now without a single general officer with me in the camp except general Huger, who is a brigadier for this state, and is not desirous of commanding other troops, it is my wish you should come forward as soon as you have made the necessary arrangement in the Virginia line. We are now in a camp of repose, and could we get clothing we might improve our discipline. Your aid in this and many other matters will be essential both to me and the service.

I have had no return yet respecting the ordnance department. Where is colonel Harrison? Please to repeat your order on this business. General Weadon from the particular situation of his family is desirous of continuing in Virginia, and it is my wish you should indulge him until you shall hear further from me on the subject, provided it do not interfere with your arrangements or the good of the service in general: in that case he will not desire it. I am, &c.

EXPEDITION TO THE PACIFIC.

The following account, though somewhat obscure, from the want of a more precise designation of the route of the travellers, and in inaccuracy in the names of several of the Indian tribes, is a valuable proof of the zeal and perseverance with which our countrymen are exploring the resources of the western world, and conveys new information of a most interesting region, from which nothing authentic has been received since the voyage of captains Lewis and Clarke. The history of that expedition, the appearance of which has been so long delayed, is now in the press, and will, we presume, be shortly given to the public.

FROM THE MISSOURI GAZETTE.

We last week promised our readers an account of the journey of the gentlemen attached to the Newyork fur company, from the Pacific ocean to this place: we now lay it before our readers as collected from the gentlemen themselves.

On the 28th June, 1812, Mr. R. Stewart, one of the partners of the Pacific fur company, with two Frenchmen, messrs. Ramsey Crooks and Robert M'Clellan, left the Pacific ocean with despatches for Newyork.

After ascending the Columbia river ninety miles, John Day, one of the hunters, became perfectly insane, and was sent back to the main establishment, under the charge of some Indians; the remaining six pursued their voyage upwards of six hundred miles, when they happily met with Mr. Joseph Miller, on his way to the mouth of the Columbia; he had been considerably to the south and east, among the nations called Blackarms and Arapahays, by the latter of whom he was robbed, in consequence of which he suffered almost every privation human nature is capable of, and was in a state of starvation, and almost nudity, when the party met him.

They now had fifteen horses, and pursued their journey for the Atlantic world without any uncommon accident, until within about two hundred miles of the Rocky mountains, where they unfortunately met with a party of the Crow Indians, who behaved with the most unbounded insolence, and were solely prevented from cutting off the party by observing them well armed and constantly on their guard. They however pursued on their track six days, and finally stole every horse belonging to the party.

Some idea of the situation of those men may be conceived, when we take into consideration that they were now on foot, and had a journey of two thousand miles before them; fifteen hundred of which entirely unknown, as they intended and prosecuted it considerably south of messrs. Lewis and Clarke's route: the impossibility of carrying any quantity of provisions on their backs, in addition to their ammunition and bedding, will occur at first view. The danger to be apprehended from starvation was imminent.

They however put the best face upon their prospects, and pursued their route towards the Rocky mountains at the head waters of the Colorado or Spanish river, and stood their course E. S. E. until they struck the head waters of the great river Platte, which they undeviatingly followed to its mouth. It may here be observed, that this river for about three hundred miles is navigable for a barge; from thence to the Otto village, within forty-five miles of its entrance into the Missouri, it is a mere bed of sand, without water sufficient to float a skin canoe.

From the Otto village to St. Louis, the party performed their voyage in a canoe, furnished them by the natives, and arrived here in perfect health on the 30th of last month. Our travellers did not hear of the war with England until they came to the Ottos; these people told them that the Shawanoe prophet had sent them a wampum, inviting them to join in the war against the Americans; that they answered the messenger, that they could make more by trapping beaver than making war against the Americans.

After crossing the hills (Rocky mountains) they happily fell in with a small party of Snake Indians, from whom they purchased a horse, which relieved them from any further carriage of food, and this faithful four-footed companion performed that service to the Otto village. They wintered on the river Platte six hundred miles from its mouth.

By information received from these gentlemen, it appears that a journey across the continent of North America, might be performed with a wagon, there being no obstruction in the whole route that any person would dare to call a mountain, in addition to its being much the most direct and short one to go from this place to the mouth of the Columbia river. Any future party who may undertake this journey, and are tolerably acquainted with the different places where it would be necessary to lay up a small stock of provisions, would not be impeded, as in all probability they would not meet with an Indian to interrupt their progress; although on the other route, more north, there are almost insurmountable barriers.

Messrs. Hunt, Crooks, Miller, M'Clellan, M'Kenzie, and about sixty men who left St. Louis in the beginning of March, 1811, for the Pacific ocean, reached the Aricoras village on the 13th day of June, where, meeting with some American hunters who had been the preceding year on the waters of the Columbia with Mr. Henry, and who giving such an account of the route by which they passed, as being far preferable in point of procuring with facility an abundant supply of food at all times, as well as avoiding even the probability of seeing their enemies, the Black Feet, than by the track of captains Lewis and Clark, the gentlemen of the expedition at once abandoned their former ideas

of passing by the falls of the Missouri, and made the necessary arrangements for commencing their journey over land from this place.

Eighty horses were purchased and equipped by the 17th of July, and on the day following they departed from the Aricoras, sixty persons in number, all on foot, except the partners of the company. In this situation they proceeded for five days, having crossed in that time two considerable streams which joined the Missouri, below the Aricoras, when finding an inland tribe of Indians calling themselves Shawhays, but known among the whites by the appellation of Cheyennes, they procured from these people an accession of forty horses, which enabled the gentlemen to furnish a horse for every two men. Steering about W. S. W. they passed the small branches of Big river, the little Missouri above its forks, and several of the tributary streams of Powder river, following up one of which, they found a band of the Absaroka, or Crow nation, encamped on its banks, at the foot of the Bighorn mountain.

For ammunition and some small articles, they exchanged all their lame for sound horses with these savages; but although that this band has been allowed; by every one who knew them, to be by far the best behaved of their tribe, it was only by that unalterable determination of the gentlemen to avoid jeopardizing the safety of the party, without at the same moment submitting to intentional insults, that they left this camp (not possessing greater force than the whites) without coming to blows.

The distance from the Aricoras to this mountain is about four hundred and fifty miles, over an extremely rugged tract, by no means furnishing a sufficient supply of water; but during the twenty-eight days they were getting to the base of the mountain, they were only in a very few instances without abundance of buffaloe meat.

Three days took them over to the plains of Mad river (the name given the Bighorn above this mountain) following which for a number of days, they left it where it was reduced to eighty yards in width, and the same evening reached the banks of the Colorado or Spanish river. Finding flocks of buffaloe at the end of the third day's travel on this stream, the party passed a week in

drying buffaloe meat for the residue of the voyage, as in all probability those were the last animals of the kind they would meet with. From this camp, in one day, they crossed the dividing mountain, and pitched their tents on Hoback's fork of Mad river, where it was near one hundred and fifty feet broad, and in eight days more, having passed several stupendous ridges, they encamped in the vicinity of the establishment made by Mr. Henry in the fall of 1810, on a fork about seventy yards wide, bearing the name of that gentleman; having travelled from the main Missouri about nine hundred miles in fifty-four days.

Here, abandoning their horses, the party constructed canoes, and descended the Snake or Kyeyenem river (made by the junction of Mad river, south of Henry's fork) four hundred miles, in the course of which they were obliged, by the intervention of impassable rapids, to make a number of portages, till at length they found the river confined between gloomy precipices, at least two hundred feet perpendicular, whose banks for the most part were washed by this turbulent stream, which for thirty miles was a continual succession of falls, cascades and rapids. Mr. Cook's canoe had split and upset in the middle of a rapid, by which one man was drowned, named Antonie Clappin, and that gentleman saved himself only by extreme exertion in swimming. From the repeated losses by the upsetting of canoes our stock of provisions were now reduced to a bare sufficiency for five days, totally ignorant of the country where they were, and unsuccessful in meeting any of the natives from whom they could hope for information.

Unable to proceed by water, messrs. M'Kenzie, M'Clellan, and Reed, set out in different directions inclining down the river, for the purpose of finding Indians and buying horses. Mr. Crooks with a few men returned to Henry's forks for those they had left, while Mr. Hunt remained with the main body of the men in trapping beaver for their support. Mr. C. finding the distance much greater by land than they had contemplated, returned at the end of three days, where, waiting five more, expecting relief from below, the near approach of winter made them determine on depositing all superfluous articles and proceeding on foot. Accordingly on the 10th of November, messrs. Hunt and

Crooks set out, each with eighteen men, one party on the north, and the other on the south side of the river.

Mr. Hunt was fortunate in finding Indians with abundance of salmon and some horses; but Mr. Crooks saw but few, and in general too miserably poor to afford his party much assistance. Thirteen days travel brought the latter to a high range of mountains through which the river forced a passage, and the bank being their only guide, they still, by climbing over points of rocky ridges projecting into the stream, kept as near it as possible; till in the evening of the 3d December impassable precipices of immense height put an end to all hopes of following the margin of this water course, which here was not more than forty yards wide, ran with incredible velocity, and was withal so foamingly tumultuous, that even had the opposite bank been fit for their purposes, attempt at rafting would have been perfect madness; as they could only have the inducement of ending in a watery grave a series of hardships and privations, to which the most hardy and determined of the human race must have found himself inadequate. They attempted to climb the mountains, still bent on pushing on; but after ascending for half a day, they discovered to their sorrow that they were not half way to the summit, and the snow already too deep for men in their emaciated state to proceed further.

Regaining the river bank they returned up, and on the third day met with Mr. Hunt and party, with one horse, proceeding downwards; a canoe was soon made of a horse hide, and in it transported what meat they could spare to Mr. Crooks's starving followers, who for the first eighteen days after leaving the place of deposit had subsisted on half a meal in twenty-four hours, and in the last nine days had eat only one beaver, a dog, a few wild cherries and old mockasin soals; having travelled during these twenty-seven days at least five hundred and fifty miles. For the next four days both parties continued up the river, without any other support than what little rosebuds and cherries they could find; but here they luckily fell in with some Snake Indians, from whom they got five horses, giving them three guns and some other articles for the same. Starvation had bereft J. B. Provost of his senses entirely, and, on seeing the horse flesh on

the opposite shore, was so agitated in crossing in a skin canoe, that he upset it and was unfortunately drowned. From hence Mr. Hunt went on to a camp of Shoshonees about ninety miles above, where, procuring a few horses and a guide, he set out for the main Columbia, across the mountains to the south west, leaving the river where it entered the range, and on it Mr. Crooks and five men unable to travel. Mr. H. lost a Canadian named Carriére by starvation, before he met the Shyeyetoga Indians in the Columbia plains; from whom getting a supply of provisions, he soon reached the main river, which he descended in canoes and arrived without any further loss at Astoria, in the month of February.

Messrs. M'Kenzie, M'Clellan, and Read had united their parties on the Snake river mountains, through which they travelled twenty-one days, to the Mulpot river, subsisting on an allowance by no means adequate to the toils they underwent daily; and to the smallness of their number, which was in all eleven, they attribute their success in getting with life to where they found some wild horses. They soon after reached the fork called by captains Lewis and Clarke Kooskooske; went down Lewis's partly, and the Columbia wholly, by water, without any misfortune, except the upsetting in a rapid of Mr. M'Clellan's canoe, and although it happened on the first day of the year, yet by great exertion they clung to the canoe till the others came to their assistance; making their escape with the loss of some rifles.—They reached Astoria early in January.

Three of the five men who remained with Mr. Crooks, afraid of perishing by want, left him in February on a small river on the road by which Mr. Hunt had passed in quest of Indians, and have not since been heard of. Mr. C. had followed Mr. H's track in the snow for seven days; but coming to a low prairie, he lost every appearance of the trace, and was compelled to pass the remaining part of winter in the mountains, subsisting sometimes on beaver and horse meat, and their skins, and at others on their success in finding roots. Finally, on the last of March, the other only Canadian being unable to proceed, was left with a lodge of Shoshonees, and Mr. C. with John Day, finding the snow sufficiently diminished, undertook, from Indian information, to

cross the last ridge, which they happily effected and reached the banks of the Columbia by the middle of April, where, in the beginning of May, they fell in with mr. Stewart, &c. having been a few days before stripped of every thing they possessed, by a band of villains near the falls. On the 10th of May they arrived safe at Astoria, the principal establishment of the Pacific fur company, within fourteen miles of Cape Disappointment.

NEWLY INVENTED FIREARMS.

The following account of a singular and useful invention has been politely translated for our use, by a friend, from a late number of the Bulletin of the Society of Encouragement at Paris.

NEW FIREARMS INVENTED BY M. PAULY, OFFICER OF ARTILLERY, IN THE SERVICE OF SWITZERLAND.

The arms invented by M. Pauly, offer, in their mechanism and use, very great advantages over those now used.

The musket of M. Pauly has for its principal qualities:

I. To carry the ball twice as far as common guns.

II. To be capable of being discharged ten or twelve times in one minute, without carrying the gun to the left, without going out of the horizontal line, parallel to that of aim, and without interruption, which exercise the inventor has rendered easy, and much less tiresome, than the one now practised: 1. In substituting to the strap which supports the cartridge-box, a leather belt, furnished with a metal plate, in the middle of which is a pin (or peg) which serves to steady the breach of the gun, and render the shock almost imperceptible; at the same time that it is used as a point of resistance in charging with the bayonet.—2. In composing that belt of several straps, in which slide boxes extremely light, containing cartridges, which by this means the soldier has at hand.

III. To require neither ramrod, nor flint, nor worm, nor priming wire.

IV. To render the infantry almost secure against any attack of cavalry, by means of bayonets, which being lengthened or shortened, in a manner always strong, and at will by the soldiers

of the second and third ranks, render the first flank always protected by that dreadful weapon.

V. To present the same advantages, in the most precipitate retreats, by the facility afforded the soldier to load, either in walking or running; the gun being placed horizontally on the shoulder, the left arm on the breach, so that he has only to turn half round, in carrying the left foot backward, to face the enemy with as much promptitude and accuracy as if he fired in front. The soldier may load either standing or lying down, or even at the same time that he is charging with the bayonet.

VI. This musket, as well as the fowling piece, is exempt from all hanging fire, and from all effects of rain upon powder, and has not, like the common guns, that smoke so inconvenient in battle and in hunting, as there is no touchhole. Its effect cannot be destroyed for want of a flint, a ram-rod, &c. nor be dangerous on account of double and triple charges, so common in platoon firing, as it is impossible to load more than once without discharging.

VII. It is as easy to load in the night without a light as in midday, and without any danger, which is an invaluable advantage in night attacks, in which the troops attacked cannot reload without a light, and without delays which often cost them their lives.

The fowling piece of M. Pauly, can also fire ten or twelve times in a minute. It requires neither ramrod nor shotbag, &c. &c. and the sportsman cannot be stopped by the fear of a double or false charge. The barrel upon its stock, is the only apparatus of the sportsman, excepting cartridges, which are made in an uniform and economical way, and being out of danger from rain, prevent the inconvenience of missing or hanging fire.

The horseman's pistols and duelling pistols of M. Pauly are rifle-barrelled, as well as his musket. It partakes of all its advantages as regards the promptitude of shooting. It can be loaded six times quicker than the common pistol, without the horseman being obliged to stop; and in charging the enemy without letting go the bridle, so that cavalry can imitate the fire of infantry. The loading is done without a ramrod, and it is play-

sically impossible that the motion of the horse can drop the load, and so render the arms useless, which is often the case with those now used.

The cartridges used for M. Pauly's arms, are of a particular and economical composition. They do not throw, like those now in use, a wrapper or wad, the effects of which are dangerous. They need not be torn to communicate the powder; and the charge cannot be weakened by the loss of powder, always occasioned by tearing the cartridge, and its introduction into the barrel.

The charge being contained in a cartridge, the fragments of which are easily taken out after each fire, the inside of the gun is always clean, and it may be fired much longer than other guns without being cleaned.

The gun is loaded through the breech, and the charge and prime are both introduced into the barrel together, in a cartridge prepared in a particular way. Fire takes as in the former guns of M. Pritat, by the percussion of fulminating powder, placed in the centre of the charge. As the prime takes fire in the centre of the charge, the gun goes off much quicker, and the powder being inflamed all at once, half a charge of it has equal effects with a whole charge in common guns.

The gun which the reporter M. Delessert presented to the Society of Encouragement, has fired three hundred times without hanging or missing fire a single time.

When these guns shall be fabricated, they will cost no more than the common guns; and as they require only half a charge of powder, half of that article will be saved, of which the transportation is so dear, so inconvenient, and especially so dangerous.

M. Pauly has taken a patent and has established himself with M. Pritat at Paris.

TRAVELS—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Lisbon.

My dear F.

I have delayed writing to you for sometime, in hopes of having it in my power to communicate to you something of an interesting nature. This is the last communication I think I shall make you, and being much occupied at present, you must excuse the careless, unconnected form, which it will necessarily assume.

Yesterday was the anniversary of the departure of the French from Lisbon; a day which will ever be famous in political history—a day that gave no laurels to the now celebrated Wellington: but one, that displayed the complete mastery of the French, in political arrangements. It was, however, celebrated with much parade and bustle; and at night, the city was illuminated. The Inquisition square was the theatre of much merriment—the illuminations were brilliant, and produced a fine effect—the Portuguese hovered around the illuminated portrait of their prince, and contemplated, with adoration in their looks, features coarse, vulgar, and disgusting—a countenance, where reposed not a single ray of refinement; but one, whereon stupidity, bigotry and superstition were marked in prominent characters. It is said, Benevolence once held her seat there; but a gloomy band of monks now surround their royal victim, and, by their frowns, have scowled into absence this beautiful and divine essence they were delegated to preserve and cherish.

You cannot well conceive a more beautiful sight of the kind, than the city of Lisbon illuminated. From the river it is viewed to most advantage—the grounds rising gradually towards the centre of the town, are adorned even to their summits, and the Tagus covered with boats, wherein Apollo and Bacchus alternately preside, create a tout ensemble highly picturesque and agreeable.

As we are on the river, I will, en passant, relate a circumstance that took place not long since.

The Portuguese are very fond of bathing, and of this amusement both male and female occasionally partake together; but

this needs some explanation. There are bathing houses in the Tagus were each may have separate accommodations; but those who prefer enjoying it in a more unconfined manner, take to their boats and anchor nigh the opposite shore. The lady retains a robe that completely envelops her; the gentleman however is every thing but a sans-culotte.

I was invited to join a party in this entertainment, and consented, although reluctantly (not being able to reconcile the measure precisely to my own ideas of propriety, call it American prejudice, modesty or what you please) and wrapped in my *morning gown*, was preparing to mingle among them, when on looking around, I found myself quite an object of astonishment; all parties contemplating, with wonder and surprise, the American shrouded from *head to foot!*

You recollect the Spanish saying, quien no va á carava, no sabe nada, and upon this principle I was not dissatisfied with my aquatic debut.

The Portuguese ladies are fond of strangers, and discover great partiality for the Americans and English; always expressing their sympathy for any misfortune befalling them—whilst the poor native gets no consolation but "Psha, it is only a Portuguese." The English do not, I regret to say, always repay the kindness they receive; many of the officers being excessively overbearing in their conduct to the Portuguese. An instance exemplifying this, lately occurred, of which I received information from the honourable ——, one of lord Wellington's aids.

A British officer took possession of the quarters of a Portuguese officer during his absence, who on his return remonstrated at the insult received. The answer of the Englishman was a *blow on the face*, which immediately produced a combat, terminating in the death of the aggressor. The Portuguese was then attacked by an English major, who was in like manner killed—the Portuguese swearing he would run the weapon through his own body, before he would submit to any English force. He then delivered up his sword to his superior officer, who had him sent to Lisbon for trial; but the moment the particulars were made known to lord Wellington, he ordered his immediate re-

lease, with the remark, that he had acted as became a soldier, and a man of honor. This equitable conduct gained him much applause, particularly amongst the justly irritated Portuguese.

I have lately visited the lines—I should judge them impregnable. Those villages in which the French had been, were in a very ruinious state. From the English lines I could see the French picquets, which were on the opposite chain of hills, and during the time they remained so near each other, they were exceedingly courteous, constantly passing *cards of invitation* to each other's amusements. These were of course accepted, but that only; whilst the soldiers of the different armies used frequently to *shake hands* under the white flag that waved o'er their watering place. As the same spring supplied them both, they were friends of the moment—their pitchers encircled the bond of union.—Sod,

"Tacebant—et ora pallor albus inficbat;
Menteeque perculsæ stupebant."

What think you of the corruption that still stalks abroad in this devoted country, when I inform you that a few days ago, was hanged as a traitor, one of the police guards of the city. Every evidence of his guilt was complete. I witnessed his exit. Horror sat on every countenance at the contemplation of the poor wretch's fate, who, whilst supported between two priests, pursued his way to the place of execution, bewailing his miserable fate. When arrived at the spot, and when the melancholy sounds of the drum had ceased to vibrate, and his companions in arms had formed around him, his cries for mercy became vehement and piteous—but the die was cast.

I lately visited the convent of Arrabida, and was much gratified. It is distant about twenty miles from Lisbon, and situated in a very romantic spot, on the pinnacle of one of the highest hills in the country—there dwell about thirty monks of the order of St. Pedro D'Alcantra. The assent to the convent is very steep, and is nearly three miles in extent. I was nevertheless fully repayed the trouble and fatigue I had undergone, in the elegance of the surrounding scenery, and in the kind attention of the religiosi. They gave me a dinner of simples, and em-

braced me at parting. They were very inquisitive about the "affairs of nations;" for secluded as they are, they welcome the coming guest with much ardour.

Francisco accompanied me down the hill to show me the cave of St. Margaret. The entrance was gloomy and chilling; but I was attracted by the light of a glimmering taper, suspended from the ceiling of an altar in a remote corner, by whose feeble light I viewed the singular structure of the cave, filled with petrified columns and grotesque forms. My swarthy companion and guide urged me to enter the long dismal avenue that led under ground—it looked awful—we had no torch. The iron gate of the altar was locked. I involuntarily turned my eyes on the monk, and the next moment found me outside of the cave. I could not resist the influence of the surrounding objects.

I have repeatedly told you of the fondness of the Portuguese for music. It manifests itself in every class of society—from the lord to the beggar. Among the lower order, the guitar is the favourite instrument, with the sweet sounds of which your ears are saluted at the corner of almost every street.

In St. Ubes, about fifteen miles from Lisbon, I visited the convents of Jesus, St. Dominick and Santa Maria. That of Jesus is a most venerable structure, and has withstood the ravages of nearly three centuries—It contains some valuable and interesting paintings, and the columns supporting the ceiling are formed of a red stone, and so executed as to represent three small ones twining around each other. It was evening when I entered, and every thing conspired to render the scene interesting and impressive: the nuns were chanting vespers—their devotion was mournful and tender, and its solemnity still increased by the hollow-toned organ's responsive notes—now—"all was still as the silence of death"—and again the harmonious peals of vocal and instrumental music reverberated along the moulderring arches, which reechoed the mournful sounds, awakening, most powerfully, my warmest sympathy.

Between Lisbon and St. Ubes, on a lofty eminence, stands the ancient and now mouldering castle of Palmello, built by the Moors. The views it affords are grand and extensive. The

scenery highly variegated and picturesque. At its base is the truly "beautiful valley," cultivated with the humble vine, the delicate olive and the towering palm, which mingled with the orange, lemon and banana, all encircling the white cottages, interspersed throughout, gave a charm to the scene that made us involuntarily check our mules to enjoy it.

A voyage to this kingdom would not, I think, be taken at too great an expense, with the gratification of curiosity alone in view; in addition to which, the climate is one of the most delightful in the world; and peculiarly grateful to the invalid, all the months being pleasant except those of November and December; at which time the rains are very violent, rendering the *level* streets of Lisbon one mass of filth, and creating a torrent which issues down the hills overwhelming every thing in the rapidity of its course.

As to the living here it is pretty good. Poultry of every kind is in great abundance, and their hams are remarkably fine, and possess a most delicious flavour, their animals being generally of the choice Chinese breed, and fed principally on the acorn and chesnut, with which the country abounds. I must remark to you, however, that veal is a *contraband* article, calves not being allowed to suffer death. Their mutton is poor, nor do they know any thing of a beefsteak, that indispensable in our own country; and as to *fresh butter*, it would be as great a rarity as a drunken Portuguese, neither of which have I seen since I have been in the country.—All the butter they use is imported from Ireland, and you may conceive its condition in a hot summer's day, where there is no ice to correct its wandering propensities; but I believe it makes little difference whether it be good or bad; and among the lower class I know the *strength* of the flavour of the article constitutes its principal recommendation: but chacun a son goût.

The fish market I can safely recommend. The bacalhão, the sole, the *conger*, bass, turbot, pescada, &c. are here in fine perfection, with also the lobster and shrimp, which latter article is considered as almost indispensable at the breakfast table of the American.

Water is here preserved in a fine cool state, during the warmest weather, by means of their earthern vessels—these jugs are composed of a clay, containing iron and lime, are but half baked, and are porous.

In the city are many public fountains, and there are also *seven hundred* water carriers, who pursue the sale of water as a livelihood; and among the variety of cries that salute the ear, none is more prominent than that of "*Agua fresca.*"

In the vicinity of Lisbon are many elegant seats, some of which being deserted, are going rapidly to decay. Near the village of Bemfica is that of the marquis D'Abrantes, to which is attached a very extensive garden, adorned with every elegance of art—a horse, executed in white marble and spouting forth water from his nostrils, is a striking ornament to this garden. The groves, &c. are supplied with water from a cistern by wheels, to which is connected a revolving rope of buckets, emptying themselves into pipes, through which the water is conveyed to any distance.

On the north side of the city, and planned with great magnificence, stands the aquæduct, or I should rather say, the great arches, os arcos, as the Portuguese designate them. The water flows at the distance of twelve or fifteen miles, from a spring a few miles from Bellas, and in its passage has to cross a very deep valley, and it is here those celebrated arches are formed, to a height and with a solidity that is astonishing, the largest of them being two hundred and thirty French feet in height and one hundred and seven in width—A pistol fired beneath causes a most tremendous reverberation, and it is said, a man of war in full sail, could with ease pass through this great arch. On the top of these arches is a covered funnel of eight feet in width, of stone—through this the water flows, and on each side is a path, on which two persons may walk abreast: this passage extends for two thousand four hundred feet—the whole is a stupendous fabric and has immortalized its author.

I must inform you before I close my letter, that I lately met with a Portuguese gentleman, an artist—he had been a fellow pupil with our West, when in Italy, and spoke in the most ex-

alted terms of him. He politely offered me to present a painting to our academy, provided I would give him a subject; perhaps I may do this, should I at any time feel disposed.

Adieu.

I have given you a melange, but shall offer no apology—

"Trudítur dies die
Novæque pergunt interire Lunæ,"

and I am still here—but a short time, and some kind gales will waft me to the land of my nativity. B.

FRENCH LITERATURE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The work which has excited most interest at Paris during the last year, is "The Literary, Philosophical, and Critical Correspondence, addressed to a sovereign of Germany, from the year 1770 to 1782, by the baron de Grimm and Diderot," in 5 vols. 8vo.

The baron de Grimm was a German, who went as a literary adventurer to Paris, where his love of letters, his taste, and his assiduity in cultivating the good will of the great, rendered him an associate of many very distinguished residents and foreigners. He was the friend of Rousseau, of Voltaire, of all the Encyclopœdists, and, at a time when all Europe looked towards Paris as the capitol of taste and fashion and literature, and when literary journals were less multiplied than at present, he was a sort of literary embassador from the empress of Russia and several German princes, and in the year 1776, was appointed minister plenipotentiary to France by the duke of Saxe Gotha. The affairs of that ministry not being very important, the baron de Grimm was chiefly employed in communicating to his royal patrons, all the literary news and incidents of Paris, and when absence or sickness interposed, his friend Diderot supplied his place.

From the immense volumes of which such a correspondence might naturally be supposed to consist, a selection has now been published; and although it is very apparent that one or two of these volumes might have been spared—although there is much on obsolete topics, which have long since lost their interest, and some things which have been already published, yet there are still many interesting articles of secret history and literature. The vast variety of subjects mentioned in the work, of course prevents any regular analysis of its contents, and we shall therefore merely translate, from time to time, such articles as may seem generally interesting. We shall begin by the following very extraordinary anecdote with regard to the French Encyclopœdia.

"Mr. le Breton, first printer to the king, was concerned one half in the publication of the Encyclopœdia, and was also charged with printing the whole. The rest of the concern was divided among three printers, two of whom dying, the other, Mr. Briasson and Mr. le Breton, became proprietors of the whole work. These gentlemen had all their lives laid it down as an inviolable maxim, that men of letters labour to acquire glory, and men of the trade to accumulate wealth. They therefore divided the proceeds of the Encyclopœdia into two parts, of which Diderot had all the glory, the danger, and the persecution, while they kept for themselves the profits arising from four thousand three hundred subscriptions. The emolument of Diderot for this immense work, which absorbed one half of his life, was fixed at two thousand five hundred livres [less than five hundred dollars] for each of the seventeen folio volumes, besides a gross sum of twenty thousand livres.

"Le Breton being about to print the last ten volumes, it was decided that they should be published all at once, in order to avoid fresh persecution; and as the government, although the Encyclopœdia was printing by fifty workmen, in one of the largest printing offices of Paris, had given no intimation of its intentions, he determined to put himself out of the way of all possible danger, by being himself the judge and censor of every article in the Encyclopœdia. Each part was, in the first place, printed exactly as the authors wrote it; but after Diderot had revised

the last proof, and had placed at the bottom the order to print it off, le Breton took it in hand, and without the knowledge of any one, retrenched, cut it up, and suppressed whatever he thought too free, or likely to excite clamours among devotees or enemies, and thus reduced the greatest number of the best articles to mutilated fragments, stripped of their most valuable parts, sometimes without taking the pains to connect these ragged skeletons, or else uniting them by scraps the most incongruous of his own. It is impossible to say how far this detestable scheme was carried, for the wretch burned the manuscripts as far as the articles were printed off; but the evil must have been very great; for this le Breton, who was so keen with regard to his own interest, was a fellow totally destitute of literature, much less of philosophy, and was as base as he was ignorant. This was the true key, though unknown to all the world, of all the follies and contradictions of the ten last volumes, and of a multitude of suppressions which cannot be repaired.

"The printing was drawing to a close in 1764, when Diderot, having occasion to consult one of his most important philosophical articles, under the letter S, found it entirely mutilated. He was thunderstruck, and suspecting in an instant the atrocious conduct of the printer, he examined all the greatest articles written by himself and his best assistants, and found, through the whole, traces of the same disorder and the same absurd mutilation. This discovery put him in a state of frenzy and despair, which I shall never forget. I was in the country—he despatched a messenger after me to apprize me of this incredible piece of atrocity, and to ask my advice as to the course he should pursue. The booksellers, who were jointly concerned with le Breton, being apprized of the stupidity and impudence of their colleague, conjured Diderot not to involve them in the ruin which they acknowledged he had richly merited. They perceived that a single word on the subject from Diderot, in the public papers, would totally ruin them; for no subscriber would then receive the ten volumes about to be published, and they represented that the evil was now irreparable, as the manuscript was destroyed, and they were now printing the last volume. I confess that I was but little touched by these representations, since it was le

Breton's own concern to indemnify his associates for the injury which, during eighteen months or two years, he was thus coolly inflicting on them. But a more powerful consideration made me advise silence. It was the safety of my friend Diderot; for he could not announce this treachery to the public without putting into the hands of his enemies a judicial proof that he was continuing the Encyclopœdia, after the suppression of it had been ordered by the government; and he would have been obliged, in consequence of this avowal, to leave France. I was besides convinced that the public would be apprized of it by the outcries of the greatest part of the authors, when they found their works so horribly mutilated. But, strange as it may seem, I have never heard one of the writers complain. The interval of time between the composition and the printing of their works, had rendered them less familiar with their contents; and so many obstacles were thrown in the way of the publication, that the edition was distributed to subscribers in the provinces and in foreign countries, before the authors could read a line of it. Thus the greatest literary undertaking, since the invention of printing, was thrown by persecution into the hands of a timid and stupid printer, who made himself the final judge of it with an impudence which has no example. It was never known to more than four or five persons. The publication of the entire work, at once disarmed its enemies, as had been foreseen, there being no longer any thing to persecute, when there was nothing to prevent.

"Although the work is even now incomplete, some volumes of plates being wanting, a company was formed about three years ago [1768] for the purpose of publishing another edition, entirely new modelled. Mr. Diderot, however, would not have any concern in it, and the project dropped, after the company had purchased the plates of the first edition for two hundred and fifty thousand livres. They then proposed to reprint the first edition, with a supplement, to correct the errors and repair the omissions of the original. But the clergy complained to the king of this new edition; and the three volumes which they had already published were seized, and deposited in the bastile, where they now are. In this project, Voltaire was to be one of the

principal actors. He immediately set to work, though at the age of seventy-seven, with more zeal than all the other philosophers together; and when the scheme failed, he determined, alone, to make an Encyclopœdia; but without endeavouring to supply the defects of the first edition, he merely availed himself of the alphabetical order, to give his ideas on every subject, under the title of Questions on the Encyclopœdia, by amateurs."

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July, 1781.—"Although the last edition of the History of the Two Indies, is in general much superior to the others, it is certain that it has added scarcely any thing to the personal glory of the abbé Raynal. On the contrary, his reputation has never been more contested; and it is precisely since he has placed in front of the volume his name and a wretched portrait, which gives him so wild a look, and which resembles him so little, that the public perseveres in naming his fellow labourers, and even in ascribing to them those parts of the work of which the abbé was most proud. One of those it is impossible to mistake, since we meet his style and his ideas at every moment, and even in those overflowings of sensibility, in which the abbé Raynal was most desirous of appearing to be hurried away by feeling altogether his own. Such, for instance, are his regrets on the death of Eliza Draper.* Every one of the society of madame Necker can recollect, that the touching epitaph on that Eliza Draper, is taken from the recollection of that which Mr. Diderot made some years ago, before twelve or fifteen persons, on the death of madame Necker. However we may esteem the abbé Raynal, there is something ludicrous in thus borrowing from others, however just the terms may be, and engaging *his* friends to weep for the account of another."

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October, 1777.—"The following verses were made for the portrait of Dr. Franklin, taken by Cochin, but were afterwards suppressed by the censor, as being profane.

* "You who visit the spot where repose her ashes, write on the marble which covers them—On such a day—such a month—such an hour, God withdrew his breath, and Eliza died."

C'est l'honneur et l'appui du nouvel hémisphere,
Les flots de l'ocean s'abaissent à sa voix;
Il réprime ou dirige à son gré le tonnerre,
Qui désarme les Dieux, peut il craindre les rois?"

July, 1778.—"Dr. Franklin speaks but little, and at his first coming to Paris, as France refused as yet to declare openly in favour of the colonies, he spoke still less. At a dinner of wits, one of them, in order to draw him into conversation, said to him, "We must acknowledge, sir, that America offers to us at present a grand and superb exhibition." "Yes," replied doctor Franklin modestly, "but the spectators don't pay any thing for it." They have since paid."

"Epitaph on Voltaire, by a lady of Lausanne.

"Ci gît l'enfant gâté du monde qu'il gâta."

We were surprised at the following notice of one of our revolutionary officers, though we do not know how far it is correct.

January, 1780.—"The intrepid Paul Jones has been here for several weeks. He has had the honour of being presented to the king, and has been received with transports of applause wherever he has appeared, and particularly at the opera. A singularity worthy of remark is, that this brave seaman, who has given such multiplied proofs of firmness of mind and determined courage, is nevertheless a man of the greatest mildness and sensibility—that he has written a great deal of poetry, full of grace and sweetness, and that the species of poetry which seems most suited to his genius, is the elegy and the eclogue."

Σ.

DESCRIPTION OF BETHLEHEM.

The following description of the present situation of Bethlehem, in Judea, extracted from Chateaubriand's Travels through that country in 1806, cannot fail to excite the most lively interest in the breast of every Christian reader:

We left Jerusalem by the Damascus gate, then turning to the left, and crossing the ravines at the foot of Mount Sion, we ascended a mountain, and

found at the top of it a plain, over which we proceeded for an hour. We left Jerusalem to the north, behind us; on the west, we had the mountains of Judea, and on the east, beyond the Red Sea, those of Arabia. We passed the convent of St. Elijah. The spot where that prophet rested on his way to Jerusalem, is sure to be pointed out to you, under an olive-tree that stands upon a rock by the side of the road. A league farther on we entered the plain of Rama, where you meet with Rachel's tomb. It is a square edifice, surmounted with a small dome: it enjoys the privileges of a mosque, for the Turks as well as the Arabs, honour the families of the patriarchs. The traditions of the Christians agree in placing Rachel's sepulchre on this spot; historical criticism favours this opinion; but in spite of Thevenot, Monconys, Roger, and many others, I cannot admit what is now denominated Rachel's tomb, to be an antique monument: it is evidently a Turkish edifice, erected in memory of a santon.

We perceived in the mountains, for night had come on, the lights of the village of Rama. Profound silence reigned around us. It was doubtless in such a night as this that Rachel's voice suddenly struck the ear: "a voice was heard in Rama, lamentation and bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children, refused to be comforted, because they were not." Here the mothers of Astyanax and Euryalus are outdone; Homer and Virgil must yield the palm of pathos to Jeremiah.

We arrived by a narrow and rugged road at Bethlehem. We knocked at the door of the convent; its inhabitants were thrown into some alarm, because our visit was unexpected, and Ali's turban at first excited terror; but matters were soon explained to their satisfaction.

Bethlehem received its name, which signifies the *House of Bread*, from Abraham; and was surnamed *Ephrata*, the Fruitful, after Caleb's wife, to distinguish it from another Bethlehem, in the tribe of Zebulon. It belonged to the tribe of Judah, and also went by the name of the City of David, that monarch having there been born, and tended sheep in his childhood. Abijah, the seventh judge of Israel, Elimelech, Obed, Jesse, and Boaz were, like David, natives of Bethlehem, and here must be placed the scene of the admirable eclogue of Ruth. St. Matthias, the apostle, also received life in the same town where the Messiah came into the world.

The first Christians built an oratory over the manger of our Saviour. Adrian ordered it to be demolished, and a statue of Adonis erected in its stead. St. Helena destroyed the idol, and built a church on the same spot. The original edifice is now blended with the various additions made by the Christian princes. St. Jerome, as every reader knows, retired to the solitude of Bethlehem. Conquered by the Crusaders, Bethlehem returned with Jerusalem under the yoke of the Infidels; but it has always been the object of the veneration of the pilgrims. Pious monks, devoting themselves to perpetual martyrdom, have been its guardians for seven centuries. With re-

spect to modern Bethlehem, its soil, productions, and inhabitants, the reader is referred to the work of Volney. I have not, however, remarked in the vale of Bethlehem the fertility which is ascribed to it: under the Turkish government, to be sure, the most productive soil will in a few years be transformed into a desert.

At four in the morning of the 5th of October, I commenced my survey of the monuments of Bethlehem. Though these structures have frequently been described, yet the subject is in itself so interesting, that I cannot forbear entering into some particulars.

The convent of Bethlehem is connected with the church by a court enclosed with lofty walls. We crossed this court, and were admitted by a small side door into the church. The edifice is certainly of high antiquity, and though often destroyed and as often repaired, it still retains marks of its Grecian origin. It is built in the form of a cross. The long nave, or if you please, the foot of the cross, is adorned with forty-eight columns of the Corinthian order, in four rows. These columns are two feet six inches in diameter at the base, and eighteen feet high, including the base and capital. As the roof of this nave is wanting, the columns support nothing but a frieze of wood, which occupies the place of the architrave and of the whole entablature. Open timber-work rests upon the walls, and rises into the form of a dome, to support the roof that no longer exists, or that perhaps was never finished. The wood-work is said to be of cedar, but this is a mistake. The windows are large, and were formerly adorned with mosaic paintings, and passages from the Bible in Greek and Latin characters, the traces of which are yet visible. Most of these inscriptions are given by Quaresmius. The abbé Miriti notices, with some acrimony, a mistake of that learned friar in one of the dates: a person of the greatest abilities is liable to error, but he who blazons it without delicacy or politeness, affords a much stronger proof of his vanity than of his knowledge.

The remains of the mosaics to be seen here and there, and some paintings on wood, are interesting to the history of the arts; they in general exhibit figures in full face, upright, stiff, without motion, and without shadows; but their effect is majestic, and their character dignified and austere.

The Christian sect of the Arminians is in possession of the nave which I have just described. This nave is separated from the three other branches of the cross by a wall, so that the unity of the edifice is destroyed. When you have passed this wall, you find yourself opposite to the sanctuary, or the choir, which occupies the top of the cross. This choir is raised two steps above the nave. Here is seen an altar dedicated to the Wise Men of the East. On the pavement at the foot of this altar, you observe a marble star, which corresponds, as tradition asserts, with the point of the heavens where the miraculous star that conducted the three kings became stationary. So much is certain, that the spot where the Saviour of the world was born, is

exactly underneath this marble star in the subterraneous church of the manger, of which I shall presently have occasion to speak. The Greeks occupy the choir of the Magi, as well as the two other naves formed by the transom of the cross. These last are empty, and without altars.

Two spiral staircases, each composed of fifteen steps, open on the sides of the outer church, and conduct to the subterraneous church situated beneath the choir. This is the ever-to-be revered place of the nativity of our Saviour. Before I entered it, the superior put a taper into my hand, and repeated a brief exhortation. This sacred crypt is irregular, because it occupies the irregular site of the stable and the manger. It is thirty-seven feet six inches long, eleven feet three inches broad, and nine feet in height. It is hewn out of the rock; the sides of the rock are faced with beautiful marble, and the floor is of the same material. These embellishments are ascribed to St. Helena. The church receives no light from without, and is illumined with thirty-two lamps sent by different princes of Christendom. At the farther extremity of this crypt, on the east side, is the spot where the Virgin brought forth the Redeemer of mankind. This spot is marked by a white marble, incrusted with jasper, and surrounded by a circle of silver, having rays resembling those with which the sun is represented. Around it are inscribed these words:

HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA
JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST.

A marble table, which serves for an altar, rests against the side of the rock, and stands over the place where the Messiah came into the world. This altar is lighted by three lamps, the handsomest of which was given by Louis XIII.

At the distance of seven paces towards the south, after you have passed the foot of one of the staircases leading to the upper church, you find the manger. You go down to it by two steps, for it is not upon a level with the rest of the crypt. It is a low recess hewn out of the rock. A block of white marble, raised about a foot above the floor, and hollowed in the form of a manger, indicates the very spot where the Sovereign of Heaven was laid upon straw.

Two paces farther, opposite to the manger, stands an altar, which occupies the place where Mary sat when she presented the Child of Sorrows to the adoration of the Magi.

Nothing can be more pleasing, or better calculated to excite sentiments of devotion, than this subterraneous church. It is adorned with pictures of the Italian and Spanish schools. These pictures represent the mysteries of the place, the Virgin and Child, after Raphael, the Annunciation, the Adoration of the Wise Men, the coming of the Shepherds, and all those miracles of mingled grandeur and innocence. The usual ornaments of the man-

ger are of blue satin embroidered with silver. Incense is continually smoking before the cradle of the Saviour. I have heard an organ, touched by no ordinary hand, play during mass, the sweetest and most tender tunes of the best Italian composers. These concerts charm the Christian Arab, who, leaving his camels to feed, repairs, like the shepherds of old, to Bethlehem, to adore the King of kings in his manger. I have seen this inhabitant of the desert communicate at the altar of the Magi, with a fervour, a piety, a devotion unknown among the Christians of the west. "No place in the world," says father Neret, "excites more profound devotion. The continual arrival of caravans from all the nations of Christendom; the public prayers; the prostrations; nay, even the richness of the presents sent hither by the Christian princes, altogether produce feelings in the soul which it is much easier to conceive than to describe."

It may be added, that the effect of all this is heightened by an extraordinary contrast; for, on quitting the crypt, where you have met with the riches, the arts, the religion of civilized nations, you find yourself in a profound solitude, amidst wretched Arab huts, among half-naked savages and faithless Mussulmans. This place is, nevertheless, the same where so many miracles were displayed; but this sacred land dares no longer express its joy, and locks within its bosom the recollections of its glory.

From the grotto of the Nativity, we went to the subterraneous chapel, where tradition places the sepulchre of the Innocents: "Herod sent forth and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremie the prophet, saying: in Rama was there a voice heard," &c.

The chapel of the Innocents conducted us to the grotto of St. Jerome. Here you find the sepulchre of this father of the church, that of Eusebius, and the tombs of St. Paula, and St. Eustochium.

In this grotto St. Jerome spent the greater part of his life. From this retirement he beheld the fall of the Roman empire, and here he received those fugitive patricians, who, after they had possessed the palaces of the earth, deemed themselves happy to share the cell of a cenobite. The peace of the saint, and the troubles of the world produce a wonderful effect in the letters of the learned commentator on the Scriptures.

St. Paula and St. Eustochium were two illustrious Roman ladies of the family of the Scipios and of the Gracchi. They relinquished the delights of Rome, to live and die at Bethlehem in the practice of the monastic virtues. Their epitaph, written by Jerome, is not a very good one, and is so well known, that I shall not insert it here.

In the oratory of St. Jerome is a picture in which the head of that saint exhibits much the same air that has been given to it by the pencil of Caracci and Domenichino. Another painting contains the figures of Paula and Eustochium. These descendants of Scipio are represented reposing in death

in the same coffin. It was an affecting idea of the painter to make the two saints the perfect image of each other. The daughter is to be distinguished from the mother only by her youth and her white veil; the one has been longer, the other more expeditious in performing the voyage of life; and both have reached the port at the same moment.

Among the numerous pictures which are to be seen at the sacred stations, and which no traveller has described, I imagined that I sometimes discovered the mystic touch and inspired tone of Murillos; it would be a singular circumstance if the manger or the tomb of our Saviour should be found to possess some unknown master-piece of any of the great painters.

We returned to our convent, and I surveyed the country from the top of a terrace. Bethlehem is built on a hill which overlooks a long valley, running from east to west. The southern hill is covered with olive trees, thinly scattered over a reddish soil bestrewed with stones; that on the north side has fig-trees on the same kind of soil. Here and there you perceive some ruins, among others, the remains of a tower called the tower of St. Paula. I went back into the monastery, which owes part of its wealth to Baldwin, king of Jerusalem and successor to Godfrey of Bouillon: it is an absolute fortress, and its walls are so thick that it would be capable of sustaining a siege against the Turks.

At ten in the morning, we mounted our horses and set out from Bethlehem. Six Bethlehemite Arabs on foot, armed with daggers and long matchlocks, formed our escort: three of them marched before and three behind. We had added to our cavalry an ass, which carried water and provisions. We pursued the way that leads to the monastery of St. Saba, whence we were afterwards to descend to the Dead Sea and to return by the Jordan.

We first followed the valley of Bethlehem, which, as I have observed, stretches away to the east. We passed a ridge of hills, where you see, on the right, a vineyard recently planted, a circumstance too rare in this country for me not to remark it.—We arrived at a grot called the Grotto of the Shepherds. The Arabs still give it the appellation of Dta el Natour, the Village of the Shepherds. It is said that Abraham here fed his flocks, and that on this spot the shepherds of Judea were informed by the angel of the birth of the Saviour.

The piety of the faithful has transformed this grot into a chapel. It must formerly have been highly decorated: I observed there three capitals of the Corinthian order and two others of the Ionic. The discovery of the latter is really a wonder, for after the time of Helena we scarcely find any thing but the everlasting Corinthian.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE ADVERSARIA, OR EVENING RECREATIONS, No. IX.

Oh! let me
Maintain a decent elegance and ease,
And see what friends, and *read what books I please.*—POPE.

THE FIRST TRANSLATOR OF HOMER.

EUROPE is indebted to Leontius Pylatus, who lived in the fourteenth century, for the first translation of the works of Homer; and nobody seems to know much about him. If it had not been for Boccace, who assisted him in his translation into Latin, we should not have been enabled to trace even the name of a man to whom the literary world is under so much obligation. He was a Greek, a native of Thessalonica, who taught his own language at Florence, and of whom the author of the *Decameron* has given the following portrait.

"His look was frightful; his countenance hideous; he had an immensely long beard, and black hair, which was seldom disturbed by a comb. Absorbed in constant meditation, he neglected the decent forms of society; he was rude, churlish, without urbanity, and without morals; but to make amends for this he was profoundly skilled in the Greek language and in Greek literature. Of the Latin his knowledge was but superficial. Aware that "a prophet hath no honour in his own country," he called himself a Greek in Italy and an Italian in Greece. He had passed several years among the *ruins of the labyrinth of Crete.*"

Notwithstanding all the endeavours of Boccace and of Petrarch to retain this wandering character in Italy, he persisted in his resolution to return to Greece; but scarcely had he set his foot in that country when he wrote a letter to Petrarch, longer and more filthy than his beard or hair, as that author expresses himself, in which he extolled Italy to the skies, and spoke in the bitterest terms of Constantinople. Not receiving any answer he embarked in a vessel for Venice. The ship safely arrived in the Adriatic, when suddenly a terrible storm arose. Whilst all on board were in motion to do what was necessary for the vessel in

this predicament, the terrified Greek clung to a mast, which was struck with a thunderbolt. He died on the spot. The mariners and others were in the greatest consternation, but no other person sustained any injury. The body of the unfortunate Leontius, shapeless and half burnt, was thrown into the sea; and Petrarch, in relating this catastrophe to Boccace, says among other things, "This unhappy man has left the world in a more miserable manner than he came into it. I do not believe he experienced in it a single happy day. His physiognomy seemed to indicate his fate. I know not how any sparks of poetic genius found their way into so gloomy a soul."

RACHEL SPEGHT, published in 1621, 4to. a poem of considerable length, in six line stanzas, entitled, "MORTALITIES MEMORANDUM: *with a dream prefixed, imaginarie in manner, real in matter*."

Live to die, for die you must,
Die, to live among the just.

Readers too common and plentiful be,
For readers there are that can read a, b, c;
And utter their verdict on what they do view,
Though none of the *Muses* they yet ever knew.
But helpe of such readers at no time I crave,
Their silence, than censure I rather would have;
For ignorant dunces doe soonest deprave.

But, courteous reader, whoever thou art,
Which these my endeavours dost take in good part,
Correcting with judgment the faults thou dost find,
With favour approving what pleaseth thy minde:
To thee, for thy use and behoofe, I extend
This poor *memorandum* of our latter end:—
Thus, wishing thee welfare, I rest a true friend
To those which Art affect
And Learning's fruit respect.
Rachel Speght.

The following is as favourable a specimen of this lady's moral poem, as perhaps can be selected.

The *mariner*, which doth assay to passe
The raging seas into some forraigne land,

Desireth much to have his voyage ended,
And to arrive upon the solid sand.
All creatures with desire doe seeke for rest,
After they have with labour beene opprest.

The *pilgrim* which a journey undertakes,
Feeding his fancie with exoticke sights,
Deems not his way much irksome to his foot,
Because his paine is mixed with delights:
For 'tis his joy to think upon that day
When he shall see the period of his way.

Men are as *sailors* in this irkesome life,
Who at the haven always cast their eye;
As *pilgrims* wandering in an uncouth land:
Then who is he that will not wish to dye?
And he, whom God by death doth soonest call,
Is in my mind the happiest wight of all.

PETRARCH—the lover of Laura; of the most celebrated of the Italian poets; the restorer of the language—who rescued the remains of Roman and Greek literature—Petrarch disdained not to write upon the *itch*. It is in his excellent ethic work, "De remediis utriusque Fortunæ," that he treats on this strange topic. Of these books, the first is directed to temper, and moderate the insolence of joy. In the second book, he endeavours to muster the whole host of human woes, and to present such consolations as may strengthen and bear up the weakness of humanity under any one of them. The itch is one of the ills for which he offers consolation. Some of his topics are here sufficiently diverting. "Rather than painful," says he, "the itch is, by many persons, accounted exceedingly pleasing. It will serve to awaken you in the night better than either clock or watchman: if the disease be dirty and shameful, so are not the remedies by which it is to be cured; for what can be preferable to exercise, the bath, temperance in sleep and diet? Hands bearing the marks of this disorder may *appear disgraceful;* but that *patience* which endures it without fretfulness, is *highly honourable.* It may be vexatious to have the whole body covered over with this cutaneous distemper; but, alas! how little do we concern ourselves for the cure of those more grievous distempers of our

mind, avarice, ambition, the thirst of revenge, and all the kindred train of inordinate passions!"

BEN JONSON.

One of Jonson's plays was "damned" on the first night; owing, as the author thought, not to the want of merit, but to the carelessness of the comedians, and the prejudices of some of his enemies. He accordingly appealed to the public, and vented his indignation in a most contemptuous title-page and dedication. The NEW INN, or the LIGHT HEART, a comedy. As it was never acted, but most negligently played by some, the KING'S SERVANTS; and more squeamishly beheld and censured by others, the KING'S SUBJECTS. Now at last set at liberty to the *readers*, his majesty's servants and subjects, to be judged of. 1631. By the author. Ben Jonson.

——Me lectori credere Mallem:
Quam spectatoris fastidiis ferre superbi.—HOR.

In the following terms he gives us "the dedication to the reader: if thou be such, I make thee my patron, and dedicate the piece to thee: if not so much, would I had been at the charge of thy better literature. Howsoever, if thou canst but spell, and join my sense, there is more hope of thee, than of a hundred fastidious *impertinents*, who were there present the first day, yet never made piece of their prospect the right way. What did they come for then? thou wilt ask me. I will as punctually answer: to see, and to be seen: to make a general muster of themselves in their clothes of credit; and possess the stage against the play: to dislike all, but mark nothing. And by their confidence of rising between the acts, in oblique lines, make affidavit to the whole house, of their not understanding one scene. Armed with this prejudice, as the stage, furniture, or arrascloths, they were there; as spectators, away. For the faces in the hangings, and they beheld alike; so I wish they may do ever, and do trust myself and my book, rather to thy rustic candour, than all the pomp of their pride, and solemn ignorance to boot. Fare thee well, and fall to read. BEN JONSON.

Such are the direful consequences of provoking one of the *genus irritabile*. But alas! honest Ben, with all his genius and

his mirth is forgotten, whilst we run after *Tartans* and *Outlaws*, or idly gape at German ghosts and ridiculous hobgoblins.

AUTHORS.

Of all mankind, an author can the least safely set the common judgment of the world at defiance. If men shall, in general, agree not to read my book; if those who do read it be not impressed by its sentiments and imagery, nor convinced by its reasonings; it must be bad, however differently I may be disposed to think of its merits. Thus compelled, by the essential nature of the primary object of all their pursuits, to have an especial respect to the approbation and the disapprobation of others, literary men learn to watch with undescribable anxiety the judgment of the public—to become intoxicated with its applause, and to console themselves for its neglect only by imputing this to some accidental untowardness of circumstances. How often do they, in imagination, anticipate the effects of a few favourite verses or paragraphs upon the readers! with what raptures are they apt to repeat the praises which they have obtained! how eagerly will they proffer to every visiter the gratification of listening to their favourite effusions! to what a fancied elevation, greater than that of a Roman triumph, are they exalted by any transient success! how easily are they galled to the quick, amidst all their exultation, even by the slightest censure of the meanest critics! It is not pride that can be content with its own suffrage alone, but vanity suffering the voice of the multitude to fix its price, that displays itself in all those emotions. It is the fate of the sons of literature to be peculiarly subject to the influence of these causes, by which vanity is necessarily produced, and cherished in the breast.

In a late perusal of *the letters of* Balsac *to* Conrart *and others*, I have met with some very amusing instances of this literary vanity. Balsac's works, in general, are written not without elegance. Yet without much of either acuteness or comprehension of mind, and not always with spirit or correctness. But he had been praised and flattered, until he was persuaded that the most distant posterity must read with raptures the veriest trifles which flowed from his pen. "He finds him-

self," as he tells his friend, "distressed by the impertinent importunity of persons who wrote to him, and sent him presents, solely with a view to draw from him *some of his precious epistles*." Of *Salmatius* he says, "that great bookmaker pours out his stuff faster than any secretary can transcribe it, or any printer conduct it through the press." He will compose a thick folio sooner than *I can finish a page or two of a letter*. Blessed are the writers who can so easily satisfy themselves! who, in composing, exercise only their memory and their fingers! who, without choice or discrimination, tell just all that they know!" of his own work, entitled ARISTIPPUS, he says, "so dearly do I love this Benjamin of my brain, that I would not exchange it for all the *miscellanies*, *diatribæ*, *various readings*, *animadversions*, *emendations*, &c. that have issued, during these last fifty years, from the presses of Leiden and Frankfort." Many things still more extravagant than these, appear as effusions of this author's vanity in the same little volume of his letters: yet is there in the same volume nothing finer than a short complimentary epistle from *M. Drelincourt*, sent with a copy of his excellent treatise *on death*, to court the acceptance of *Balsac*. It seems that *Balsac* had established in his estate a manufacture of paper, and was accustomed to send frequent presents of this article to his favourite friends at Paris. He appears, likewise, to have been most anxiously punctilious in regard to the correction of the press, in the printing of his works.—It should seem, from the epistolary correspondence of *Balsac* and his friends, that they accounted him who could pay the most extravagant compliments to write the best letter.

THOMAS HOBBES, of *Malmesbury*, exhibits likewise, in his works, some curious specimens of the vanity of an author. But it must be owned, that there is, in the self-commendation of Hobbes, much more of dogmatism, insolence, and enthusiastic conviction, than in that of *Balsac*. It has, perhaps, in it, more of *pride* than of *vanity*. In the very title of his *short treatise* on *liberty* and necessity, he says of it, wherein all controversy concerning predestination, election, free-will, grace, merits, reprobation, &c. *is fully decided and cleared*." He never fails to treat

his adversaries with supreme contempt, as the most stupid and ignorant of mankind. In the dedication of his *treatise on human nature* to the earl of Newcastle, he scruples not to say: "I present this to your lordship, for *the only* and *solid foundation of such science*."—"It would be an incomparable benefit to the commonwealth," adds he afterwards, "that every one held the opinion concerning law and policy here delivered." In the dedication of his *Leviathan* to Mr. Francis Godolphin, he very frankly expresses himself thus: "If you find my labour generally decried, you may say, I am a man that love my own opinions, and think all true I say." Comparing himself in another work, with Boyle, and the natural philosophers in general, he treats them with ineffable contempt, as men who owed their reputation merely to their glasses and furnaces: "but, before Mr. Hobbes's book *de Homine* came forth," adds he immediately, "I never saw any thing written on that subject intelligibly."—Hobbes, I cannot help here mentioning, has left us, in Latin hexameters, a diverting account of a visit made by a party of pleasure to the Peak in Derbyshire, in which he very laughably translates its vulgar appellation—PLUTONIS ANUM.

Akin to this author-vanity of *Balzac* and *Hobbes* seems to be that strange delusion of fancy, which made the famous *lord Herbert* of *Cherbury* believe himself commanded by *special revelation* from Heaven, to publish a book against all revelation. The story is already sufficiently known.—Somewhat of the same cast, too, appears to have been that fond presumption of the most amusing *Benvenuto Cellini*, which led him at all times to imagine himself in a peculiar manner blessed with the extraordinary favour and protection of Heaven; whether he was endeavouring to scrape acquaintance with the devil in the rites of sorcery, carousing and rioting with his mistresses, or assassinating his foes!

I. E. H.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

COMPARISON BETWEEN HUDIBRAS AND MAC FINGAL.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

DR. JOHNSON in his life of Butler remarks, that this poet seems to have no mercy upon Hudibras. He loads him not only with follies, but crimes also. He commits perjury and then defends the act: he meditates the commission of forgery; and in short there is scarcely a crime in the decalogue which he would blush to perpetrate. Don Quixotte is ridiculous only in one point of view; but Hudibras is contemptible in all. The doctor imagines that Butler's head laboured under a tumultuous confusion of ideas. The charge is unjust; and Butler, were he living, might have retorted it upon his traducer, and cited Rasselas in proof of the assertion. In this volume the doctor uses the characters merely as vehicles for the conveyance of moral truth, as Butler did his, for satire; and both without any regard to consistency or propriety whatever. The characters are no further valuable in either, than as they inculcate the sentiments which they vindicate. Take from them the speeches which they utter, and the characters vanish with the celerity of lightning.

It has been said that Hudibras never has had an imitator. If this remark is confined to the island of Great Britain, it is indubitably just. Many authors have adopted Butler's double terminations; but I doubt whether any, amidst the whole class of English writers, have taken a character of that cast for a regular poem, in the manner in which Butler has done.

But although English poetry has discovered so much penury in this point, it is very clear that this objection does not hold against the poetry of our own country. It may be said, with perfect propriety, that America has furnished the only legitimate successor to Hudibras that the world has ever seen. Mac Fingal, if any regard is paid to consistency of character, clearly outshines his model. He is represented as a flaming loyalist, who labours to convince the good people of this country of the justice of his political opinions. The author has here dexterously seized a foible common to human nature, of a man who, having read much, and thought but little, argues against him-

self, while he labours to overcome his opponents. Mac Fingal, with all the zeal of a furious loyalist, endeavours to make proselytes while every one of his arguments is pointed the other way. Contrasting the zeal and fanaticism he discovers in a cause, for which he produces reasons so perfectly ridiculous, we are thrown into convulsions of laughter. This unfortunate hero, after having defended the cause of the loyalists in town meeting, is unfortunately arrested by the mob, and tarred and feathered. As full of humour as this character is, there is nothing incongruous in the conception—nothing but what we have often seen in our commerce and intercourse with mankind. Such a monster as Hudibras the world never saw. He goes out in the character of a knight, a presbyterian, a justice of the peace, a metaphysician, a theologian, a thief, and a hypocrite. Mr. Butler, from the wide extent of such a character, meant to lay his ground broad enough to satirize whatever was ridiculous in government, in the administration of law, or in theology. But qualities so opposite must, of necessity, be idle, if action is taken for their basis, and they are all concentrated in one character. They counteract and destroy each other; for a knight would not travel with the same views as a judge; a judge would differ from a metaphysician; and they would all differ from a professor of theology. Butler, therefore, found no other resource left him than to send this mass of infamy and contempt, denominated Hudibras, into the world in the character of a knight, and to suffer him to develop his other qualities, by conversation on the road with a disputatious squire, whom, as Dr. Johnson says, he is always encountering and never overpowering in argument. The adventures of Hudibras are as singular as the character he sustains. He is defeated in single combat by a woman, set in the stocks, and afterwards pelted with rotten eggs. But even these degrading adventures do not satisfy the vengeance of Butler. He falls in love with the lands of a rich widow, commits perjury to testify his affection, and is cudgelled by men in the character of devils. Mac Fingal, on the other hand, is consistently ridiculous. Allow him to be a man of more reading than common sense; allow him not to have intelligence enough to see the drift of his own arguments, and all his misadventures follow of

course. He is, therefore, decidedly preferable to Hudibras *as a whole*, for no adventure befalls him but what might befall any man of this cast. Hudibras is only estimable in spots. The author's wit, it is true, is a full compensation for all defects of this character; and it does compensate, because we completely sink the character in the pleasure which we derive from his page. The author of Mac Fingal acts differently: the wit always keeps company with the character, of which, indeed, it makes a constituent part. Hence, whoever reads Mac Fingal pursues the author to the end of his narrative, and laments the termination of the adventure. But it is a singular fact, and well warrants the justice of these observations, that, probably, of the thousands who are the admirers of Hudibras, not ten out of a hundred think of reading the narrative throughout. It then becomes tedious; for the author has taken especial care to inform us in the outset, that the character is too contemptible to excite our regard. I hope then, Mr. Editor, I shall be excused from the charge of nationality, by stating, that so far as respects congruity, consistency, and propriety, in the delineation of character, the author of Mac Fingal not only rivals, but excels his original. With regard to the wit of this author, it is of the true Hudibrastic kind; it has received the warmest approbation in the very country which has been the object of his satires. In this point he will be found, I apprehend, not inferior to his original; while, in the other parts of his poem, he is, unquestionably, his superior.

F.

DESCRIPTION OF MICHILIMACKINAC.

The capture of Michillimackinac during the present war, having drawn the attention of the public towards that important post, the following account of the manner in which it was taken by the Indians on the fourth of June, 1763, will be found interesting. It is extracted from a volume of travels in that part of

America, published in New York about three years ago, by a Mr. Henry, a British trader, long resident among the Indians, and who was taken prisoner on that occasion. He relates that for several days previous, a number of Indians had gathered under various pretences round the fort, but as they were known to be friendly, the commandant disregarded the advice of some of the more prudent inhabitants, and took no precautions against them; till the king's birth-day, a moment of jubilee was fixed on for the execution of the dreadful design of the savages.

"The morning," says Mr. Henry, "was sultry. A Chipewa came to tell me that his nation was going to play at *baggetiway*, with the Sacs or Saäkies, another Indian nation, for a high wager. He invited me to witness the sport, adding that the commandant was to be there, and would bet on the side of the Chipeways. In consequence of this information, I went to the commandant, and expostulated with him a little, representing that the Indians might possibly have some sinister end in view; but, the commandant only smiled at my suspicions.

"*Baggatiway*, called, by the Canadians, *le jéu de la crosse*, is played with a bat and ball. The bat is about four feet in length, curved, and terminating in a sort of racket. Two posts are planted in the ground, at a considerable distance from each other, as a mile, or more. Each party has its post, and the game consists in throwing the ball up to the post of the adversary. The ball, at the beginning, is placed in the middle of the course, and each party endeavours as well to throw the ball out of the direction of its own post, as into that of the adversary's.

"I did not go myself to see the match which was now to be played without the fort, because, there being a canoe prepared to depart, on the following day, for Montréal, I employed myself in writing letters to my friends; and even when a fellow-trader, Mr. Tracy, happened to call upon me, saying that another canoe had just arrived from Détroit, and proposing that I should go with him to the beach, to inquire the news, it so happened that I still remained, to finish my letters; promising to follow Mr. Tracy in the course of a few minutes. Mr. Tracy had not gone more than twenty paces from my door, when I heard an Indian war-cry, and a noise of general confusion.

"Going instantly to my window, I saw a crowd of Indians within the fort, furiously cutting down and scalping every Englishman they found. In particular, I witnessed the fate of lieutenant Jemettee.

"I had in the room in which I was a fowling-piece, loaded with swan-shot. This I immediately seized, and held it for a few minutes, waiting to hear the drum beat to arms. In this dreadful interval, I saw several of my countrymen fall, and more than one struggling between the knees of an Indian, who, holding him in this manner, scalped him while yet living.

"At length, disappointed in the hope of seeing resistance made to the enemy, and sensible, of course, that no effort of my own unassisted arm, could avail against four hundred Indians, I thought only of seeking shelter. Amid the slaughter which was raging, I observed many of the Canadian inhabitants of the fort, calmly looking on, neither opposing the Indians, nor suffering injury; and, from this circumstance, I conceived a hope of finding security in their houses.

"Between the yard-door of my own house, and that of M. Langlade, my next neighbour, there was only a low fence, over which I easily climbed. At my entrance I found the whole family at the windows, gazing at the scene of blood before them. I addressed myself immediately to M. Langlade, begging that he would put me into some place of safety until the heat of the affair should be over; an act of charity by which he might perhaps preserve me from the general massacre; but, while I uttered my petition, M. Langlade, who had looked for a moment at me, turned again to the window, shrugging his shoulders, and intimating that he could do nothing for me:—"*Que voudriez-vous que j'en ferais?*"

"This was a moment for despair; but the next, a Pani woman,* a slave of M. Langlade's, beckoned to me to follow her. She brought me to a door, which she opened, desiring me to enter, and telling me that it led to the garret, where I must go and conceal myself. I joyfully obeyed her directions; and she, having followed me up to the garret-door, locked it after me, and with great presence of mind took away the key.

* The Panies are an Indian nation of the south.

"This shelter obtained, if shelter I could hope to find it, I was naturally anxious to know what might still be passing without. Through an aperture which afforded me a view of the area of the fort, I beheld, in shapes the foulest and most terrible, the ferocious triumphs of barbarian conquerors. The dead were scalped and mangled; the dying were writhing and shrieking, under the unsatiated knife and tomahawk; and, from the bodies of some, ripped open, their butchers were drinking the blood, scooped up in the hollow of joined hands, and quaffed amid shouts of rage and victory. I was shaken, not only with horror, but with fear. The sufferings which I witnessed, I seemed on the point of experiencing. No long time elapsed, before every one being destroyed, who could be found, there was a general cry of "All is finished!" At the same instant, I heard some of the Indians enter the house in which I was.

"The garret was separated from the room below only by a layer of single boards, at once the flooring of the one and the ceiling of the other. I could therefore hear every thing that passed; and, the Indians no sooner came in than they inquired whether or not any Englishmen were in the house? M. Langlade replied, that "He could not say—he did not know of any;"—answers in which he did not exceed the truth; for the Pani woman had not only hidden me by stealth, but kept my secret and her own. M. Langlade was therefore, as I presumed, as far from a wish to destroy me as he was careless about saving me, when he added to these answers, that "They might examine for themselves, and would soon be satisfied as to the object of their question." Saying this, he brought them to the garret-door.

"The state of my mind will be imagined. Arrived at the door, some delay was occasioned by the absence of the key, and a few moments were thus allowed me, in which to look around for a hiding-place. In one corner of the garret was a heap of those vessels of birch bark, used in maple-sugar making.

"The door was unlocked, and opening, and the Indians ascending the stairs before I had completely crept into a small opening which presented itself at one end of the heap. An instant after four Indians entered the room, all armed with toma-

hawks, and all besmeared with blood upon every part of their bodies.

"The die appeared to be cast. I could scarcely breathe; but I thought that the throbbing of my heart occasioned a noise loud enough to betray me. The Indians walked in every direction about the garret, and one of them approached me so closely that, at a particular moment, had he put forth his hand, he must have couched me. Still I remained undiscovered; a circumstance to which the dark colour of my clothes, and the want of light in a room which had no window, and in the corner in which I was, must have contributed. In a word, after taking several turns in the room, during which they told M. Langlade how many they had killed, and how many scalps they had taken, they returned down stairs, and I, with sensations not to be expressed, heard the door, which was the barrier between me and my fate, locked for the second time.

"There was a feather-bed on the floor; and on this, exhausted as I was by the agitation of my mind, I threw myself down and fell asleep. In this state I remained till the dusk of the evening, when I was awakened by a second opening of the door. The person that now entered was M. Langlade's wife, who was much surprised at finding me, but advised me not to be uneasy, observing, that the Indians had killed most of the English, but that she hoped I might myself escape.—A shower of rain having begun to fall, she had come to stop a hole in the roof. On her going away, I begged her to send me a little water to drink; which she did.

"As night was now advancing, I continued to lie on the bed, ruminating on my condition, but unable to discover a resource from which I could hope for life. A flight to Détroit had no probable chance of success. The distance from Michilimackinac was four hundred miles; I was without provisions; and the whole length of the road lay through Indian countries; countries of an enemy in arms, where the first man whom I should meet would kill me. To stay where I was threatened nearly the same issue. As before, fatigue of mind, and not tranquillity, suspended my cares, and procured me farther sleep.

"The game of baggatiway, as from the preceding description will have been perceived, is necessarily attended with much violence and noise. In the ardour of contest, the ball, as has been suggested, if it cannot be thrown to the goal desired, is struck in any direction by which it can be diverted from that designed by the adversary. At such a moment, therefore, nothing could be less liable to excite premature alarm, than that the ball should be tossed over the pickets of the fort, nor that having fallen there, it should be followed on the instant by all engaged in the game, as well the one party as the other, all eager, all struggling, all shouting, all in the unrestrained pursuit of a rude athletic exercise. Nothing could be less fitted to excite premature alarm—nothing, therefore, could be more happily devised, under the circumstances, than a stratagem like this; and this was, in fact, the stratagem which the Indians had employed, by which they had obtained possession of the fort, and by which they had been enabled to slaughter and subdue its garrison, and such of its other inhabitants as they pleased. To be still more certain of success, they had prevailed upon as many as they could, by a pretext the least liable to suspicion, to come voluntarily without the pickets, and particularly the commandant and garrison themselves.

"The respite which sleep afforded me, during the night, was put an end to by the return of morning. I was again on the rack of apprehension. At sunrise, I heard the family stirring; and, presently after, Indian voices informing M. Langlade that they had not found my hapless self among the dead, and that they supposed me to be somewhere concealed. M. Langlade appeared, from what followed, to be by this time acquainted with the place of my retreat, of which, no doubt, he had been informed by his wife. The poor woman, as soon as the Indians mentioned me, declared to her husband, in the French tongue, that he should no longer keep me in his house, but deliver me up to my pursuers; giving as a reason for this measure, that should the Indians discover his instrumentality in my concealment, they might revenge it on her children, and that it was better that I should die than they. M. Langlade resisted at first this sentence of his wife's; but soon suffered her to prevail, informing the Indians that he had been told I was in his house, that I had come there

without his knowledge, and that he would put me into their hands. This was no sooner expressed than he began to ascend the stairs, the Indians following upon his heels.

"I now resigned myself to the fate with which I was menaced; and regarding every attempt at concealment as vain, I arose from the bed, and presented myself full in view to the Indians who were entering the room. They were all in a state of intoxication, and entirely naked, except about the middle. One of them, named Wenniway, whom I had previously known, and who was upward of six feet in height, had his entire face and body covered with charcoal and grease, only that a white spot, of two inches in diameter, encircled either eye. This man, walking up to me, seized me with one hand by the collar of the coat, while in the other he held a large carving-knife, as if to plunge it into my breast; his eyes, meanwhile, were fixed stedfastly on mine. At length, after some seconds of the most anxious suspense, he dropped his arm, saying, "I won't kill you!" To this he added, that he had been frequently engaged in wars against the English, and had brought away many scalps; that, on a certain occasion, he had lost a brother, whose name was Musinigon, and that I should be called after him.

"A reprieve upon any terms placed me among the living, and gave me back the sustaining voice of hope; but Wenniway ordered me down stairs, and there informing me that I was to be taken to his cabin, where, and indeed every where else, the Indians were all mad with liquor, death again was threatened, and not as possible only, but as certain. I mentioned my fears on this subject to M. Langlade, begging him to represent the danger to my master. M. Langlade in this instance, did not withhold his compassion, and Wenniway immediately consented that I should remain where I was, until he found another opportunity to take me away.

"Thus far secure, I reascended my garret-stairs, in order to place myself the furthest possible out of the reach of insult from drunken Indians; but, I had not remained there more than an hour, when I was called to the room below, in which was an Indian, who said that I must go with him out of the fort, Wenniway having sent him to fetch me. This man, as well as

Wenniway himself, I had seen before. In the preceding year I had allowed him to take goods on credit, for which he was still in my debt; and some short time previous to the surprise of the fort he had said, upon my upbraiding him with want of honesty, that "he would pay me before long!" This speech now came fresh into my memory, and led me to suspect that the fellow had formed a design against my life. I communicated the suspicion to M. Langlade; but he gave for answer, that "I was not now my own master, and must do as I was ordered."

"The Indian, on his part, directed that before I left the house, I should undress myself, declaring that my coat and shirt would become him better than they did me. His pleasure, in this respect, being complied with, no other alternative was left me than either to go out naked, or to put on the clothes of the Indian, which he freely gave me in exchange. His motive for thus stripping me of my own apparel, was no other, as I afterwards learned, than this, that it might not be stained with blood when he should kill me.

"I was now told to proceed; and my driver followed me close, until I had passed the gate of the fort, when I turned toward the spot where I knew the Indians to be encamped. This, however, did not suit the purpose of my enemy, who seized me by the arm, and drew me violently, in the opposite direction, to the distance of fifty yards above the fort. Here, finding that I was approaching the bushes and sand-hills, I determined to proceed no further, but told the Indian that I believed he meant to murder me, and if so, he might as well strike where I was as at any greater distance. He replied with coolness, that my suspicions were just, and that he meant to pay me in this manner for my goods. At the same time, he produced a knife, and held me in a position to receive the intended blow. Both this and that which followed, were necessarily the affair of a moment. By some effort, too sudden and too little dependent on thought, to be explained or remembered, I was enabled to arrest his arm, and give him a sudden push, by which I turned him from me, and released myself from his grasp. This was no sooner done than I ran toward the fort, with all the swiftness in my power, the Indian following me, and I expecting every moment to feel

his knife.—I succeeded in my flight; and, on entering the fort, I saw Wenniway standing in the midst of the area, and to him I hastened for protection. Wenniway desired the Indian to desist; but the latter pursued me round him, making several strokes at me with his knife, and foaming at the mouth, with rage at the repeated failure of his purpose. At length, Wenniway drew near to M. Langlade's house; and, the door being open, I ran into it. The Indian followed me; but, on my entering the house, he voluntarily abandoned the pursuit.

"Preserved so often, and so unexpectedly as it had now been my lot to be, I returned to my garret with a strong inclination to believe, that through the will of an overruling power, no Indian enemy could do me hurt; but, new trials, as I believed, were at hand, when, at ten o'clock in the evening, I was roused from sleep, and once more desired to descend the stairs. Not less, however, to my satisfaction than surprise, I was summoned only to meet major Etherington, Mr. Bostwick and lieutenant Lesslie, who were in the room below.

"These gentlemen had been taken prisoners while looking at the game without the fort, and immediately stripped of all their clothes. They were now sent into the fort, under the charge of Canadians, because the Indians having resolved on getting drunk, the chiefs were apprehensive that they would be murdered if they continued in the camp.—Lieutenant Jemette and seventy soldiers had been killed; and but twenty Englishmen, including soldiers, were still alive. These were all within the fort, together with nearly three hundred Canadians.*

"These being our numbers, myself and others proposed to major Etherington, to make an effort for regaining possession of the fort, and maintaining it against the Indians. The Jesuit missionary was consulted on the project; but he discouraged us, by his representations, not only of the merciless treatment which we must expect from the Indians, should they regain their superiority, but of the little dependence which was to be placed upon our Canadian auxiliaries. Thus the fort and prisoners remained in the hands of the Indians, though, through the whole

* Belonging to the canoes, &c.

night the prisoners and whites were in actual possession, and they were without the gates.

"That whole night, or the greater part of it, was passed in mutual condolence; and my fellow-prisoners shared my garret. In the morning, being again called down, I found my master, Wenniway, and was desired to follow him. He led me to a small house within the fort, where, in a narrow room, and almost dark, I found Mr. Ezekiel Solomons, an Englishman from Détroit, and a soldier, all prisoners. With these I remained in painful suspense, as to the scene that was next to present itself, till ten o'clock in the forenoon, when an Indian arrived, and presently marched us to the lake side, where a canoe appeared ready for departure, and in which we found that we were to embark.

"Our voyage, full of doubt as it was, would have commenced immediately, but that one of the Indians, who was to be of the party, was absent. His arrival was to be waited for, and this occasioned a very long delay, during which we were exposed to a keen northeast wind. An old shirt was all that covered me; I suffered much from the cold, and, in this extremity, M. Langlade coming down to the beach, I asked him for a blanket, promising, if I lived, to pay him for it, at any price he pleased: but, the answer I received was this, that he could let me have no blanket, unless there were some one to be security for the payment. For myself, he observed, I had no longer any property in that country.—I had no more to say to M. Langlade; but, presently seeing another Canadian, named John Cuchoise, I addressed to him a similar request, and was not refused. Naked as I was, and rigorous as was the weather, but for the blanket I must have perished.—At noon, our party was all collected, the prisoners all embarked, and we steered for the Isles du Castor, in lake Michigan.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

PHILADELPHIA.

Isaac Peirce, proposes to publish, by subscription, a new and complete Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, in three volumes quarto; by G. Gregory, D. D. doctor in philosophy and the arts, and

honorary member of the Imperial University of Wilna; member of the Manchester and Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Societies; honorary member of the board of Agriculture; domestic chaplain to the lord bishop of Llandaff; author of essays, historical, and moral the economy of nature, &c. &c.

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NEWYORK.

Eastburn, Kirk & co. have published Travels in Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land; by Edward Daniel Clarke, L. L. D.

Vol. V of the Works of the right honorable Edmund Burke.

The Speeches of the right honorable Thomas Lord Erskine, when at the bar, on subjects connected with the liberty of the press. Two vols. 8vo.

Just published by E. Riley, "A Votive Wreath, to the memory of capt. James Lawrence; by Francis Arden, esq.

Inskeep and Bradford have just published Travels in Greece, Egypt, and in the Holy Land, by Edward Daniel Clarke, L. L. D.

Tales of Terror; with an introductory dialogue.

The Loyalist: an historical novel; by the author of "Letters to a Young Man," "A Tale of the Times," &c.

The Twin Sisters, or the Advantages of Religion; by miss Sandham, author of many approved works for young persons.

Edwards's genuine edition of "The Book!" or the proceedings and correspondence upon the subject of the inquiry into the conduct of her royal highness the princes of Wales, under a commission appointed by the king in the year 1806. Faithfully copied from authentic documents.

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BOSTON.

J. Thomas has published The Management of the Tongue, under the following very important and useful heads, viz. conversation, blabber, silent man, witty man, droll, jester, disputer, opinionator, heedless and inconsiderate man, complimenter, man who praises others, flatterer, liar, boaster, ill tongue, promiser, novelist, talebearer, adviser, reprover, instructor, man who

trusts others, tongue of women, language of love, complainer, comforter, &c. with maxims and moral reflections on each head.

A short compendium of the Duty of Artillerists: showing the method of exercise with light field pieces; of ascertaining the true line of direction and elevation, corresponding with the bore of a gun; with a description of the instruments to be used in that process. Also, an easy method of finding the distance of an object, by a plain table; with its particular description.—Also, observations on experimental gunnery. By Amasa Smith, late major of the artillery in the militia of Massachusetts. Second edition.

OLLA—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

OF DANCING.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

MY dancing days are over; yet I love to see others enjoy what I once was fond of myself, and still continue to regard as one of the most innocent amusements and elegant accomplishments of youth.

That dancing, like all other things, may be liable to abuses, and sometimes carried to excess, I shall not pretend to deny; but when men of piety and learning attempt to persuade the world "that every step in the dance is a step towards hell," whatever we may think of their *hearts*, we cannot say much for their heads.

Permit me, sir, to add a passage from the posthumous works of that excellent man Dr. Watts; where, speaking of dancing, he says "this is a healthful exercise, and it gives young persons a decent manner of appearance in company. It may be profitable to some persons, if it be well guarded against all the abuses and temptations that may attend it. It was used of old in sacred and civil rejoicings.* It is certainly an advantage to have the body formed early to an easy and graceful motion."

Sentiments like these do honour to the writer, and must be highly pleasing to every liberal mind.

* Exodus xv, 20, 21——1 Sam. 28, 6.——2 Sam. vi, 14.

TEXT OF SCRIPTURE EXPLAINED.

Mr. Oldschool,

Much as I admire our version of the Scriptures, there are, no doubt, some passages (though very few indeed) the genuine meaning of which can *now* be scarcely understood.

Amongst these I consider as one, *Exodus* xxiii, v. 2 and 3, "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil;—*neither shalt thou countenance a poor man in his cause*;" the latter part of which certainly does not convey the sense of the original, which in the *Doway Bible*, I find is rendered thus; "*neither shalt thou favour a poor man in judgment.*"

That the scales of justice should hang even between the poor and the rich, without being biassed by either, is, no doubt, a dictate of truth, religion, and sound morality; and I am happy to find it enforced, in the strong language of judge Twisden, who, in a charity-cause, of which he did not think well, made use of this expression: "*I love charity well, but will not steal leather to make poor men shoes*;" 1 Peere, Wins. 766; which I conceive to be the true spirit of the text.

FORMER MODE OF WRITING—ANECDOTE OF DR. FRANKLIN.

It is a well known fact that a custom formerly prevailed of heading various writings with "*Omnibus Christo fidelibus*"—"*In the name of God, amen*," or some such pious proem. Even a policy of assurance was couched in similar terms, and I have now before me *a bill of lading*, dated Madeira, 10th November, 1776, the tenor of which is as follows:

"*Shipped, by the grace of God*, on board the good ship Lloyd, whereof is master, under God, capt. Thomas Rodgers, now riding at anchor in the road of Funikal, and, by God's grace, bound for Philadelphia, one hogshead of wine, &c. and so God send the good ship to her desired port in safety—*Amen*."

However unexceptionable such language might seem in Europe, it was objected to here, by some very serious persons, which Dr. Franklin observing, inserted in his next paper the following advertisement:

"*Blanks* of various kinds to be had at this office, amongst which are bills of lading "*either with or without the grace of God*."

INSCRIPTION TO VOLTAIRE.

Some years ago, some *soi disant* philosophers proposed opening a subscription in the city of Paris, for erecting a statue to the memory of Voltaire. The subscription was in great forwardness, and the statuary applied to, when an English gentleman, who happened to be there, defeated the whole scheme, by writing the following inscription, which soon made its way into all the fashionable rouelles.

INSCRIPTION FOR AN INTENDED STATUE OF VOLTAIRE.

Behold Voltaire! deserving of a stone,
Who in poetry was great,
In history little,
Still less in philosophy, and
In religion
Nothing at all.
His wit was acute,
His judgment precipitate,
His dishonesty extreme.
Loose women smil'd upon him,
The half-learn'd applauded him,
And the profane patronized him;
Though he spared neither God nor man,
A junto of atheists,
Who call themselves philosophers,
Scraped some money together
And raised this stone to his memory.

SELECTED POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Intercepted Letters; or the Twopenny Post-bag. To which are added, Trifles Reprinted. By Thomas Brown, the Younger. Elapsæ manibus eecidere tabellæ.—Ovid. Philadelphia. Published by Moses Thomas. pp. 109.

These are keen and exquisite satires upon the society and the ruling persons of England. They lose, it is true, some of their point in this country by the local and personal allusions with which they abound; but, they have wit enough to give them a high relish even here. The American editor has rendered them more intelligible by an index, with the aid of which, we shall fill up the blanks and transcribe a few of the letters.

FROM THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES TO THE LADY BARBARA ASHLEY.*

My dear lady Bab, you'll be shock'd, I'm afraid,
When you hear the sad rumpus your ponies have made;
Since the time of horse-consuls (now long out of date)
No nags ever made such a stir in the state!
Lord Elden first heard—and as instantly pray'd he
To God and his king—that a popish young lady
(For though you've bright eyes and twelve thousand a year,
It is still but too true you're a papist, my dear)
Had insidiously sent, by a tall Irish groom,
Two priest-ridden ponies, just landed from Rome,
And so full, little rogues, of pontifical tricks,
That the dome of St. Paul's was scarce safe from their kicks!

Off at once to papa, in a flurry, he flies—
For papa always does what these statesmen advise,
On condition that they'll be, in turn, so polite
As, in no case whate'er, to advise him *too right*—
"Pretty doings are here, sir, (he angrily cries,
"While by dint of dark eyebrows he strives to look wise)
"'Tis a scheme of the Romanists, so help me God!
"To ride over your most royal highness rough-shod—

* This young lady, who is a Roman Catholic, has lately made a present of some beautiful ponies to the princess.

"Excuse, sir, my tears—they're from loyalty's source—
"Bad enough 'twas for Troy to be sack'd by a *horse*,
"But for us to be ruin'd by *ponies* still worse!"
Quick a council is call'd—the whole cabinet sits—
The archbishops declare, frighten'd out of their wits,
That if vile popish ponies should eat at my manger,
From that awful moment the church is in danger!
As, give them but stabling, and shortly no stalls
Will suit their proud stomachs but those at St. Paul's.

The doctor and he, the devout man of leather,
VANSITTART, now lying their saint-heads together,
Declare that these skittish young *a*-bominations
Are clearly foretold in chap. vi. Revelations:—
Nay, they verily think they could point out the one
Which the doctor's friend Death was to canter upon!

Lord HARROWBY, hoping that no one imputes
To the court any fancy to persecute brutes,
Protests, on the word of himself and his cronies,
That had these said creatures been asses, not ponies,
The court would have started no sort of objection,
As asses were, *there*, always sure of protection.

"If the PRINCESS *will* keep them (says lord CASTLEREAGH—)
"To make them quite harmless, the only true way
"Is (as certain chief-justices do with their wives)
"To flog them within half an inch of their lives—
"If they've any bad Irish blood lurking about,
"This (he knew by experience) would soon draw it out."
Or—if this be thought cruel, his lordship proposes
"The new *veto* snaffle to bind down their noses—
"A pretty contrivance, made out of old chains,
"Which appears to indulge, while it doubly restrains;
"Which however high-mettled, their gamesomeness checks,
"(Adds his lordship humanely) or else breaks their necks!"

This proposal receiv'd pretty general applause
From the statesmen around—and the neck-breaking clause

Had a vigour about it, which soon reconcil'd
Even ELDEN himself to a measure so mild.
So the snaffles, my dear, were agreed to nem. con.
And my lord CASTLEREAGH, having so often shone
In the *fettering* line, is to buckle them on.

I shall drive to your door in these *vetos* some day,
But at present, adieu!—I must hurry away,
To go see my mamma, as I'm suffer'd to meet her
For just half an hour by the QUEEN's best repeater.

CHARLOTTE.

—

FROM THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF C——— TO LADY ———.

MY dear lady ——! I've been just sending out
About five hundred cards for a snug little rout—
(By the by, you've seen ROKEBY?—this moment got mine—
The mail-coach edition*—prodigiously fine!)
But I can't conceive how, in this very cold weather,
I'm ever to bring my five hundred together;
As, unless the thermometer's near boiling heat,
One can never get half of one's hundreds to meet,
(Apropos—you'd have laugh'd to see TOWNSEND, last night,
Escort to their chairs, with his staff so polite,
The "three maiden miseries," all in a fright!
Poor TOWNSEND, like MERCURY, filling two posts,
Supervisor of *thieves*, and chief-usher of *ghosts!*)

But, my dear lady ———! can't you hit on some notion,
At least for one night to set London in motion?—
As to having the REGENT, *that* show is gone by,
Besides, I've remark'd that (between you and I)
The MARCHESA and he, inconvenient in more ways,
Have taken much lately to whisp'ring in door-ways;
Which considering, you know, dear, the *size* of the two,
Makes a block that one's company *cannot* get through,

* See Mr. Murray's advertisement about the mail-coach copies of Rokeby.

And a house such as mine is, with door-ways so small,
Has no room for such cumbersome love-work at all!—
(Apropos, though, of love-work, you've heard it, I hope,
That NAPOLEON'S old mother's to marry the POPE,
What a comical pair!)—but, to stick to my rout,
'Twill be hard if some novelty can't be struck out:
Is there no ALGERINE, no KAMCHATKAN arriv'd?
No plenipo PACHA, three-tail'd and ten wiv'd?
No RUSSIAN, whose dissonant consonant name
Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of fame?

I remember the time, three or four winters back,
When, provided their wigs were but decently black,
A few patriot monsters, from SPAIN, were a sight
That would people one's house for one, night after night.
But, whether the ministers *paw'd* them too much,
(And you know how they spoil whatsoever they touch)
Or whether lord GEORGE (the young man about town)
Has, by dint of bad poetry, written them down—
One has certainly lost one's *peninsular* rage,
And the only stray patriot seen for an age
Has been at such places (think, how the fit cools)
As old Mrs. V——N's or lord LIVERPOOL's!

But, in short, my dear, names like WINTZTSCHITSTOPSCHIN-
ZOUDHOFF
Are the only things now make an evening go smooth off—
So, get me a Russian—till death I'm your debtor,
If he brings the whole alphabet, so much the better.
And, lord! if he would but, *in character*, sup
Off his fish-oil and candles, he'd quite set me up.

Au revoir, my sweet girl, I must leave you in haste,
Little GUNTER has brought me the liqueurs to taste.

POSTSCRIPT.

By the by, have you found any friend that can construe
That Latin account, t'other day, of a monster?*

* Alluding, I suppose, to the Latin advertisement of a lusus naturæ in the newspapers lately.

If we can't get a Russian, and *that thing* in Latin
Be not *too* improper, I think I'll bring that in.

—

KING CRACK* AND HIS IDOLS.

WRITTEN AFTER THE LATE NEGOCIATION FOR A NEW MINISTRY.

KING CRACK was the best of all possible kings,
(At least, so his courtiers would swear to you gladly.)
But CRACK now and then would do het'rodox things,
And, at last, took to worshipping *images* sadly.

Some broken-down IDOLS, that long had been plac'd
In his father's old *cabinet*, pleas'd him so much,
That he knelt down and worshipp'd, though—such was his taste!
They were monstrous to look at and rotten to touch!

And these were the beautiful gods of KING CRACK!—
Till his people, disdaining to worship such things,
Cried aloud, one and all, "come, your godships must pack—
"You will not do for *us*, though you *may* do for *kings*."

Then, trampling the gross IDOLS under their feet,
They sent CRACK a petition, beginning "great Cæsar!
"We are willing to worship; but only entreat
"That you'll find us some *decenter* godheads than these are."

"I'll try," says KING CRACK—then they furnish'd him models
Of better shap'd gods, but he sent them all back;
Some were chisell'd too fine, some had heads 'stead of noddles,
In short, they were all *much* too godlike for CRACK!

So he took to his darling old IDOLS again,
And, just mending their legs and new bronzing their faces,

* One of those antediluvian princes, with whom Manetho and Whiston seem so intimately acquainted. If we had the memoirs of Thoth, from which Manetho compiled his history, we should find, I dare say, that CRACK was only a regent, and that he, perhaps, succeeded Typhon, who (as Whiston says) was the last king of the antediluvian dynasty.

In open defiance of gods and of men,
Set the monsters up grinning once more in their places!

WHAT'S MY THOUGHT LIKE.

Quest. Why is a pump like VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH?
Answ. Because it is a slender thing of wood,
That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout and spout and spout away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!

EPIGRAM.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A CATHOLIC DELEGATE AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

Said his highness to NED, with that grim face of his,
"Why refuse us the *veto*, dear Catholic NEDDY?"—
"Because, sir," said NED, looking full in his phiz,
"You're *forbidding* enough, in all conscience, already!"

HORACE, ODE xxii. LIB. i.

FREELY TRANSLATD BY LORD ELDEN.

The man who keeps a conscience pure,
(If not his own, at least his prince's)
Through toil and danger walks secure,
Looks big and black, and never winces!

No want has he of sword or dagger,
Cock'd hat or ringlets of GERAMB;
Though peers may laugh, and papists swagger,
He does not care one single damn!

Whether midst Irish chairman going,
Or through St. Giles's alleys dim,
'Mid drunken Sheelahs, blasting, blowing,
No matter, 'tis all one to him.

For instance, I, one evening late,
Upon a gay vacation sally,
Singing the praise of church and state,
Got (God knows how) to Cranbourne-alley:

When lo! an Irish papist darted
Across my path, gaunt, grim and big—
I did but frown, and off he started,
Scar'd at me even without my wig!

Yet a more fierce and raw-bon'd dog
Goes not to mass in Dublin city,
Nor shakes his brogue o'er Allen's bog,
Nor spouts in Catholic committee!

Oh! place me midst O'Rourkes, O'Tooles,
The ragged royal-blood of Tara;
Or place me where Dick Martin rules
The houseless wilds of Connemara:

Of church and state I'll warble still,
Though ev'n Dick Martin's self should grumble;
Sweet church and state like Jack and Jill,
So lovingly upon a hill—
Ah! ne'er like Jack and Jill to tumble!

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

IMPROMPTU.

TO ——; WHO SAID SHE DID NOT EXPECT TO BE HAPPY.

Ah! why should Sorrow's sad'ning gloom,
O'erspread with care thy beauty's bloom?
Why should distrust thy bosom move—
Thy gentle bosom, form'd for love?

No envious gnomes thy peace invade,
No treacherous vow to thee is made;
For thee no anguish points its sting,
Nor floats thy name on Slander's wing.

Where'er thou mov'st, full many an eye,
Glistens with thrills of ecstacy;
And oft the deep-drawn sighs proclaim,
The nymph whose sighs each youth inflame.

Sedley.

THE MEADOW MOSS AND SWEET BRIAR.

Where 'neath the sweet briar, lowly laid,
His battles—life and glories done;
Where the green moss conceals his head,
On * Haup's cold bosom, sleeps her son.†

There, through the wild, by fancy led,
What time, in crimson, glow'd the west,
In lonely mood, I careless strayed,
Nor knew what sacred ground I press'd.

Nor yet had known the hallowed spot,
Where rests the great, the good, the brave;
Had not the flower, that mourns his lot,
Betrayed the warrior's moss-grown grave.‡

Its sigh, with fragrance, bless'd the hour,
And taught my footsteps where to stray;
Like modest merit, blushed the flower,
At an intruder's bold survey.

With pity warm, I thoughtless cried,
"Ah! luckless flower, to bloom unseen
Mid rocks, and woods, and deserts wide,
In vain thy sweets—thy beauties vain."

Soft as the sigh of pity's breast,
Sweet as the ring dove's moaning note,
A silver voice rose from the heath,
And o'er the moss turf seem'd to float.

"Do not reproach, nor yet disdain
The simple flowret's humble lot;
Creative wisdom, not in vain,
That made the palace, made the cot.

* Mount Hope—the residence of king Philip.
† King Philip—an Indian sachem.
‡ His savage foe denied him a grave.

"Nor, oh! insult, with pity's tear,
Whom fate, in lowly life, hath placed;
For she hath, sometimes, even there,
The virtuous mind, with honors, graced.

"Not Europe's clime—not Persia's vales,
In rank can, with this flower, contend;
Nor yet Arabia's spicy gales,
When to its bosom, zephyrs bend.

"Columbia's genius loved the flower,
And, when her murdered sachem fell,
She brought it, from her favourite bower,
To shade the form, she loved so well,

"What tho' it bind no blood-stained brow,
What tho' it deck no lady fair,
Yet where misfortune's son lies low,
Is heard its sigh—is seen its tear."

BOTANICUS.

THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.
COWPER.

VOL. II. NOVEMBER, 1813. NO. V.

AMERICAN SCENERY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE Catskill are the largest and most extensive chain of mountains in the state of Newyork. They stretch north from the Highlands, curving westward through Ulster and Green counties, presenting some points of altitude superior to any in the Apallachian chain, the White-hills of New Hampshire excepted. These summits are in Windham and Green counties, about twenty miles west of the Hudson, and in full view of that city. A turnpike road crosses this range near those summits, winding upwards until it reaches the astonishing altitude of two thousand two hundred and seventy-four feet; from which spot the prospect is inexpressibly grand and magnificent. The general altitude of these mountains may be computed at from two thousand nine hundred to three thousand feet. From Greene they pass into the county of Schoharie, but with less rugged protuberances, and form a detached mass of broken hills at the falls of the Mohawk. After forming these little falls, they traverse the north of Black river, and gradually diminish in altitude till they cross the St. Lawrence, into Canada, at the Thousand Islands.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

As I very much approve of your plan of giving to your valuable miscellany something of a national cast, I am induced to believe that communications of this sort will not be thought inadmissible. I conceive further, that your design extends not merely to record the lives of those who have rendered themselves eminent amidst the blaze and bustle of arms; but likewise those who have been distinguished in the milder region of letters.

With this view, I send you some slight sketches of a character, to whom I am sorry that the scantiness of my materials deter me from doing signal justice.

Dr. William Ladd was born in the state of Rhodeisland, in the year 1755, of poor but honest and reputable parents. He betrayed an early fondness for books; but his narrow circumstances prevented a liberal indulgence. Restricted as he was in his researches after knowledge, he made in some measure amends, by his intimate acquaintance with those authors which good fortune threw in his way; and probably the wayward and niggard circumstances of his early life, enabled him afterwards to form a taste and judgment so correct. He read none but standard writers, and as he was incapable of widening his sphere of inquiry, he perused them again and again, and at every time discovered new and latent beauties. Possessing a warm susceptible heart, and a vigorous fancy, poetry formed his principal delight. Singular as it may seem, to persons of this cast the Muses are always welcome visitants. In proportion as they are pressed by poverty, and waylaid by vexatious incidents, they delight to imagine a state of things in which they shall have to encounter none of these evils. They picture to themselves scenes of felicity, by way of retribution for the miseries they suffer. Dr. Ladd was early remarkable for this dreaming state of existence. Amidst the stern and indignant frowns of misfortunes, his fancy was regaling in clear skies, sunny brooks, and verdant meadows.

Poetry, from being at first an amusement only, was now his solace—his refuge in the season of adversity and distress. A

passionate admirer of the Muse is easily converted into one of her worshippers. At length, from this state of pleasing delirium, he was roused to more active efforts. He studied medicine, and in process of time had acquired considerable celebrity in his professional avocation. Other prospects now opened upon him; he had apparently bidden farewell to the Muses, and was devoting his time and talents to his professional business.

At this time, and while he was fostering the belief that his pursuits would insure the possession of comfort, if not of affluence, a peculiar incident gave an entire new turn to his destiny. He formed an attachment for a lady, of whom it may be said, without derogating from her character in the least, that her mind was in every point directly the antipode of his own. She never felt the charms of the Muse, and was but little disposed to place confidence in those high raptures that a son of fancy enjoys. Unable to feel herself those thrilling sensations, she never looked with a favourable eye on their frantic excess in others. Possessed of a plain, sober, well-regulated mind, and practical good sense, such paroxysms tended to alienate rather than to concentrate and give permanency to her favourable regards. Where a plain declaration of an honest attachment would in all probability have insured success, these soaring raptures and elevated feelings were worse than labour lost; they excited alarm and distrust. Nor is it going too far to affirm, that if Dr. Ladd had experienced a reception correspondent to his wishes, that this very circumstance would have terminated all the poetic raptures of the lover. It was her inaccessibility—an inaccessibility occasioned by her total indifference to all the fine impulses of the Muse, that preyed upon the repose of the desponding lover. Dr. Ladd, feeling the ardour of his passion repaid by so cold a requital, believed that his protestations were not fervid enough. Indeed if report speaks true, Dr. Ladd himself was not at first violently enamoured; but the moment that he discovered his object unattainable, she blazed upon his imagination in transcendent beauty; and all his constitutional sensibility was vehemently and impetuously directed towards one object.

It is now plain to be discovered that he was engaged in a hopeless pursuit. He found no responsive sympathy in the cha-

racter with which he was so violently enamoured. Instead of coolly and impartially examining the matter, and discovering the cause that rendered his passionate protestations hopeless and abortive; instead of exploring this radical difference between minds so constituted, he imputed every failure to a wrong motive. This persuasion, in this play of cross purposes, gained additional strength and energy from every repulse, and formed at last the ruling principle of his actions. It was adopted as a creed: so successful was this man in the manufacture of his own miseries. The repulse on the part of the lady, was with him only the signal for a more passionate prosecution of his addresses. This courtship might properly be called the attraction of repulsion.

Under the dominion of this disastrous destiny, Dr. Ladd remained during the whole of his subsequent existence. He persecuted this lady with his poetical addresses, and the peculiar state of his feelings and the hapless nature of the conflict gave a strength and energy to his pen perfectly novel. He denominated these effusions the letters from Arouet to Amanda. These compositions differ in character from most all other compositions of this class. There is in them nothing of ordinary cant; nothing of Cupid and Hymen, and nothing of Corydon and Phillis; nothing of shepherds and shepherdesses, and the common lullabies of sonnetteering despair. It is solemn, affecting, simple, deep-toned energy and feeling—the fervid aspirations of real love, and too often of despair. Led on by his unsophisticated sorrows, he made his feelings his Muses, and in every line we discover sincerity in his griefs. Here his correspondence does him honour; for his feelings were honourable, and his verse is plainly a transcript of his heart. On other subjects he generally fails; for he does not appear to have carried, as in the former instance, his fancy and his feelings to the task. His other compositions are very unequal. Here and there arises a beautiful combination, which is succeeded by another not fit to be found in such company: he was evidently toying with the Muse.

Finding the prosecution of his passion so hopeless, he tore himself from Amanda, and embarked for Charleston, South Ca-

rolina, in hopes that absence and the intrusion of new objects would weaken the force of his passions. He left his native land, with an intention of pursuing his professional avocations. Absence, however, added nothing to his quiet; Amanda appeared before his eyes as lovely and as inaccessible as ever; the disturber of his morning visions and of his midnight dreams. Amanda was not to be won by the Muses, and gave her hand at last to a man who possessed plain practical sense. He was no poet, and she could believe his protestations of love to be sincere.

It behoves me to be explicit on this subject: the conduct of the lady was uniformly and consistently repulsive throughout; but the enraptured lover could not bring his mind to believe that a passsion like his would always go unrewarded. Reasoning on false principles, he calculated every thing on perseverance, without considering that every new prosecution of his suit only occasioned additional repugnance to his hopes.

Dr. Ladd was afterwards, while in Charleston, engaged in a newspaper controversy of a political character, which led, as most controversies of this kind do, to a personal contest. A challenge was given by his opponent and accepted. The parties met, and the doctor was wounded; it was however thought not dangerously. But this unhappy man had become weary of the world; he refused medical assistance; a mortification at first ensued, and afterwards death, in the thirty-third year of his age.

His friends published a hasty and ill-digested collection of his works, after his death, of which his letters to Amanda form but an inconsiderable part. This is said to have been only a small portion of his correspondence on that subject, and it is probable that those letters are now irrecoverably lost. It may be asserted with perfect truth, that if the letters now published are any proofs by which a judgment can be formed of those that never saw the light, their suppression is a loss to the literature of our country. If, Mr. Editor, I have interested any one of your readers in the fate of this unhappy man, I hope they will not deem me impertinent in subjoining a few extracts from his poems.

Once more, dear maid, the wretched Arouet writes;
His pen obedient, as his heart, indites;
These lines may haply waste your precious time,
And his loathed writings may be deemed a crime.
Thou say'st that friendship can afford a cure
To the deep wounds, the sorrows I endure;
The generous thought with rapture I pursue—
It must be lovely, for it comes from you.
But O how poor is friendship to express
"The soul-felt pang of exquisite distress."
Once I was happy—blest with native ease,
A friend could cheer me, and a book could please;
But now no joys from books or friendship flow,
Not one poor respite to my load of wo.
Did not you, dearest, see my fond distress,
Beyond all power of language to express?
The whirling thought, the swift impassioned kiss,
Delirium sweet and agony of bliss.
How have I listened when your accents broke,
And kissed the air that trembled as you spoke.
Death, friendly Death will soon relieve my pain,
Long sure he cannot be implored in vain.
When to my sight the monarch of the tomb
Shall rise terrific and pronounce my doom;
Will then Amanda, ah! she will, I trust,
Pay the last tribute to my clay-cold dust:
Will sighing say, here his last scene is o'er,
Who loved as mortal never loved before.
Dear, matchless maid! that kind concern displayed,
Would sweetly sooth my melancholy shade.
O'er my lone tomb O yield that sad relief;
Breathe the soft sigh, and pour out all your grief;
Or shed one tear in pity as you pass,
And just remember that your Arouet was.

Of a lady, who died suddenly, Dr. Ladd says, in a beautiful elegiac tribute—

How fair thy beauties met the early dawn!
The sun beheld them glorious in the morn!
But ere his beams had pierced the noontide shade,
On Earth's cold lap the withered rose was laid.

The following is Dr. Ladd's version of Ossian's Address to the Sun.

O thou that rollest on high,
As round as the shield of my sires!

From whence dost thou beam through the sky?
From whence dost thou scatter thy fires?
The stars hide themselves from the day,
Thou comest all beautiful drest;
The cold pale Moon hastens away,
She sinks in the wave of the west.
But thou in thy course art alone,
Who can thy companion be made?
The oaks of the mountains are gone,
The mountains themselves are decayed.
The ocean inconstant we name,
Even Luna is hidden in night;
But thou art forever the same,
Forever rejoicing in light.
When earth is all darkened with storm,
When lightnings flash over the ground,
When thunders the heavens deform,
Thou smilest in beauty around.
But Ossian no more can behold
Thy beam on the gates of the west;
Nor see thy locks sparkling with gold,
That flow on the clouds of the east.
Perhaps thou like me wilt decay,
The skies thou wilt cease to adorn;
Thou wilt sleep in the clouds of thy day,
Nor care for the voice of the Morn.
Rejoice, then, oh Sun! in thy might,
Since age must o'ertake thee so soon;
Unlovely as glimmering night,
As dark as the beam of the moon;
When darkness the firmament clouds,
When the blast of the north is abroad;
When the mist every mountain top shrouds,
And the traveller sinks in the road.

That the reader may see how closely the author has hugged the original in his versification of a passage from Ossian, I insert both.

"O thou, that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Where are thy beams, O Sun, thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in awful beauty, and the stars hide themselves in the sky. The moon cold and pale sinks in the western wave; but thou thyself movest alone. Who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall; the mountains themselves decay with years. The ocean shrinks and grows again—the Moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempest: when thunder rolls and lightning flies: thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian thou lookest in vain: for he beholds thy beam no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art perhaps like me for a season, and thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy

clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult, then, O Sun, in the strength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely. It is like the glimmering light of the moon when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills: the blast of the north is on the plain, and the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey."

REMONSTRANCE OF ALMASA ALLICAWN, WIFE OF ALMAS ALLICAWN, TO WARREN HASTINGS, BY DR. LADD.

It was said that Warren Hastings, having taken the husband of this lady, one of the eastern princes, prisoner, agreed to save his life for a ransom, and that he took the ransom and put the king to death.

My subjects slaughtered, my whole kingdom spoiled;
My treasures wasted and my husband slain.
O say, vile monster! art thou satisfied?
Hast thou, rapacious brute! sufficient wealth?
Hastings! my husband was your prisoner—
The wealth of kingdoms flew to his relief;
You took the ransom, and you broke your faith.
Almas was slain—'twas perjury to your soul;
But perjury's a little crime with you.
In souls so black, it seemed almost a virtue.
Say, cruel monster! art thou thirsting still
For human gore? O may'st thou ever thirst,
And may the righteous gods deny thee water
To cool thy boiling blood, inhuman wretch!
And, bloody ruffian! thou must go where Almas*
Sits on a throne of state, and every hour
He stabs an Englishman, and sweetly feasts
Upon his bloody heart and trembling liver.
Yet, Hastings, tremble not, for thou art safe,
Yes, murderer! thou art safe from this repast:
A heart polluted with ten thousand crimes,
Is not a feast for Almas; he will pluck
That savage heart out of its bloody case,
And toss it to his dogs; wolves shall grow mad
By feeding on thy murderous carcase. More,
When some vile wretch, some monster of mankind,
Some brute like thee, perhaps thy relative,
Laden with horrid crimes without a name,
Shall stalk through earth, and we want curses for him,
We'll torture thought to curse the wretch, and then,
To damn him most supreme, we'll call him *Hastings*.

* This horrible idea may be thought to exceed the limits allowed to poetical vengeance; it is derived, however, from oriental mythology.

CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI.—*Hor.*

American Ornithology; or the natural history of the Birds of the United States. Illustrated with plates engraved and coloured from original drawings taken from nature. By Alexander Wilson. Volume VII.

With this volume commences the second grand division of the subject—the water birds, and more particularly the order of Grallæ, or waders: an interesting assemblage of birds, forming an intermediate link between the land birds and the web-footed, and marked by many of the characteristics of both. "Though formed," says the author, "for traversing watery situations, often in company with the swimmers, they differ from these last in one circumstance common to land birds, the separation of the toes nearly to their origin; and in the habit of never venturing beyond their depth. On the other hand, they are furnished with legs of extraordinary length, bare for a considerable space above the knees, by the assistance of which they are enabled to walk about in the water in pursuit of their prey, where the others are obliged to swim; and also with necks of corresponding length, by means of which they can search the bottom for food, where the others must have recourse to diving. The bills of one family (the herons) are strong, sharp-pointed, and of considerable length; while the flexibility of the neck, the rapidity of its action, and remarkable acuteness of sight, wonderfully fit them for watching, striking, and securing their prey. Those whose food consists of more feeble and sluggish insects, that lie concealed deeper in the mud, are provided with bills of still greater extension, the rounded extremity of which possesses such nice sensibility, as to enable its possessor to detect its prey the instant it comes in contact with it, though altogether beyond the reach of sight.

"Other families of this same order, formed for traversing the sandy seabeach in search of small shell-fish that lurk just below the surface, have the bills and legs necessarily shorter; but their necessities requiring them to be continually on the verge of the flowing or retreating wave, the activity of their motions forms a striking contrast with the patient habits of the heron tribe, who

sometimes stand fixed and motionless, for hours together, by the margin of the pool or stream, watching to surprise their scaly prey.

"Some few again, whose favourite food lies at the soft oozy bottoms of shallow pools, have the bill so extremely slender and delicate, as to be altogether unfit for penetrating either the muddy shores or sandy seabeach; though excellently adapted for its own particular range, where lie the various kinds of food destined for their subsistence. Of this kind are the *Avocets* of the present volume, who not only wade with great activity in considerably deep water; but, having the feet nearly half webbed, combine in one the characters of both wader and swimmer."

Under this division the writer proceeds to describe the great variety of beautiful birds who pass their lives on the margin of the ocean and the rivers, whose habits and manners are described with the characteristic grace of the author, and their figures delineated with the most accurate fidelity.—We select as a specimen the following account of a bird familiar to all our readers:

"KILDEER PLOVER—CHARADRIUS VOCIFERUS.

"This restless and noisy bird is known to almost every inhabitant of the United States, being a common and pretty constant resident. During the severity of winter, when snow covers the ground, it retreats to the seashore, where it is found at all seasons; but no sooner have the rivers broke up, than its shrill note is again heard, either roaming about high in air, tracing the shore of the river, or running amidst the watery flats and meadows. As spring advances it resorts to the newly ploughed fields, or level plains bare of grass, interspersed with shallow pools; or, in the vicinity of the sea, dry, bare, sandy fields. In some such situation it generally chooses to breed, about the beginning of May. The nest is usually slight, a mere hollow, with such materials drawn in around it as happen to be near, such as bits of sticks, straw, pebbles or earth. In one instance I found the nest of this bird paved with fragments of clam and oyster shells, and very neatly surrounded with a mound or border of the same, placed in a very close and curious manner. In

some cases there is no vestige whatever of a nest. The eggs are usually four, of a bright rich cream or yellowish clay colour, thickly marked with blotches of black. They are large for the size of the bird, measuring more than an inch and a half in length, and a full inch in width, tapering to a narrow point at the great end.

"Nothing can exceed the alarm and anxiety of these birds during the breeding season. Their cries of *kildeer, kildeer*, as they winnow the air overhead, dive and course around you, or run along the ground counterfeiting lameness, are shrill and incessant. The moment they see a person approach, they fly or run to attack them with their harassing clamour, continuing it over so wide an extent of ground, that they puzzle the pursuer as to the particular spot where the nest or young are concealed; very much resembling, in this respect, the lapwing of Europe. During the evening, and long after dusk, particularly in moonlight, their cries are frequently heard with equal violence, both in the spring and fall. From this circumstance, and their flying about both after dusk and before dawn, it appears probable that they see better at such times than most of their tribe. They are known to feed much on worms, and many of these rise to the surface during the night. The prowling of owls may also alarm their fears for their young at those hours; but whatever may be the cause, the facts are so.

"The kildeer is more abundant in the southern states in winter than in summer. Among the rice fields, and even around the planters' yards in South Carolina, I observed them very numerous in the months of February and March. There the negro boys frequently practise the barbarous mode of catching them with a line, at the extremity of which is a crooked pin with a worm on it. Their flight is something like that of the tern, but more vigorous; and they sometimes rise to a great height in the air. They are fond of wading in pools of water; and frequently bathe themselves during the summer. They usually stand erect on their legs, and run or walk with the body in a stiff horizontal position; they run with great swiftness, and are also strong and vigorous in the wings. Their flesh is eaten by some, but is not in general esteem; though others say that in the fall, when they become very fat, it is excellent.

"During the extreme droughts of summer, these birds resort to the gravelly channel of brooks and shallow streams, where they can wade about in search of aquatic insects; at the close of summer they generally descend to the seashore, in small flocks, seldom more than ten or twelve being seen together. They are then more serene and silent, as well as difficult to be approached.

"The killdeer is ten inches long, and twenty inches in extent; the bill is black; frontlet, chin and ring round the neck white; forepart of the crown, and auriculars from the bill backwards, blackish olive; eyelids bright scarlet; eye very large, and of a full black; from the centre of the eye backwards a stripe of white; round the lower part of the neck is a broad band of black; below that a band of white, succeeded by another rounding band or crescent of black; rest of the lower parts pure white; crown and hind head light olive brown; back, scapulars and wing coverts olive brown, skirted with brownish yellow; primary quills black, streaked across the middle with white; bastard wing tipt with white; greater coverts broadly tipt with white; rump and tail coverts orange; tail tapering, dull orange, crossed near the end with a broad bar of black, and tipt with orange, the two middle feathers near an inch longer than the adjoining ones; legs and feet a pale light clay colour. The tertials, as usual in this tribe, are very long, reaching nearly to the tips of the primaries; exterior toe joined by a membrane to the middle one, as far as the first joint."

The present volume yields to none of the preceding in those minute and, if we may speak so, biographical sketches of character, which render all the descriptions of Mr. Wilson so interesting, and by which the habits, the feelings, and affections of the feathered tribes are revealed by this ardent admirer of nature. Among these habits there are none more engaging than the little arts of maternal deception to protect their young. Thus he tells us of the Great Tern (Sterna Hirundo) that "one or both of the parents are generally fishing within view of the nest, and on the near approach of any person instantly make their appearance over head; uttering a hoarse jarring kind of cry, and flying

about with evident symptoms of great anxiety and consternation. The young are generally produced at intervals of a day or so from each other, and are regularly and abundantly fed for several weeks, before their wings are sufficiently grown to enable them to fly. At first the parents alight with the fish which they have brought in their mouth or in their bill, and tearing it in pieces, distribute it in such portions as their young are able to swallow. Afterwards they frequently feed them without alighting, as they skim over the spot: and as the young become nearly ready to fly, they drop the fish among them, where the strongest and most active has the best chance to gobble it up. In the meantime, the young themselves frequently search about the marshes, generally not far apart, for insects of various kinds; but so well acquainted are they with the peculiar language of their parents that warn them of the approach of an enemy, that on hearing their cries they instantly squat, and remain motionless until the danger be over."

Of the same character is the following description of the Spotted Sandpiper (Tringa Macularia.)

"On the approach of any person the parents exhibit symptoms of great distress, counterfeiting lameness, and fluttering along the ground with seeming difficulty. On the appearance of a dog this agitation is greatly increased; and it is very interesting to observe with what dexterity she will lead him from her young, by throwing herself repeatedly before him, fluttering off, and keeping just without his reach, on a contrary direction from her helpless brood. My venerable friend, Mr. William Bartram, informs me, that he saw one of these birds defend her young for a considerable time from the repeated attacks of a ground squirrel. The scene of action was on the river shore. The parent had thrown herself, with her two young behind her, between them and the land; and at every attempt of the squirrel to seize them by a circuitous sweep, raised both her wings in an almost perpendicular position, assuming the most formidable appearance she was capable of, and rushed forwards on the squirrel, who, intimidated by her boldness and manner, instantly retreated; but presently returning, was met as before, in front and on flank by

the daring and affectionate bird, who, with her wings and whole plumage bristling up, seemed swelled to twice her usual size: The young crowded together behind her, apparently sensible of their perilous situation, moving backwards and forwards as she advanced or retreated. This interesting scene lasted for at least ten minutes; the strength of the poor parent began evidently to flag, and the attacks of the squirrel became more daring and frequent, when my good friend, like one of those celestial agents who in Homer's time so often decided the palm of victory, stepped forward from his retreat, drove the assailant back to his hole, and rescued the innocent from destruction."

We do not recollect any more endearing proof of devoted affection than the following.—The author is describing the Clapper Rail (Rallus Crepitans:)

"These birds," says he, "are also subject to another calamity of a more extensive kind. After the greater part of the eggs are laid, there sometimes happen violent northeast tempests, that drive a great sea into the bay, covering the whole marshes; so that at such times the rail may be seen in hundreds, floating over the marsh in great distress; many escape to the main land; and vast numbers perish. On an occasion of this kind I have seen, at one view, thousands in a single meadow, walking about exposed and bewildered, while the dead bodies of the females who had perished on or near their nests were strewed along the shore. This last circumstance proves how strong the ties of maternal affection is in these birds; for of the great numbers which I picked up and opened, not one male was to be found among them; all were females! Such as had not yet begun to sit probably escaped. These disasters do not prevent the survivors from recommencing the work of laying and building anew; and instances have occurred where their eggs have been twice destroyed by the sea; and yet in two weeks the eggs and nests seemed as numerous as ever."

We shall conclude this short notice, which is the more brief because it would be superfluous to repeat at length the sentiments of approbation and respect for the author's talents, which we have already expressed on a former occasion, by quoting the

account of one of the most adventurous little wanderers of the deep.

"STORMY PETREL—PROCELLARIA PELAGICA.

"There are few persons who have crossed the Atlantic, or traversed much of the ocean, who have not observed these solitary wanderers of the deep, skimming along the surface of the wild and wasteful ocean, flitting past the vessel like swallows, or following in her wake, gleaning their scanty pittance of food from the rough and whirling surges. Habited in mourning, and making their appearance generally in greater numbers previous to or during a storm, they have long been fearfully regarded by the ignorant and superstitious, not only as the foreboding messengers of tempests and dangers to the hapless mariner; but as wicked agents, connected, somehow or other, in creating them. 'Nobody,' say they, 'can tell any thing of where they come from, or how they breed, though (as sailors sometimes say) it is supposed that they hatch their eggs under their wings as they sit on the water.' This mysterious uncertainty of their origin and the circumstances above recited, have doubtless given rise to the opinion so prevalent among this class of men, that they are in some way or other connected with that personage who has been styled the Prince of the Power of the Air. In every country where they are known, their names have borne some affinity to this belief. They have been called *Witches; Stormy Petrels;* the *Devil's Birds; Mother Carey's Chickens*, probably from some celebrated ideal hag of that name; and their unexpected and numerous appearance has frequently thrown a momentary damp over the mind of the hardiest seaman.

"It is the business of the naturalist, and the glory of philosophy, to examine into the reality of these things; to dissipate the clouds of error and superstition wherever they begin to darken and bewilder the human understanding, and to illustrate nature with the radiance of truth. With these objects in view, we shall now proceed, as far as the few facts we possess will permit, in our examination into the history of this celebrated species.

"The *Stormy Petrel*, the least of the whole twenty-four species of its tribe enumerated by ornithologists, and the smallest

of all palmated fowls, is found over the whole Atlantic ocean, from Europe to North America, at all distances from land, and in all weathers; but is particularly numerous near vessels immediately preceding and during a gale, when flocks of them crowd in her wake, seeming then more than usually active in picking up various matters from the surface of the water. This presentiment of a change of weather is not peculiar to the petrel alone; but is noted in many others, and common to all, even to those long domesticated. The woodpeckers, the snow-birds, the swallows, are all observed to be uncommonly busy before a storm, searching for food with great eagerness, as if anxious to provide for the privations of the coming tempest. The common ducks and the geese are infallibly noisy and tumultuous before falling weather; and though, with these, the attention of man renders any extra exertions for food at such times unnecessary, yet they wash, oil, dress and arrange their plumage with uncommon diligence and activity. The intelligent and observant farmer remarks this bustle, and wisely prepares for the issue; but he is not so ridiculously absurd as to suppose, that the storm which follows is produced by the agency of these feeble creatures, who are themselves equal sufferers by its effects with man. He looks on them rather as useful monitors, who, from the delicacy of their organs, and a perception superior to his own, point out the change in the atmosphere before it has become sensible to his grosser feelings; and thus, in a certain degree, contribute to his security. And why should not those who navigate the ocean contemplate the appearance of this unoffending little bird in like manner, instead of eying it with hatred and execration? As well might they curse the midnight light-house, that, star-like, guides them on their watery way, or the buoy, that warns them of the sunken rocks below, as this harmless wanderer, whose manner informs them of the approach of the storm, and thereby enables them to prepare for it.

" The Stormy Petrels, or Mother Carey's Chickens, breed in great numbers on the rocky shores of the Bahama and the Bermuda islands, and in some places on the coast of East Florida and Cuba. They breed in communities like the bank swallows, making their nests in the holes and cavities of the rocks

above the sea, returning to feed their young only during the night, with the superabundant oily food from their stomachs. At these times they may be heard making a continual chattering sound like frogs during the whole night. In the day they are silent, and wander widely over the ocean. This easily accounts for the vast distance they are sometimes seen from land, even in the breeding season. The rapidity of their flight is at least equal to the fleetness of our swallows. Calculating this at the rate of one mile per minute, twelve hours would be sufficient to waft them a distance of seven hundred and twenty miles; but it is probable that the far greater part confine themselves much nearer land during that interesting period.

"In the month of July, while on a voyage from Neworleans to Newyork, I saw few or none of these birds in the gulf of Mexico, although our ship was detained there by calms for twenty days, and carried by currents as far south as Cape Antonio, the westernmost extremity of Cuba. On entering the gulf stream, and passing along the coast of Florida and the Carolinas these birds made their appearance in great numbers, and in all weathers; contributing much by their sprightly evolutions to enliven the scene; and affording me every day several hours of amusement. It is indeed an interesting sight to observe these little birds in a gale, coursing over the waves, down the declivities, up the ascents of the foaming surf that threatens to burst over their heads; sweeping along the hollow troughs of the sea as in a sheltered valley, and again mounting with the rising billow, and just above its surface, occasionally dropping its feet, which, striking the water, throws it up again with additional force; sometimes leaping, with both legs parallel, on the surface of the roughest waves, for several yards at a time. Meanwhile it continues coursing from side to side of the ship's wake, making excursions far and wide, to the right and to the left, now a great way ahead and now shooting astern for several hundred yards, returning again to the ship as if she were all the time stationary, though perhaps running at the rate of ten knots an hour. But the most singular peculiarity of this bird is its faculty of standing and even running on the surface of the water, which it performs with apparent facility. When any greasy mat-

ter is thrown overboard, these birds instantly collect around it, and facing to windward, with their long wings expanded, and their webbed feet patting the water, the lightness of their bodies, and the action of the wind on their wings, enable them to do this with ease. In calm weather they perform the same manœuvre by keeping their wings just so much in action as to prevent their feet from sinking below the surface. According to Buffon, it is from this singular habit that the whole genus have obtained the name Petrel, from the apostle Peter, who, as the Scripture informs us, also walked on the water.

"As these birds often come up immediately under the stern, one can examine their form and plumage with nearly as much accuracy as if they were in the hand. They fly with the wings forming an almost straight horizontal line with the body, the legs extended behind, and the feet partly seen stretching beyond the tail. Their common note of "*weet, weet,*" is scarcely louder than that of a young duck of a week old, and much resembling it. During the whole of a dark, wet and boisterous night which I spent on deck, they flew about the after rigging, making a singular hoarse chattering, which in sound resembled the syllables *patrèt tu cuk cuk tu tu*, laying the accent strongly on the second syllable *tret*. Now and then I conjectured that they alighted on the rigging, making then a lower curring noise.

"Notwithstanding the superstitious fears of the seamen, who dreaded the vengeance of the survivors, I shot fourteen of these birds one calm day in latitude 33°, eighty or ninety miles off the coast of Carolina, and had the boat lowered to pick them up. These I examined with considerable attention, and found the most perfect specimens as follow:

"Length six inches and three quarters; extent thirteen inches and a half; bill black, nostrils united in a tubular projection, the upper mandible grooved from thence, and overhanging the lower like that of a bird of prey; head, back and lower parts brown sooty black; greater wing coverts pale brown, minutely tipt with white; sides of the vent and whole tail coverts pure white; wings and tail deep black, the latter nearly even at the tip, or very slightly forked; in some specimens two or three of the exterior tail feathers were white for an inch or so at the

root; legs and naked part of the thighs black; feet webbed, with the slight rudiments of a hind toe; the membrane of the foot is marked with a spot of straw yellow, and finely serrated along the edges; eyes black. Male and female differing nothing in colour.

"On opening these I found the first stomach large, containing numerous round semitransparent substances of an amber colour, which I at first suspected to be the spawn of some fish; but on a more close and careful inspection, they proved to be a vegetable substance, evidently the seeds of some marine plant, and about as large as a mustard seed. The stomach of one contained a fish, half digested, so large that I should have supposed it too bulky for the bird to swallow; another was filled with the tallow which I had thrown overboard; and all had quantities of the seeds already mentioned, both in their stomachs and gizzards; in the latter were also numerous minute pieces of barnacle shells. On a comparison of the seeds above mentioned with those of the *gulf-weed*, so common and abundant in this part of the ocean, they were found to be the same. Thus it appears, that these seeds floating perhaps a little below the surface, and the barnacles with which ship's bottoms usually abound, being both occasionally thrown up to the surface by the action of the vessel through the water in blowing weather, entice these birds to follow in the ship's wake at such times, and not, as some have imagined, merely to seek shelter from the storm, the greatest violence of which they seemed to disregard. There is also the greasy dish washings, and other oily substances thrown over by the cook, on which they feed with avidity; but with great good nature, their manners being so gentle that I never observed the slightest appearance of quarrelling among them.

"One circumstance is worthy of being noticed, and shows the vast range they take over the ocean. In firing at these birds a quill feather was broken in each wing of an individual, and hung fluttering in the wind; which rendered it so conspicuous among the rest as to be known to all on board. This bird, notwithstanding its inconvenience, continued with us for nearly a week, during which we sailed a distance of more than four hundred miles to the north. Flocks continued to follow us until near Sandy Hook.

"The length of time these birds remain on wing is no less surprising. As soon as it was light enough in the morning to perceive them, they were found roaming about as usual; and I have often sat in the evening, in the boat which was suspended by the ship's stern, watching their movements, until it was so dark that the eye could no longer follow them, though I could still hear their low note of *weet weet* as they approached near to the vessel below me.

"These birds are sometimes driven by violent storms to a considerable distance inland. One was shot some years ago on the river Schuylkill near Philadelphia; and Bewick mentions their being found in various quarters of the interior of England. From the nature of their food their flesh is rank and disagreeable; though they sometimes become so fat that, as Mr. Pennant, on the authority of Brunnich, asserts, "the inhabitants of the Feroe isles make them serve the purpose of a candle, by drawing a wick through the mouth and rump, which being lighted, the flame is fed by the fat and oil of the body."

Tales from Shakspeare, designed for the use of young persons. By Charles Lamb, London. Republished by Bradford & Inskeep, Philadelphia. In two vols. 12mo. pp. 500.

These two facinating little volumes, although they are presented to us in so modest and unostentatious a guise, merit much higher eulogy. The author professes that his work is a mere *vade mecum* to those young readers who have never yet known or felt the witchery of Shakspeare's muse. He professes to have given the outline of his dramatic stories in a regular and connected form, resembling those consistent tales with which the libraries of the nursery abound. By disentangling the stories from the dialogue, we have them all before us at one glance of the eye, and by leaving out the episodes, which Shakspeare delighted in so much, we are presented with the whole chain, without any break in the principal or in the subordinate links. The author has done a real service, even beyond his intent, to the reputation of his hero. He has vindicated the fame of Shakspeare from what has been too generally laid to his charge, a confusion of plot. Shak-

speare was in reality, while writing, so absorbed in what we will denominate individuality of character, and we are so entranced with the individual beauty, that both himself and his readers forget that general interest which they would feel in the story if those characters were not so prominently brought out. The author of the present volumes has taken this general view, and has made the characters merely his vehicles for the story. The phraseology is elegant, lucid and perspicuous; and it surely is no ordinary praise that he has been enabled to give such novelty to things so familiar to all our senses by his luminous and perspicuous arrangement. We heartily recommend these volumes to the attention of the reader, and we believe he will agree with us, after reading the following extract, which we insert as a specimen of the whole, that it is an evidence how new an old thing may be made.

"TAMING OF THE SHREW.

"KATHERINE, the shrew, was the eldest daughter of Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua. She was a lady of such an ungovernable spirit and fiery temper, such a loud-tongued scold, that she was known in Padua by no other name than Katherine the Shrew. It seemed very unlikely, indeed impossible, that any gentleman would ever be found who would venture to marry this lady, and therefore Baptista was much blamed for deferring his consent to many excellent offers that were made to her gentle sister Bianca, putting off all Bianca's suitors with this excuse, that when the eldest sister was fairly off his hands, they should have free leave to address young Bianca.

"It happened however that a gentleman, named Petruchio, came to Padua, purposely to look out for a wife, who, nothing discouraged by these reports of Katherine's temper, and hearing she was rich and handsome, resolved upon marrying this famous termagant, and taming her into a meek and manageable wife. And truly none was so fit to set about this herculean labour as Petruchio, whose spirit was as high as Katherine's, and he was a witty and most happy-tempered humourist, and withal so wise, and of such a true judgment, that he well knew how to feign a passionate and furious deportment, when his spirits were so calm that himself could have laughed merrily at his own

angry feigning; for his natural temper was careless and easy; the boisterous airs he assumed when he became the husband of Katherine being but in sport, or, more properly speaking, affected by his excellent discernment, as the only means to overcome in her own way the passionate ways of the furious Katherine.

"A courting then Petruchio went to Katherine the Shrew, and first of all he applied to Baptista, her father, for leave to woo his *gentle daughter* Katherine, as Petruchio called her, saying archly, that having heard of her bashful modesty and mild behaviour, he had come from Verona to solicit her love. Her father, though he wished her married, was forced to confess Katherine would ill answer this character, it being soon apparent of what manner of gentleness she was composed, for her music-master rushed into the room to complain that the gentle Katherine, his pupil, had broken his head with her lute for presuming to find fault with her performance; which, when Petruchio heard, he said, 'It is a brave wench: I love her more than ever, and long to have some chit chat with her;' and hurrying the old gentleman for a positive answer, he said, 'My business is in haste, signior Baptista, I cannot come every day to woo. You knew my father: he is dead, and has left me heir to all his lands and goods. Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, what dowry you will give with her.' Baptista thought his manner was somewhat blunt for a lover; but being glad to get Katherine married, he answered that he would give her twenty thousand crowns for her dowry, and half his estate at his death. So this odd match was quickly agreed on; and Baptista went to apprise his shrewish daughter of her lover's addresses, and sent her in to Petruchio to listen to his suit.

"In the meantime Petruchio was settling with himself the mode of courtship he should pursue: and he said, 'I will woo her with some spirit when she comes. If she rails at me, why then I will tell her she sings as sweetly as a nightingale; and if she frowns, I will say she looks as clear as roses newly washed with dew. If she will not speak a word, I will praise the eloquence of her language; and if she bids me leave her, I will give her thanks as if she bid me stay with her a week.' Now the stately Katherine entered, and Petruchio first addressed her

with 'Good morrow Kate, for that is your name, I hear.' Katharine, not liking this plain salutation, said disdainfully, 'They call me Katherine who do speak to me.' 'You lie,' replied the lover, 'for you are called plain Kate, and bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the Shrew; but, Kate, you are the prettiest Kate in Christendom, and therefore, Kate, hearing your mildness praised in every town, I am come to woo you for my wife.'

"A strange courtship they made of it. She in loud and angry terms showing him how justly she had gained the name of Shrew, while he still praised her sweet and sonorous words, till at length, hearing her father coming, he said (intending to make as quick a wooing as possible) 'Sweet Katherine, let us set this idle chat aside, for your father has consented that you shall be my wife, your dowry is agreed on, and, whether you will or no, I will marry you.'

"And now Baptista entering, Petruchio told him his daughter had received him kindly, and that she had promised to be married the next Sunday. This Katherine denied, saying she would rather see him hanged on Sunday, and reproached her father for wishing to wed her to such a madcap as Petruchio. Petruchio desired her father not to regard her angry words, for they had agreed she should seem reluctant before him, but that when they were alone he had found her very fond and loving; and he said to her, 'Give me your hand, Kate; I will go to Venice to buy you fine apparel against our wedding day. Provide the feast, father, and bid the wedding guests. I will be sure to bring rings, fine array, and rich clothes, that my Katherine may be fine; and kiss me, Kate, for we will be married on Sunday.'

"On the Sunday all the wedding guests were assembled, but they waited long before Petruchio came, and Katherine wept for vexation to think that Petruchio had only been making a jest of her. At last, however, he appeared; but he brought none of the bridal finery he had promised Katherine; nor was he dressed himself like a bridegroom, but in strange disordered attire, as if he meant to make a sport of the serious business he came about; and his servant, and the very horses on which they rode, were in like manner in mean and fantastic fashion habited.

"Petruchio could not be persuaded to change his dress; he said Katherine was to be married to him, and not to his clothes; and finding it was vain to argue with him, to the church they went, he still behaving in the same mad way, for when the priest asked Petruchio if Katherine should be his wife, he swore so loud that she should, that all amazed the priest let fall his book, and as he stooped to pick it up, this mad-brained bridegroom gave him such a cuff, that down fell the priest and his book again. And all the while they were being married he stamped and swore so, that the high-spirited Katherine trembled and shook for fear. After the ceremony was over, while they were yet in the church he called for wine, and drank a loud health to the company, and threw a sop which was at the bottom of the glass full in the sexton's face, giving no other reason for this strange act, than that the sexton's beard grew thin and hungerly, and seemed to ask the sop as he was drinking. Never sure was there such a mad marriage; but Petruchio did but put this wildness on, the better to succeed in the plot he had formed to tame his shrewish wife.

"Baptista had provided a sumptuous marriage feast, but when they returned from church Petruchio, taking hold of Katherine, declared his intention of carrying his wife home instantly; and no remonstrance of his father-in-law, or angry words of the enraged Katherine, could make him change his purpose; he claimed a husband's right to dispose of his wife as he pleased, and away he hurried Katherine off; he seeming so daring and resolute that no one dared attempt to stop him.

"Petruchio mounted his wife upon a miserable horse, lean and lank, which he had picked out for the purpose, and himself and his servant no better mounted, they journeyed on through rough and miry ways, and ever when this horse of Katherine's stumbled, he would storm and swear at the poor jaded beast, who could scarce crawl under his burden, as if he had been the most passionate man alive.

"At length, after a weary journey, during which Katherine had heard nothing but the wild ravings of Petruchio at the servant and at the horses, they arrived at his house. Petruchio welcomed her kindly to her home, but he resolved she should

have neither rest nor food that night. The tables were spread, and supper soon served; but Petruchio, pretending to find fault with every dish, threw the meat about the floor, and ordered the servants to remove it away; and all this he did, as he said, in love for his Katherine, that she might not eat meat that was not well dressed. And when Katherine, weary and supperless, retired to rest, he found the same fault with the bed, throwing the pillows and bed clothes about the room, so that she was forced to sit down in a chair, where, if she chanced to drop asleep, she was presently awakened by the loud voice of her husband, storming at the servants for the ill-making of his wife's bridal-bed.

"The next day Petruchio pursued the same course, still speaking kind words to Katherine; but when she attempted to eat, find fault with every thing that was set before her, throwing the breakfast on the floor as he had done the supper; and Katherine, the haughty Katherine, was fain to beg the servants would bring her secretly a morsel of food; but they being instructed by Petruchio, replied they dared not give her any thing unknown to their master. 'Ah,' said she, 'did he marry me to famish me? Beggars that come to my father's door have food given them; but I, who never knew what it was to entreat for any thing, am starved for want of food, giddy for want of sleep, with oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed, and that which vexes me more than all, he does it under the name of perfect love, pretending that if I sleep or eat it were present death to me.' Here her soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of Petruchio. He, not meaning she should be quite starved, had brought her a small portion of meat; and he said to her, 'How fares my sweet Kate? Here, love, you see how diligent I am, I have dressed your meat myself. I am sure this kindness merits thanks. What, not a word? Nay then you love not the meat, and all the pains I have taken is to no purpose.' He then ordered the servant to take the dish away. Extreme hunger, which had abated the pride of Katherine, made her say, though angered to the heart, 'I pray you, let it stand.' But this was not all Petruchio intended to bring her to, and he replied, 'The poorest service is repaid with thanks, and so shall mine before you touch the meat.' On this Katherine brought a reluctant 'I thank you,

sir.' And now he suffered her to make a slender meal, saying, 'Much good may it do your gentle heart, Kate; eat apace! And now, my honey love, we will return to your father's house, and revel it as bravely as the best, with silken coats and caps, and golden rings, with ruffs, and scarfs, and fans, and double change of finery;' and to make her believe he really intended to give her these gay things, he called in a tailor and a haberdasher, who brought some new clothes he had ordered for her, and then giving her plate to the servant to take away, before she had half satisfied her hunger, he said, 'What, have you dined?' The haberdasher presented a cap, saying, 'Here is the cap your worship bespoke;' on which Petruchio began to storm afresh, saying, the cap was moulded in a porringer, and that it was no bigger than a cockle or walnut shell, desiring the haberdasher to take it away and make a bigger. Katherine said, 'I will have this, all gentlewomen wear such caps as these.' 'When you are gentle,' replied Petruchio, 'you shall have one too, and not till then.' The meat Katherine had eaten had a little revived her fallen spirits, and she said, 'Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak, and I will. I am no child, no babe; your betters have endured to hear me say my mind; and if you cannot, you had better stop your ears.' Petruchio would not hear these angry words, for he had happily discovered a better way of managing his wife than keeping up a jangling argument with her; therefore his answer was, 'Why, you say true, it is a paltry cap, and I love you for not liking it.' 'Love me or love me not,' said Katherine, 'I like the cap, and I will have this cap or none.' 'You say you wish to see the gown,' said Petruchio, still affecting to misunderstand her The tailor then came forward, and showed her a fine gown he had made for her. Petruchio, whose intent was that she should have neither cap nor gown, found as much fault with that. 'O mercy, Heaven!' said he, 'what stuff is here! What, do you call this a sleeve? it is like a demi cannon, carved up and down like an apple-tart.' The tailor said, 'you bid me make it according to the fashion of the times;' and Katherine said she never saw a better fashioned gown. This was enough for Petruchio, and privately desiring these people might be paid for their goods, and excuses made to them for the seem-

ingly strange treatment he bestowed upon them, he with fierce words and furious gestures drove the tailor and the haberdasher out of the room: and then, turning to Katherine, he said, 'Well come, my Kate, we will go to your father's even in these mean garments we now wear.' And then he ordered his horses, affirming they should reach Baptista's house by dinner-time, for that it was but seven o'clock. Now it was not early morning, but the very middle of the day when he spoke this; therefore Katherine ventured to say, though modestly, being almost overcome by the vehemence of his manner, 'I dare assure you, sir, it is two o'clock, and it will be supper time before we get there.' But Petruchio meant that she should be so completely subdued, that she should assent to every thing he said before he carried her to her father; and therefore, as if he were lord even of the sun, and could command the hours, he said it should be what time he pleased to have it, before he set forward. 'For,' said he, 'whatever I say or do, you still are crossing it. I will not go to-day, and when I go it shall be what o'clock I say it is.' Another day Katherine was forced to practise her newly found obedience, and not till he had brought her proud spirit to such a perfect subjection that she dared not remember there was such a word as contradiction, would Petruchio allow her to go to her father's house: and even while they were upon their journey thither, she was in danger of being turned back again, only because she happened to hint it was the sun, when he affirmed that the moon shone brightly at noon-day. 'Now, by my mother's son,' said he, 'and that is myself, it shall be the moon, or stars, or what I list, before I journey to your father's house.' He then made as if he were going back again; but Katherine, no longer Katherine the Shrew, but the obedient wife, said, 'Let us go forward, I pray, now we have come so far, and it shall be the sun or moon, or what you please, and if you please to call it a rush candle henceforth, I vow it shall be so for me.' This he was resolved to prove, therefore he said again, 'I say, it is the moon.' 'I know it is the moon,' replied Katherine. 'You lie, it is the blessed sun,' said Petruchio. 'Then it is the blessed sun,' replied Katherine; 'but sun it is not when you say it is not. What you will have it named even so it is, and so it ever shall

be for Katherine.' Now then he suffered her to proceed on her journey; but further to try if this yielding humour would last, he addressed an old gentleman they met on the road as if he had been a young woman, saying to him, 'Good morrow, gentle mistress;' and asked Katherine if she had ever beheld a fairer gentlewoman, praising the red and white of the old man's cheeks, and comparing his eyes to two bright stars: and again he addressed him, saying, 'Fair lovely maid, once more good day to you!' and said to his wife, 'Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.' The now completely vanquished Katherine quickly adopted her husband's opinion, and made her speech in like sort to the old gentleman, saying to him, 'Young budding virgin, you are fair, and fresh, and sweet: whither are you going, and where is your dwelling? Happy are the parents of so fair a child.' 'Why, how now, Kate,' said Petruchio, 'I hope you are not mad; this is a man, old and wrinkled, faded and withered, and not a maiden as you say he is.' On this Katherine said, 'Pardon me, old gentleman; the sun has so dazzled my eyes, that every thing I look on seemeth green. Now I perceive you are a reverend father; I hope you will pardon me for my mad mistake.' 'Do, good old grandsire,' said Petruchio, 'and tell us which way you are travelling. We shall be glad of your good company, if you are going our way.' The old gentleman replied, 'Fair sir, and you my merry mistress, your strange encounter has much amazed me. My name is Vincentio, and I am going to visit a son of mine, who lives at Padua.' Then Petruchio knew the old gentleman to be the father of Lucentio, a young gentleman who was to be married to Baptista's younger daughter, Bianca, and he made Vincentio very happy by telling him the rich marriage his son was about to make; and they all journeyed on pleasantly together till they came to Baptista's house, where there was a large company assembled to celebrate the wedding of Bianca and Lucentio, Baptista having willingly consented to the marriage of Bianca when he had got Katherine off his hands.

"When they entered Baptista welcomed them to the wedding feast, and there was present also another newly married pair.

"Lucentio, Bianca's husband, and Hortensio, the other new-married man, could not forbear sly jests, which seemed to hint at the shrewish disposition of Petruchio's wife, and these fond bridegrooms seemed highly pleased with the mild tempers of the ladies they had chosen, laughing at Petruchio for his less fortunate choice. Petruchio took little notice of their jokes till the ladies were retired after dinner, and then he perceived Baptista himself joined in the laugh against him: for when Petruchio affirmed that his wife would prove more obedient than theirs, the father of Katherine said, 'Now in good sadness, son Petruchio, I fear you have got the veriest shrew of all.' 'Well,' said Petruchio, 'I say no; and therefore, for assurance that I speak the truth, let us each one send for his wife, and he whose wife is most obedient to come at first when she is sent for, shall win a wager which we will propose.' To this the other two husbands willingly consented, for they were quite confident that their gentle wives would prove more obedient than the headstrong Katherine; and they proposed a wager of twenty crowns, but Petruchio merrily said he would lay as much as that upon his hawk or hound, but twenty times as much upon his wife. Lucentio and Hortensio raised the wager to an hundred crowns, and Lucentio first sent his servant to desire Bianca would come to him. But the servant returned, and said, 'Sir, my mistress sends you word she is busy, and cannot come.' 'How,' said Petruchio, 'does she say she is busy and cannot come? Is that an answer for a wife?' Then they laughed at him, and said, it would be well if Katherine did not send him a worse answer. And now it was Hortensio's turn to send for his wife; and he said to his servant, 'Go and entreat my wife to come to me.' 'Oh ho! entreat her!' said Petruchio. 'Nay then, she needs must come.' 'I am afraid, sir,' said Hortensio, 'your wife will not be entreated.' But presently this civil husband looked a little blank, when the servant returned without his mistress; and he said to him, 'How now! where is my wife?' 'Sir,' said the servant, 'my mistress says you have some goodly jest in hand, and therefore she will not come. She bids you come to her.' 'Worse and worse!' said Petruchio; and then he sent his servant, saying, 'Sirrah, go to your mistress and tell her I com-

mand her to come to me.' The company had scarcely time to think she would not obey the summons, when Baptista, all in amaze, exclaimed, 'Now by my holidam, here comes Katherine!' and she entered, saying meekly to Petruchio, 'What is your will, sir, that you sent for me?' Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?' said he. Katherine replied, 'They sit conferring by the parlour fire.' 'Go fetch them hither!' said Petruchio. Away went Katherine without reply, to perform her husband's command. 'Here is a wonder,' said Lucentio, 'if you talk of a wonder.' 'And so it is,' said Hortensio; 'I marvel what it bodes.' 'Marry, peace it bodes,' said Petruchio, 'and love, and quiet life, and right supremacy; and to be short, every thing that is sweet and happy.' Katherine's father, overjoyed to see this reformation in his daughter, said, 'Now, fair befall thee, son Petruchio! you have won the wager, and I will add another twenty thousand crowns to her dowry, as if she were another daughter, for she is changed as if she had never been.' 'Nay,' said Petruchio, 'I will win the wager better yet, and show more signs of her new-built virtue and obedience.' Katherine now entering with the two ladies; he continued, 'See where she comes, and brings your froward wives as prisoners to her womanly persuasion. Katherine, that cap of yours does not become you; off with that bauble and throw it under foot.' Katherine instantly took off her cap, and threw it down. 'Lord!' said Hortensio's wife, 'may I never have a cause to sigh till I am brought to such a silly pass!' And Bianca, she too said, 'Fie, what foolish duty call you this!' On this Bianca's husband said to her, 'I wish your duty were as foolish too! The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, has cost me an hundred crowns since dinner time.' 'The more fool you,' said Bianca, 'for laying on my duty.' 'Katherine,' said Petruchio, 'I charge you tell these headstrong women what duty they owe their lords and husbands.' And to the wonder of all present, the reformed shrewish lady spoke as eloquently in praise of the wife-like duty of obedience, as she had practised it implicitly in a ready submission to Petruchio's will. And Katherine once more became famous in Padua, not as heretofore, as Katherine the Shrew, but as Katherine the most obedient and duteous wife in Padua.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—DIVORCES IN PENNSYLVANIA.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

HOWEVER it may be made a question among philosophers whether *man* is benefited by civilization and refinement, *the ladies*, at least, will unanimously declare in favour of a state of things which adds so essentially to their comfort and importance. Among the boorish old Greeks and Romans, and indeed all other rude nations, wives, we are told, were considered as the mere slaves of their lordly husbands, who could part with them at pleasure, like any other article of household furniture; nor was it till a much later period, that this very reasonable privilege of separation was granted alike to both parties. Yet, in spite of these multiplied facilities for throwing off the matrimonial yoke, we are informed, on good authority, that in the pure ages of the republic, not a solitary instance of divorce occurred within its precincts for a space of more than *five hundred* years! Leaving the grave task of moralizing on this subject to deeper reasoners, my curiosity was excited the other day by the sight of some strictures on modern depravity, to inquire into our own institutions on this subject: and, truly, though in examining the acts of our Pennsylvania legislature, I find my fair countrywomen do not quite rival the Roman matrons in constancy and patience; yet the causes of dissatisfaction which the unhappy complainants assign as a ground for relief are so good, that we can hardly blame their desire to be separated "from the bed and board" of their disagreeable inmates. The men, too, are generally no less expert in finding out some unconquerable source of discontent with their helpmates: so that, whether the husband is *too* liberal in exercising that salutary power of *gentle* correction which the law, for wise purposes, lodges in his hands—or the lady will not be controlled in the use of that instrument of warfare with which nature has armed her; whether the husband is a brute or the wife a scold—it would certainly be hard to deny the poor sufferer the only consolation that human authority can afford. Unreasonable severity, in fact, would answer no good purpose whatever; as some kind sister state, less rigid in its ideas of the matrimonial compact, might always extend to the applicant its accommodating

powers. Even now, we often see an unhappy wretch travelling to the other extreme of the continent almost, or hurrying to the benignant legislature of Virginia, with more haste than did ever poor devil with a cancer to her salutary springs, in hopes of leaving his loathsome burden behind. The legislature of Pennsylvania has steered a middle course between these two extremes, and though she always discountenances applications on frivolous grounds, never fails to grant relief on proper occasions. The rueful accounts which some of these miserable people give of their sufferings is pitiable enough. One good lady obtains a divorce because it was proved to the legislature that,

"Shortly after their intermarriage, her said husband suffered himself to become the victim of intemperance, and forgetting the affectionate duty of a good husband, did ill-treat and personally abuse his said wife."

But to counterbalance this scandal on our sex, we learn immediately after, that

"Michael Miller was, on the eighth day of November, in the year 1803, joined in matrimony with a certain Catharine Rock, with whom he lived and cohabited until the eighth day of July, in the year 1811, during which time they had three children, and that the said Catharine, regardless of the laws and her matrimonial vows, did conduct herself in a manner irregular and unbecoming a wife, and on the said eighth of July did elope, in company with a married man, from her said husband and three small children, and has not since lived or cohabited with her said husband; and it further appears, that the said Michael did demean himself as a good and kind husband, and is reputed a man of good morals and truth, and is desirous that the marriage of him and the said Catharine be dissolved by the legislature; and it being just and reasonable that relief should be afforded, Be it enacted, &c."

It must be confessed, however, that the ladies appear on the whole to fare the hardest. The case indeed of a woman who is tacked to an unruly husband is the more intolerable, as she has no means whatever of avoiding or obtaining a respite from his persecutions. The husband, on the contrary, can drown his cares for a moment in the company of a pot-companion, and for-

get the horrors of petticoat-government. Though at home he may lead a dog's life, and when his wife storms, crouch

"In shuddering, meek, submitted thought"

beneath her fury, he may yet snatch abroad his little hour of satisfaction and quiet. But the wife must truly *grin and bear it.* Hence we find that most of the applications are from female sufferers; and as it is a matter of importance to the fair, to know for what degree of misconduct they can get uncoosed from a disagreeable yokefellow, it may be useful to set down some of these cases, by way of precedents, for wives who consider their husbands no longer worthy of their society. Such as the following may at least be hung *in terrorem* over the heads of those who are not quite incorrigible.

"Whereas it appears to the legislature, that Elsa Vangerden was, on the 18th day of December, 1795, joined in marriage to Levi Middough, with whom she lived about fourteen years, in which time she had five children; that during the time the said Elsa continued to live with the said Levi, he treated her in a most cruel and inhuman manner, by beating her, and at different times threatening to take her life, so that she was often obliged to fly to her neighbours for protection; and it also appears that the said Elsa is a woman of good moral character: *And whereas,* it would be cruel in the extreme, to oblige a woman to live with a man that has continued so inhumanly and barbarously to treat her; therefore, &c."

"——It appears to the legislature, that about sixteen years since, a certain William M'Glaughlin, of the county of Northumberland, intermarried with Isabella M'Carly; that they continued to live together for near six years; that the cruel treatment of the husband to his wife was such as to compel her to leave him, or to remain at the imminent hazard of her life; she chose the former; therefore, &c."—Again:

"Margaret Harrison, of the county of Philadelphia, hath represented by her petition, that she contracted marriage with Benjamin Harrison on the 29th day of May, 1802; that shortly after their intermarriage her said husband, regardless of his matrimonial vows, commenced a series of abusive conduct towards

her, and neglected to provide for his young and rising family, and, in contempt of the laws of God and man, gave himself up to an irregular life; therefore, be it enacted," &c.

And again:

"Whereas it appears by the memorial and petition of Margaret M'Clellan, of the city of Philadelphia, that she was lawfully joined in marriage with John M'Clellan, on the seventh day of July, 1796, and lived with said John from that time until the 31st day of January, 1807: and whereas it appears the said John possessed a severe, cruel, and tyrannical disposition, which at length grew so ungovernable and savage, that he, the said John, used the greatest cruelties in beating and otherwise abusing the person of his said wife, Margaret M'Clellan: and whereas it appears from the documents accompanying the petition, that the said Margaret has always maintained a good and reputable character; and it being just and reasonable that relief should be afforded in such cases; therefore, be it enacted," &c.

In these cases there can be no doubt that the husband far exceeded the extent of his powers. I say *exceeded*, because, however harsh it may seem to the females of the present day, there are divers very grave black-letter statutes, by which our honest old ancestors were authorized and exhorted to keep a tight rein over their spouses, and, on proper occasions, to use a moderate sized cudgel for the purpose of checking their vivacity. Sir William Blackstone, however, observes that this power of correction "was confined within reasonable bounds, and the husband was prohibited from using any violence to his wife *aliter quam ad virum, ex causa regiminis et castigationis uxoris suæ licite et rationabiliter pertinet:** The civil law gave the husband the same, or a larger, authority over his wife; allowing him for some misdemeanors *flagellis et fustibus acriter verberare uxorem;* for others only *modicam castigationem adhibere.* But with us in the politer reign of Charles the second, this power of correction began to be doubted. Yet the lower rank of peo-

* Which, for the benefit of the country ladies, may be translated, that the cudgel mus'nt exceed the dimensions allowed by an act (now obsolete) passed in the time of William Rufus. See Bracton and Flita on this curious subject. Some light is also shed on it by Dalrymple and Ingulph.

ple, who were always fond of the old common law, still claim and exert their ancient privilege."

The lower classes of the present generation have zealously maintained this, as well as their other unalienable rights. They have quite as clear ideas of discipline and subordination as their forefathers, and act accordingly with as hearty a good will. An instance of this came under the observation of the writer a few days ago, in the case of a negro fellow, who was overheard flogging most soundly a nymph of his own colour, and exclaiming with great emphasis at every blow, "Oh, you damned ———! *I'll let you know you're my wife!*" The sturdy rogue seemed to think this quite a sufficient ground for exercising his hickory, and for her quietly submitting to the wholesome chastisement. It is provoking enough, too, that the wives who undergo this discipline, are generally better and even more affectionate than those whose husbands are lenient and indulgent. For example, who have, proverbially, better wives than the whole race of *cobblers?* and we all know the reasons of this advantage over other men. The story on this head, related in the Spectator, is an authority remarkably in point. A general, we are told, who was anxious to obtain possession of a besieged city, promised, as an inducement to capitulation, that the women should be suffered to carry out as much as they could on their backs, and the town be then given up to pillage and slaughter. Accordingly, each lady packed up and marched out with whatever she deemed most valuable—one her bundle of lace; another a huge bag of gold; another her gallant; another a favourite lap-dog; but of the whole city, one woman only brought off her husband, who, the story informs us, "was a lively cobbler, that kicked and spurred all the while his wife was carrying him on, and, as it was said, had scarce passed a day in his life without giving her the discipline of the strap!"

I have no authentic history of *St. Crispin* now by me, or I should have the curiosity to examine whether he treats on the management of wives. A dissertation from such an authority must be invaluable.

But we have strayed from the subject, which was to present some of the numerous bills of divorce that crowd the records of

our legislature. The melancholy catalogue is so long, that we shall have room for only a few more cases to exemplify the various sources of dissatisfaction that justify the interference of government between man and wife. Next to personal ill-treatment, the most prominent object of complaint seems to be desertion and the entering into a second marriage. It is perfectly unaccountable how a man or woman, who has experienced so little comfort and happiness in the "holy state," should rashly encounter again the same danger, and voluntarily incur a double burden. Some gay youth, indeed, in the ardour of inexperience, has sung,

"How happy could I be with either!"

But even this is not so foolish as for an old fox who has lost his leg, perhaps, in the trap, to be prowling about the same unlucky demesnes. Yet such cases are very numerous. For example: Mrs. Elizabeth Burk, of Washington county, makes it appear, that

"Her husband, Cornelius Burk, after wasting and spending her property, hath deserted and left her, and hath now been absent more than five years and six months; and it is believed that the said Cornelius was married to another woman, who is yet living, previous to his marriage with the said Elizabeth."

Another lady represents, that

"In the year 1781, she was married to Samuel Swan, with whom she lived till the year 1791; that in the month of May, of said year, the said Swan relinquished her, and never returned; that Swan, in the year 1795, was married to, and cohabited with another woman."

A certain Eleanor Donaldson, it appears, was married, for her sins, to a reprobate by the name of Abraham Haults, with whom, according to her own account, she

"Lived eleven years and nine months, in which time they had seven children; about the sixteenth of August, 1808, the said Abraham left the said Eleanor, his lawful wife, and five small children, to conflict with poverty and distress; and some time in the month of October, in the same year, the said Abraham, who then called himself Abraham Woods, was married to another woman."

The case of Mrs. Le Clerc is no less hard:

"Whereas Elizabeth Le Clerc has represented, by her petition, that on the fifth day of April, in the year 1778, she was lawfully married to a certain Philip S. G. De Franqueen; that she lived and cohabited with him from the time of their marriage until the first day of May, 1790; that on the day last aforesaid, the said Philip S. G. De Franqueen departed for Europe; that soon after his arrival in Europe, he wrote to his said wife that he did not mean to return; and in answer to several letters repeated the same declaration; accompanied with an intimation, that he considered all connexion between them at an end, and that she must, thenceforth, provide for herself; that the said Elizabeth Le Clerc thought herself at liberty to form a new matrimonial connexion, and accordingly was, some time after, married to a certain Joseph Gergen Le Clerc, with whom she lived as his wife, until the time of his death, and became the mother of two children; and the said Elizabeth being now advised that her second marriage was illegal and void, and the issue of it illegitimate, has applied, by her petition, to be divorced from the said De Franqueen, and to have her issue, by Joseph G. Le Clerc legitimated. Be it enacted," &c.

Such abandonment, on the part of the wife, it seems, will sometimes occur:

....."John Vanbar, now a citizen of Washington county, in the state of Maryland, has, by his petition, represented, that he was, on the twenty-ninth day of December, 1789, lawfully joined in marriage to Jane Coulter; and that she continued to reside with him as his wife, for several years; and, *after bearing to him several children*, she abandoned his bed and board. Therefore," &c.

Applications for relief against men who have subjected themselves to punishment, by violations of the law, are numerous. Some of them are curious enough. Take the following:

"Whereas, Mary Dewees, of the county of Montgomery, by her petition, hath represented to the legislature, that she was lawfully married to Thomas Dewees, in the month of June, 1804; that within a few months after their marriage he was convicted of forgery, and was sentenced to hard labour and imprisonment for a

term of years; that after eighteen months imprisonment he was, at the solicitation of her friends, pardoned by the governor; that after remaining with her about two weeks after his liberation, he abandoned and left her in a destitute situation; and it appears, by a copy of a record of the court of quarter sessions of the peace and general gaol delivery for the county of Alleghany, that at the said court, holden the twenty-eighth day of December, 1803, the said Thomas Dewees was legally convicted of aiding and abetting the passing of counterfeit money, and sentenced to five years imprisonment at hard labour: and whereas it appears to the legislature, that under such circumstances, the unfortunate woman ought to be released from any connexion with a character apparently so irreclaimable: Therefore," &c.

Thus too:

——"It has been satisfactorily proved to the legislature, that Sarah Rose was, on the thirteenth day of September, 1810, lawfully married to Samuel Rose, junior, of Westmoreland county; *and also*, that the said Samuel, at a court of oyer and terminer, &c. held at Greensburg, on the first day of July, 1811, was convicted of burglary, and stealing the mail of the United States, for which crime he was sentenced to forfeit his lands and tenements, goods and chattels, to the commonwealth, and that he should be imprisoned in the gaol of Philadelphia, for the term of ten years, two of which he is to be confined in some of the solitary cells of the said gaol, where he now remains; and it appearing proper, under these circumstances, to grant the said Sarah a divorce: Therefore," &c.

——"Mary Carmack, by her petition, hath represented, that she was joined in marriage, on the twenty-seventh day of December, 1800, to David Carmack, and that the said David was, at a court of general quarter sessions, of the peace, held at Philadelphia, of March sessions, convicted of a forgery, on the several bills of indictments, as appears by the records thereof, for which crime he was sentenced to an imprisonment, at hard labour, for the term of two years on each bill, in the gaol of Philadelphia, where he now remains; and the said Mary being desirous of a divorce from the bands of matrimony: Therefore," &c.

To this dark catalogue, Mr. Oldschool, might be added many more cases, quite as melancholy as the foregoing; but I will trespass on your patience no longer. I forbear to recapitulate the innumerable moans of husbands and wives—whether for infidelity before or after marriage—whether, as it seems, frequently happens in remote parts of the state, one party has been inveigled or intimidated into the noose—or whether the conjugal endearments have been suddenly damped by the unseasonable appearance of a fine chopping boy a few months after marriage. All these things give one a dreary idea of the nuptial state. When we reflect too, how many unhappy devils submit without murmuring, to their lot, and wait, with pious resignation, till it please God to deliver them, we are almost disposed to think like the apostate Turk, who swore by his beard that Mahomet must be a liar and imposter, or he would never have asserted that the joys of heaven, consist chiefly in an intercourse with the houries!

If some henpeckt fellow, "damned in a fair wife," should be instigated by her to take up the cudgels, as a champion for the ladies, and demand whether I, who pretend to know so much about matrimony, am myself married, I answer *no;* and, as a punishment for his impertinence, may his wife live these fifty years!

CŒLEBS:

BUT NOT IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REPLY TO THE "REMARKS ON MELISH'S TRAVELS,"

Published in the last number.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

WHO will doubt the sincerity of Job, when he exclaimed, "Oh, that mine adversary had written a book." Yet the critical observer will have discovered, that Job knew little about it, to

what we do now-a-days, when the "province of book-making" has extended to a country that Job and his cotemporaries little dreamed of. And of all kinds of book-making, the most delicate is, probably, to publish observations on "men, their manners, and their ways," in "a new world," among strangers. You know as well as I do, Mr. Oldschool, that it is impossible, by any effort whatever, to please all parties; and in these fell days, when "party spirit (according to the remarker, page 382) is co-extensive with the civilized, or rather the Christian world," to write of no party would be to write nothing at all. And then what would become of the poor book-makers, to say nothing of the printers, and printers' devils, press-makers, paper-makers, rag-sorters, with all the other rag-tag and bob-tail paraphernalia attached to the honourable order? Now, in the name of all the fraternity, I must really step forward in behalf of the poor book-makers. Only behold the "Calamities of Authors." Those who have read the popular novel of Tom Jones, will be able to form a pretty good notion of one series of them, from the account which squire Western gives of the onset he received from the "hoop-petticoat" ladies in London: an onset so dreadful, as to make the poor squire declare, roundly, that rather than undergo such another, he would consent to be, like Acteon, turned into a hare, and run and eat up by his own dogs.

I don't know that many of the authors are sportsmen enough to prefer a death of this kind; but I suspect, that, but for one consideration, some of them would consent to be confined in a *garret* for life, under sentence of bread and water, rather than undergo the serious calamity of being remarked upon by certain of the *crickets*, as they have been facetiously called.

If it be asked what consideration is this? I answer—the gratification of vanity. Authors, like fathers, are fond of their offspring, comely or not; and even mere book-makers are partial to their adopted children. The praise of a good-natured critic, such as the reviewer of the Travels in question, in the Port Folio for February last, is so gratifying, that one solitary instance is sufficient to counterbalance the attacks of a whole host of fastidious cavillers. Indeed some of the critics seem to be aware of this, and lest no friend should step forward, and the

poor author die of a broken heart, they attempt to modify the "calamity." The cutting knife is used *without mercy*, but a plaister is applied with such *apparent sympathy*, that we are left to wonder how they could both be used by the same hand.

For example—what author could desire greater applause than Melish meets with in the remarks, page 383?—"I see much more to commend than reprehend in the general tenor of the work before us. The traveller seems disposed to do justice to our country and national character; and, bating some unequivocal symptoms of Caledonianism, he may be called a liberal man." But who could meet with greater severity than what follows, page 384?—"This much in return for the political dogmas of a European, who seems to think that either his birth in the old world, or his province of book-making in the new, or both, invest him with the prerogative of passing sentence, without ceremony, upon the public conduct and motives of a very large and respectable portion of the members of this great community."

This leads to the observation, that the head and front of Mr. Melish's offending, with this remarker, is his supposed "interference" in American party-politics. It is alledged (page 381) that the traveller has given "a decision on the politics of America"—that "he has non-suited the federalists"—and (page 382) "that he has demolished, as far as in him lies, the good name and reputation of a party, already labouring under a sufficient share of prejudice." These, Mr. Oldschool, are serious charges; but are they substantiated? No such thing! We have the mere "*ipse dixit*" of the remarker for it, without a single extract from the Travels in the shape of a proof; and we have no alternative but to receive it, or to prove a negative. The last course only can be adopted by having recourse to the work itself; and this is easily done. It has sold extensively, and been generally perused; and an appeal may be made to the numerous readers, whether there be a vestige of evidence to support these charges. I have carefully perused the work, and have seen no such thing. On the contrary, I have found that Mr. Melish expressly disclaims all interference in the party-politics of the country, in so many words. In his preface, page 11, he thus expresses himself: "*I have avoided all notice of local politics*, except sometimes a mere

casual observation, not calculated to reflect on any party." It appears to me that this has literally been the case; and I have frequently heard it remarked, by gentlemen of both sides of the political question, that there was not a single sentiment in the book calculated to give the smallest offence to any man, of any party. So much for politics.

The next charge against our author is *Caledonianism* (a novel charge to be sure) supported by evidence that he prefers Scottish reels and strathspeys to French cotillions; and is a great admirer of Robert Burns. As to the Scottish music and dancing, it is evident that the remarker knows nothing at all about it; and therefore he can form no more idea of it, than a man who has been blind all his life can form of the colours of the rainbow. I wish I could only introduce him to a Scottish assembly, that he might behold the ladies "foot the floor" to the tune of the *Camerontans rant*, or *Tullochgorum*. Soon would he acknowledge his error, and own that he had been guilty of great rudeness to them, by comparing their feet to "a *pewterer's hammer*." He would find that our author did them no more than justice, in adopting the pretty similie of Goldsmith—"their feet as pat to the music as its echo."

As to Robert Burns, what Caledonian, or what admirer of genius would not be partial to him? But does it follow that an admirer of Burns must necessarily undervalue Shakspeare, and Milton, and Pope? I would have drawn a conclusion exactly the reverse. An admirer of Burns must necessarily admire all the sons of genius, and none ever shone more bright in the firmament of human intellect than those mentioned. To admire Burns, and not to admire them, is an idea to be conceived only by a mind capable of tracing "*violent party zeal*" in "*a very tolerant notice*" of the works of a political writer, and in attending a dinner party on the birth-day of an eminent and amiable statesman.

The last objection to the work is the alledged misapplication of the word *by*. I shall not dispute the point; but I can assure the remarker, that he is in a mistake, when he alledges "*by* is never put to the vehicle which carries us in America." Nothing is more common. A friend is going to Newyork: he is asked, *by* what conveyance? He answers, *by* the stage, or *by* the

steam-boat, as the case may be. The remarker says his ear is not "entirely gratified with the expression." That is a matter of taste, and who can dispute it? Indeed I have a fellow-feeling on this point, my own taste being somewhat singular. I am so unfashionable as to prefer telling my story in *plain English*, without troubling my readers with scraps of Latin or French. "*Obiter dictum, maladie du pays*, and *nos patriam fugimus*," may do well enough, and certainly show a great deal of learning; but I think the English language sufficiently expressive without them—perhaps I want taste. I am more reconciled to the expressions "*contravene*," "*arraign*," "*extra-judicial*," "*his own showing*," and "*non-suited*," because they serve to show, at least, the profession of an anonymous writer. But I confess my ears are shocked by such an unpolite word as the *gallows*; and they are not a little grated by such harsh expressions as "*jigger*," "*brimful*," and "*Scoatchman*."

Notwithstanding these observations, however, I have all possible charity for the remarker. Being his and your humble servant,

A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

FRENCH LITERATURE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

OF FRENCH POETRY BEFORE AND SINCE THE TIME OF MAROT, TO THAT OF CORNEILLE.

(*Continued from page* 188.)

Although Marot rose above his cotemporaries, yet he had little influence upon their taste, and we do not find that poetry made any progress in his time. He who approached nearest to him was his friend Saint-Gelais; whose versification possesses great ease and sweetness, and of whom a few neat epigrams have been preserved. But he has less spirit and grace than Marot, whose fate has been very singular: for he had a sort of school two hundred years after his death. It was about the middle of this

age, and when the language, long since fixed, had become so different from his, that a fashion arose, which has been called *Marotisme*. Rousseau, who has shown so much taste, and has composed his lyric poetry in such beautiful language, chose to go back to the sixteenth century, in his epistles, and, still more, in his allegories; and this dangerous example was imitated by a crowd of writers. But I shall defer an examination of the effects of this innovation, until I come to speak of Rousseau, remarking only, how seducing must be that style, which is imitated so long after it has become antiquated. At present we must pursue the progress of our poetry.

The first who endeavoured to employ a more lofty style, and to transplant some of the beauties which they had admired among the ancients, were Dubellay, and especially Ronsard. The latter is as much decried now as he was praised in his own day; and there are good reasons for this apparent fickleness of taste. If it be the greatest of all faults in a writer that he cannot be read, how can we reproach ourselves for having forgotten Ronsard, when we can repeat, from memory, many of the pieces of Marot, and Saint-Gelais, who wrote thirty years before him? The reason is, that you cannot find in his writings four consecutive lines which can be remembered, his style is so affected and fantastic. Still, Ronsard was born with talents; he has a poetical vein; but those who, in denying him taste, conclude that he possessed judgment, seem to me to abuse the term, which signifies a great combination of talents. Certainly it does not consist in servilely engrafting upon a language which rejects them, the forms of the Greek and Latin idiom. Nor do his ideas make him great, for they are usually common or bombastic: nor can his invention acquire that title for him, since nothing can be more sterile than his *Franciade*. What fascinated his cotemporaries was an inflated style, before that time unknown. Although foreign to the language which he spoke, and better calculated to enfeeble than enrich, it dazzled because it was novel: and the more so, because he resembled the Greeks and Latins, whose empire erudition had just established, and whose writings were then most admired.

Let us add, in behalf of Ronsard, and his admirers, and fol-lowers, that the heroic style is beyond all comparison the most difficult: and if this opinion required any new demonstration, the French language will furnish it. Before it was formed, it possessed writers, at an early period, who knew how to give the graces of naiveté and gayety to its unadorned simplicity. But when it became necessary to use an elevated style, a style suited to great actions, all attempts failed, even to the time of Malherbe, although they were not contemptible; for it was some glory to attempt what was so difficult, and to take at least some bold steps in a path hitherto untrodden. Then it would have been real vigour, and true genius, to discover what character, what constructions, what arts, could be adopted to the language; how it might be freed from inversions which are not natural to it, in consequence of the defect of declensions and conjugations, properly so called, and the necessary train of auxiliaries and articles; to purge poetry from the *hiatus* which offends the ear, and to mingle, regularly, the masculine with the feminine rhyme, which produces so fine an effect. This was accomplished by Malherbe, who really possessed genius, and created his language; in which he differed from Ronsard, whose talents were rude, and who spoiled his language.

It is necessary to study his works, in order to recognise the merit which I have attributed to him, notwithstanding all his defects, and to distinguish some graces of harmony and expression which may be found in the midst of his barbarous bombast. It is not difficult to catch his plan of versification. It is evident that he strives to cast the French verses in a Greek and Latin mould; that he was sensible of the effect of various pauses, and picturesque epithets: but he lavishes them awkwardly; they present, in general, a rough and vulgar caricature. But still he has some happy touches, by which we may profit; for at this period, as I have already observed, he who fails frequently, but sometimes succeeds, may be useful. It is an ordeal to which art must be submitted, and it is in this way, to use the expression of Fontenelle, that the follies of parents are avoided by their children. Undoubtedly there is little art or merit in Frenchifying, arbitrarily, a crowd of Latin words, or converting Latin

words into French, in order to increase the number of epithets; in putting together the *branching* horns, the *watery* sources, &c.

We may remember, that in like manner as the Greeks had a poetical Pelade of seven writers, who flourished in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus, so the French boast of their constellation in the days of Ronsard. Besides this writer, they had Belleau, Baif, Jodelle, Jean Daurat, Dubellay, and Ponthus. Belleau and Baif, however, possessed only the faults of Ronsard, without his merit. Dubartas was still worse: barbarism never was pushed further. It seemed as if an ill-directed erudition, and scholastic pedantry had conspired to destroy the French language. Latinisms, hellenisms, accumulated epithets, and outrageous metaphors overwhelmed every thing. It is one of the characteristics of mediocrity to measure a whole art by what is only a part of it; and any novelty is seized upon and used with prodigality. Ronsard showed the effect of some beautiful expletives, and some expressive metaphors. It was then conceived that these alone were sufficient, and we were favoured with such verses as these:

O grand Dieu qui nourris *la rapineuse engeance*
Des oiseaux ramageoux. . . . .
Par toi *le gras bétail* des *rousses vacheries*
Par toi *l' humble troupeau* des *blanches bergeries* . . . .
Ici se vont haussant les *neigeuses montagnes:*
Là vont s'applanissant les *poudreuses campagnes.*

If a profusion of epithets be a defect in poetry, it is still more so in prose, which should be very simple This does not appear to be the opinion of writers of the present day, who imagine that they give force and colouring by an accumulation of words. This is happily ridiculed by Voltaire: *Ne pourra-t-on jamais leur faire comprendre combien l'adjectif est souvent ennemi du substantif, quoiqu' ils s'accordent en genre, en nombre, en cas?* Will they never learn, says this writer, that the adjective is frequently the enemy of the substantive, although they do agree in gender, number, and case?

With respect to figures, we have seen how they are employed by Ronsard. Chassignet, for instance, translating a psalm, addresses the Deity thus:

Par toi, le mol zephyr, aux ailes diaprées,
Refrise d' un air doux la perruque des prées,
Et sur les monts voisins,
Eventant ses soupirs par les vignes pamprées,
Donne la vie aux fleurs et du sue aux raisins!

We may just remark of this stuff, that to render the last verse very good, it is necessary to change but a single word, and write,

Donne la vie aux fleurs et le sue aux raisins.

He continues in the same manner:

Par toi le doux soleil à la terre sa femme
D'un œil tout plein d'amour communique sa flamme,
Et tout à l'environ,
Lui poudre les cheveux, ses vêtemens embâme,
Et de fruits et de grains lui jonche le giron.

Just now we had a peruke for the *meadows;* but the author not being content with this, gives one to the sun:

Soit que du beau soleil la perruque empourprée
Redore de ses rais cette basse contrée.

We must acknowledge, that the god of day, who, from time immemorial, had been dressed out, by the poets, with the very best head of hair, has no great reason to be satisfied with our poet for putting a wig upon him.

In a description of the Deluge, Dubartas has imitated a well known passage from Ovid's Metamorphoses. There are some verses which contain a great deal of precision and energy. His style bears a great resemblance to that of Ronsard: it is evidently formed upon that model. I copy the conclusion of the description, which, notwithstanding innumerable faults, is not destitute of beauty. This quotation will serve to show, that the poets of this period possessed talents; and also how far those talents were unrestrained by taste:

Tandis la sainte nef, sur l'échine azurée
Du superbe océan navigeait assurée,
Bien que sans mât, sans rame et loin, loin de tout port:
Car l' Eternal était son pilote et son nord.
Trois fois cinquante jours le general naufrage
Dévasta l'univers; enfin d'un tel ravage

L'Immortal attendri, n'eut pas sonné sitôt
La retraite des eaux, que soudain flot sur flot
Elles vont s'ecouler: tous les fleuves s'abaiment;
La mer rentré en prison; les montagnes renaissent;
Les bois montrent déja leurs limoneux rameux;
Deja la terre croît par le décroît des eaux;
Et bref la seule main du Dieu darde tonnere,
Montre la terre au ciel et le ciel à la terre.

Desportes wrote with much more purity than Ronsard and his imitators. He rubbed off the rust which had accumulated upon our versification: he spoke the French language: he guarded against the hiatus, and the running of one verse against another. But feeble in ideas, and in style, he did not take care to guard the rank of our Parnassus in a preceding age. He imitated Marot in his amorous pieces, and remained very inferior to him. He surpassed Malherbe in those stanzas which could not yet be called odes, although the structure was sufficiently soft and easy, and Malherbe made him forgotten.

This was indeed a superior poet: his name constitutes a second epoch in our language. Marot raised it in light and gallant pieces: but Malherbe was the first model of the heroic style, and the creator of lyric poetry. He possesses all its enthusiasm, its movements and inflections. Born with an ear and a taste, he understood the effects of rhyme, and brought into action a variety of poetical constructions, adapted to the genius of our language. He imparted to it a kind of imitative harmony which was suited to it. But his works did not arrive at a degree of purity to be compared with the writers under Louis fourteenth, nor would it be reasonable to expect such perfection. But for all that he has taught us, the praise is due to himself alone:—and at the end of two hundred years, many of his morceaux are still cited, which possess a beauty almost unexceptionable. The following is his paraphrase of a psalm on the instability of royal grandeur:

Ont-ils rendu l'esprit? ce n'est plus que poussiere
Que cette majesté si pompeuse et si fiere,
Dont l'éclat orgueilleux étonnait l'univers,
Et dans ces grand tombeaux où leurs ames hautaines,
Font encore les vaines,
Ils sont rongés des vers.

Là se perdent ces noms de maîtres de la terre,
D'arbitres de la paix, de foudres de la guerre;
Comme ils n'ont plus de sceptre, ils n'ont plus de flatteurs;
Et tombent avec eux, d'une chûte commune,
Tous ceux que la fortune
Faisait leurs serviteurs.

This is indeed French verse—and we have hitherto never seen any thing which can even approach it.

If we seek that glowing fire which should pervade the ode, we may find it in that which was addressed to Louis thirteenth, when he was departing on his expedition to Rochelle. We must pardon some defects in diction, and some prosaisms: the bounds between poetry and fiction not having then been sufficiently ascertained. But we shall find that the manner and the ideas are those of a poet:

Certes ou je me trompe ou déjà le victoire
Qui son plus grand honneur de tes palmes attend,
Est aux bords de charente, en son habit de gloire,
Pour te rendre content.

Je la vois qui t'appelle et qui semble te dire:
Roi le plus grand des rois, et qui m'es le plus cher,
Si tu veux que je t'aide à sauver ton empire,
Il est têms de marcher.

Que sa *façon* est brave et sa *mine* assurée!
Quelle a fait richement son armure *estoffer!*
Et que l'on connaît bien, à la voir si parée,
Que tu vas triompher!

Telle en ce grand assaut, où des fils de la terre
La rage ambitieuse à leur honte parut,
Elle sauva le ciel et lança le tonnerre,
Dont Briare *mourut*.

The following strophe is remarkable for its imitative harmony:

Déjà de toutes parts s'avançaient les approches.
Ici courait Minas: là Hyphon se battait;
Et là suait Euryte à détacher les roches,
Qu' Encelade jetait.

In the first of these two last verses we perceive the labour of the giant who detaches the rock, and in the last we see its departure.

The following is the concluding verse. It is probably the last time that he struck the lyre:

Je suis *vaincu du tems:** je cede à ses outrages.
Mon esprit seulement, exempt de sa rigeur,
A de quoi témoigner dans ses derniers ouvrages
Sa premiere vigueur.

Let us next behold him in subjects less elevated, which require sweetness and sensibility. The stanzas which he addressed to his friend Duperrier, upon the death of an infant, may be selected for this purpose:

Ta douleur, Dupérrier, sera donc éternelle,
Et les tristes discours
Que te met en l'esprit l'amitié paternelle,
L' augmenteront toujours.

The choice of rhyme here deserves our attention; and the dejection of grief is well represented by the short verse falling gradually after the first! This is the true secret of that harmony of which so much is said in the present day; it is not to be acquired by hard labour, but by judicious selection:

Le malheur de ta fille au tombeau descendue
Par un commun trépas,
Est-ce quelque dédale où raison perdue
Ne se retrouve pas?

Elle était de ce monde, où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin,
Et rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L' espace d'un matin.

The charm of these verses is inexpressible. It is in the same piece that we find the verses on death; which are too remarkable to be passed over without notice, and too well known to be repeated. The four first are feeble; but the four last are perfectly beautiful.

Two poets, Racan and Maynard, pupils of Malherbe, enjoyed a merited reputation even in his lifetime.

* A poetical license. We are overcome *par* (by) and not *du* (of) time.

Racan, in his lyrical poetry, is much inferior to his master; but as a pastoral writer, he justifies the eulogy which Boileau passed upon him:

Racan chante Phillis, les bergers et les bois.

He first caught the true pastoral spirit, which he had studied, in Virgil. His style, notwithstanding its incorrectness and inequality, for which Malherbe justly reproached him, breathes that graceful softness, and sweet melancholy, which love ought to feel, when it sighs in rural solitude, and which reminds us of the reply of a lady, who, upon being asked which of the pleasures of her youth she most regretted, said: *the pleasing pains of a rural scene.* The verses of Racan possess a rhythmus, and sometimes an elegance, in a happy degree:

Plaisant séjour desames affligées,
Vieilles forêts de trois siecles âgées,
Qui recelez là nuit, le silence et l'effroi;
Depuis qu'en ces déserts les amoureux, sans crainte,
Viennent faire leur plainte,
En a-t-on vu quelqu' nu plus malheureux que moi!

Soit que le jour dissipant les étoiles,
Force la nuit à retirer ses voiles,
Et peigne l'orient de diverses couleurs,
Ou que l'ombre du soir, du faîte des montagnes,
Tombe dans les compagnes
L'on ne me voit jamais que plaindre mes douleurs.

Ainsi Daphnis rempli d' inquiétude
Contait sa peine en cette solitude,
Glorieux d' être esclave en de si beaux liens.
Les nymphs des forêts plaignirent son martyre,
Et l'amoureux Zephire
Arrêta ses soupirs pour entendre les Siens.

There are some faults in these stanzas, of which the first is imitated from Ovid; but they are, in general, very interesting. The rhyme is well chosen, with the exception of the two first verses. We may remark, that provided one has ever so little of an ear, the verses of four feet mingle very well with the hexameter:—but that of five feet never will, but must go alone.

Racan, who formed his taste by that of the ancients, often borrowed their moral ideas upon the employment of time, and its rapid flight, on the certainty of death, and the pleasures of retirement. But he paraphrases rather too profusely, and if he imitates their nature, he wants their precision. This is the only defect in his versés on retirement, which has often been cited as one of his best pieces. The verses slide into each other with great ease; they are sweet and smooth; but as the piece is somewhat too long, that sort of languor which is pleasing in three or four stanzas, becomes monotonous when it extends to seven or eight. Take the following specimen:

Tircis il faut penser à faire *la* retraite;
La course de nos jours est plus qu' à demi faite;
L'âge insensiblement nous conduit à la mort.
Nous avons assez vu, sur la mer de ce monde,
Errer au gré des flots notre nef vagabonde:
Il est tems de jouir des délices du port.

Le bien de la fortune est un bien périssable;
Quand on bâtit sur elle, on bâtit sur la sable.
Plus on est élevé, plus on court de dangers.
Les grands pins sont en butte aux corps de la tempête,
Et la rage des vents brise plutôt le faite
Des maisons de nos rois que les toits des bergeres.

O bien heureux celui qui peut de sa mémoire
Effacer pour jamais les vains desirs de gloire,
Dont l'inutile soin traverse nos plaisirs;
Et qui loin retiré de la foule importune,
Vivant dans sa maison, content de sa fortune,
A selon son pouvoir mesuré ses desirs.

It is curious to compare the language in which precisely the same ideas are conveyed in the same number of verses, by the great versificator, Despreaux:

Qu' heureux est le mortel, qui du monde ignoré,
Vit content de lui-même en un coin retiré,
Que l'amour de ce rien qu'on nomme renommée,
N'a jamais enivré d'une vaine fumée,
Qui de sa la liberté forme tout son plaisir,
Et ne rend qu'a lui seul compte de son loisir!

Perhaps it would be difficult to give the preference between these writers. In the latter, the expression is certainly more poetical; but this elegance is balanced by a sort of carelessness which pervades the other.

☞

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

QUERIES ON POINTS OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

Mr. Oldschool,

In the year 1782, or thereabout, I happened to have lodgings for a short time at a house, the tenant of which had been for twenty or thirty years a servant to George Lewis Scott, esq. of Leicester square, London, the private tutor of his present majesty, George the third. He gave me a manuscript copy in the handwriting of Mr. Scott, of the following queries and suggestions, proposed by that gentleman to Mr. Macpherson, then engaged in writing the history of England during the period alluded to.

George Lewis Scott was the son of a Mr. Scott, a Dutchman of considerable abilities. The latter had been sent from England in a diplomatic capacity to Poland; thence to Saxony; thence to Hanover, where his son, George Lewis Scott, was born, and named after the elector, who was his godfather. The father staid long enough in Hanover for his son to become his private secretary, who there became acquainted with M: Cresset, his school-fellow, a Hanoverian. The following queries were proposed, partly from Mr. Scott's own knowledge, in consequence of the information he derived as secretary to his father, and partly from papers entrusted to him by lady Talbot, from which he made extracts for the use of Mr. Macpherson. These papers lady Talbot, though often importuned, would never consent to publish during her life; nor do I know whether they have yet been published. I have heard that they strongly tend to confirm the assertions of Dalrymple and Macpherson, relating to the secret history of that era, and may be considered as authentic, being the papers of Mr. Cardonal, the father of lady Talbot, and

for a long time secretary to the great duke of Marlborough. Mr. Cardonal's opportunities of information, therefore, were very good. It is remarkable, that lord Bolingbroke and this Mr. Cardonal were the only persons of the court, at that time, who had any knowledge of the French language, as I find by my transcripts of Mr. Scott's notes.

George Lewis Scott, esquire, died about the year 1780, to the best of my recollection. He was very little known except as a man of considerable learning. I remember his name once only connected with the politics of the day, in a ludicrous account given by the whig party of the time, of his speech at a meeting in York, on the subject of an address, to remove his majesty's then ministers. He was strongly attached to lord Bute's interest, and opposed to the whigs. The queries and suggestions bear internal marks of authenticity; and I am much more inclined to give them credit, from the well known characters of the persons mentioned, than I would to the charges made against Russel by Dalrymple, on the very suspicious testimony of Basillon, whose interest it was to conceal his own fraudulent disposal of the money entrusted to him. T. C.

Carlisle, September, 1813.

QUERIES AND SUGGESTIONS TO MR. MACPHERSON.

"A negotiation between William the third and Louis fourteenth, for securing the succession to the throne of England to the pretender, on condition that king William should not be disturbed in his lifetime. This negotiation was carried on by the earl of Jersey.

"A treaty between Louis fourteenth and Philip the fifth, by which the latter yielded the Netherlands to the former, on condition that he should help Philip to conquer Genoa and Leghorn.

"Did the duke of Marlborough offer his fourth daughter to the pretender? It is certain he offered her to the then electoral prince of Hanover, now king of England? Watkins saw the letter.

"Did the duke of Marlborough offer to make peace with France, in 1709, for a certain sum of money?

"Did prince Eugene, when he lay at Harwich, send a boat on shore to inquire whether the duke of Marlborough was still

in commission; and being informed he was not, did not the prince exclaim, '*Je suis le plus infortuné de tous les hommes!*'

"Was not the intent of his coming to England to raise a rebellion, had the duke of Marlborough continued in commission? by which he might legally have brought the troops into a body.

"Did prince Eugene write to count Zinzendorf, then at the Hague, that the discontented party in England proposed to him an assassination of the earl of Oxford and lord Bolingbroke, and ask the count's opinion upon it?

"Did not the count consult the pensioner upon it, and report their joint opinions, that it was not advisable? Did not prince Eugene write to the count, that if it was to be done at all, the best way of doing it would be *à la negligence*, as those two lords went home late at night in their chairs?

"Did prince Eugene write to the count, that the whigs were ill men, and were more intent upon wreaking their own revenge, than supporting the common cause?

"Did the duke of Marlborough correspond with the court of St. Germain during the whole course of the war? David Lloyd said he did; and that he himself conveyed several letters and answers. The same correspondence was carried on with lord Godolphin. They both gave assurances of services in general terms; but could never be prevailed on to come to particulars.

"Did the court of France discover the correspondence to the English ministers, on condition the duke of Marlborough should not be prosecuted?

"Did the duke of Marlborough meet lord Oxford in Park street, and agree with him to go abroad, and not obstruct any longer the queen's measures? This also was on condition that the duke should not be prosecuted.

"Did lord Wharton tell the duke that he knew of his bargain; and that if he was innocent he need not fly or forsake his friends? Did prince Eugene urge the same thing?

"Did the duke of Marlborough, by Mr. Cresset, offer the then elector of Hanover any pledge of his fidelity? Did the elector desire he might have the command of some English troops on the river Rhine, that he might be acquainted with the English officers? Did he vow revenge on the refusal? Did not Mr. Cresset

endeavour to dissuade the duke of Marlborough from making this general offer, and inform him what he was sure the elector would ask: that he was of a rigid temper, and would not brook the refusal, if that should happen to be the case?

"Did the pensioner offer to come into the queen's measures, if she would assure them she had no private treaty with France? If she would give them (the Dutch) a share in the Assiento Contract, and the south-sea ship, and send an ambassador to relieve the earl of Strafford, who had shocked them *par ses manieres dures et hautaines.*"

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LORD HERVEY ON MR. POPE.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE sarcasms of Pope against lord Hervey are in every body's hands; and from them we are led to suppose, that lord Hervey was a flippant, flimsy versifier, who penned smooth rhymes for the amusement of the wits of quality, without sense, or poetry, or force. "Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day." But Pope, an unprincipled, malicious calumniator of talents of every description, himself ignorant of every thing but the knack of smooth versification, sometimes indeed, though rarely, illumined by the beams of true poetry, could not but have felt the following biting satire, by lord Hervey, which I fancy will be new to many of your readers. T. C.

Carlisle.

TO THE IMITATOR OF THE SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

In two large columns on the motley page,
Where Roman wit is striped with English rage;
Where ribaldry to satire makes pretence,
And modern scandal rolls with ancient sense;
Whilst on one side, we see how Horace thought,
And on the other, how he never wrote;
Who can believe who reads the bad and good,
That the dull copiest better understood

That spirit he attempts to imitate,
Than heretofore that Greek he did translate!
There is as just an image of his pen,
As thou thyself art of the sons of men!
Where our own species in burlesque we trace
A sign-post likeness of the noble race,
That is at once resemblance and disgrace!
Horace can laugh, is delicate, is clear;
You only coarsely rail, or darkly sneer.
His style is elegant, his diction pure,
Whilst none thy crabbed numbers can endure—
Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure!
If he have thorns, they all on roses grow;
Thine, like rude thistles and mean brambles show.
With this exception, that though rank the soil,
Weeds as they are, they seem produced by toil.
Satire should, like a polished razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen:
Thine is an oyster-knife that hacks and hews,
The rage, but not the talent, of abuse,
And is in hate, what love is in the stews.
'Tis the gross lust of hate, that still annoys
Without distinction, as gross love enjoys.
Neither to folly or to vice confined,
The object of thy spleen is human kind:
It preys on all who yield or who resist—
To thee, 'tis provocation to exist!
*But if thou seest a great and generous heart,
Thy bow is doubly bent to force a dart.
Not only justice vainly we demand;
But even benefits can't rein thy hand.
To this or that alike in vain we trust,
Nor find thee less ungrateful than unjust.
Not even youth and beauty can control
The universal rancour of thy soul!
Charms that might soften Superstition's rage,
Might humble Pride, or thaw the ice of Age;
But how shouldst thou by Beauty's power be moved,
No more for loving made than to be loved!
†It was the equity of righteous Heaven,
That such a soul to such a form was given,
And shows the uniformity of fate,
That one so odious should be born to hate!
When God created thee, one would believe
He said the same as to the snake of Eve:
"To human race antipathy declare,
'Twixt them and thee be universal war;"

But oh! the sequel of the sentence dread,
And whilst you bruise their heel, beware your head.
Nor think thy weakness shall be thy defence,
(The female scold's protection in offence)
Sure 'tis as fair to beat who cannot fight,
As 'tis to libel those who cannot write:
And if thou draw'st thy pen to aid the law,
Others a cudgel or a rod may draw.
If none with vengeance yet thy crimes pursue,
Or give thy manifold affronts their due;
If limbs unbroken, skin without a stain,
Unwhipped, unblanketed, unkicked, unslain,
That little wretched carcase you retain,
The reason is not that the world wants eyes;
But thou'rt so mean, they see and they despise.
When fretful porcupines, with rancorous will,
From mounted backs shoot forth a harmless quill,
Cool the spectators stand, and all the while
Upon the angry little monster smile.
Thus 'tis with thee: whilst impotently safe,
You strike unwounding, we unhurt can laugh.
Who but must laugh, this bully when he sees?
A puny insect, shivering at each breeze.
One over-matched by every blast of wind,
Insulting and provoking all mankind.
Is this the thing to keep the world in awe?
To make those tremble who escape the law?
Is this the ridicule to live so long?
The deathless satire and immortal song?
No: like thyself, blown praise thy scandal flies,
And, as we're told of wasps, it stings and dies.
If none then yet return th' intended blow,
You all your safety to your dulness owe.
But whilst that armour thy poor corpse defends,
'Twill make thy readers few as are thy friends.
Those who thy nature loathed, but loved thy art,
Who liked thy head, but yet abhorred thy heart,
Chose thee to read, but never to converse,
And scorned in prose him whom they praised in verse;
Even they shall now their partial error see,
Shall shun thy writings like thy company;
And to thy books shall ope their eyes no more,
Than to thy person they would ope their door.
Nor thou the justice of the world disown,
That leaves thee thus an outcast and alone;
For though in law, to murder be to kill,
In equity, the murder's in the will.

Then whilst with coward-hand you stab a name,
And try at least t' assassinate our fame,
Like the first base assassin's be thy lot,
Ne'er be thyself forgiven or forgot;
But as thou hat'st, be hated by mankind,
And with the emblem of thy crooked mind
Marked on thy front, like Cain, by God's own hand,
Wander, like him, accursed through the land.

I do not recollect any specimen of poetical asperity superior to these severe verses of lord Hervey; an antagonist by no means worthy of being treated so slightingly as Pope affects to treat him. They are certainly superior to Churchill's Epistle to Hogarth. At the reference * lord Hervey alludes to "Taste," an epistle. At † the passage brings to my mind the following very bitter epigram.

Quand l'Eternal non sans remords,
De la Caumont eut fait le corps,
Sentant qu'une ame raisonable
Ne pourroit sans des affreux degouts
Habiter un corps semblable
Il en fit le pri'son d'un diable;
Et c'est le plus damnè de tous!

NOTES OF A DESULTORY READER.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

That stumbling block of philosophy, the reconcilement of evil with the omnipotence and benevolence of the Deity, is made use of by Lucretius, for the purpose of sustaining his comfortless hypothesis, that man and his concerns, instead of being the care of a divine intelligence, are merely the sport of a blind and capricious destiny.

Cum jam per terras frondent atque omnia florent,
Aut nimiis torret fervoribus Æthereus Sol,
Aut subiti perimunt imbres, gelidique pruinæ,
Flabraque ventorum violenti turbine vexant,
Cur anni tempora morbos
Adportant? quare mors immatura vagatur?

These are a few of his lines on the subject; and, as for want of the book, I cannot say, "*take them in the words of Creech*," with Mr. Pope, I thus endeavour to give them in my own:

Oft when creative Spring renews the shade,
And Nature smiles in cheering blooms array'd,
Th' æthereal sun with scorching fervour reigns,
Or sudden torrents drown the verdant plains;
Or blighting frosts the ripening fruit deform,
Or swift they're shatter'd by the wasting storm:
Contagious seasons taint the breathing world,
And Death's fell darts are immaturely hurl'd.

But besides the dreary effects of this opinion upon the mind of him who entertains it, its mischievous influence on society, is forcibly illustrated in the Anti-Lucretius of the Abbe de Polignac, written in Latin, verse. From a translation of it in the Gentleman's Magazine, I select a few passages in answer to this deplorable doctrine, which flourished during the progress of the French revolution, and which, though at present discountenanced through policy, there is too much reason to fear, the still perturbed state of the civilized world, fertile in examples of depressed virtue and triumphant guilt, has a tendency to nourish and inculcate.

Who'er shall drink these poisons from thy springs,
Self-guided, prone to interdicted things,
Hot in tumultuous youth, and fierce of soul,
Devoid of fear, and scorning Heaven's control,
Will deem it best his moments to employ,
In filling ev'ry wanton wish with joy;
Will hold that all who crowd life's busy scene,
When dead, shall be as if they ne'er had been,
That chance of all things is the womb and grave,
That while we live, no terrors should enslave:
Then naught in aid of shame and fear can awe,
'Tis guiltless liberty to trample law,
'Tis more, 'tis duty, sin a sanction gains,
And now no crime but honesty remains.

Owing probably to the reporters of parliamentary eloquence, substituting from memory the substance instead of the words of

a speech, the effusion of the orator seldom escapes mutilation, or a tricking out in flounces and furbelows, not always in the chastest style of ornament. An instance of this kind occurs in lord Chatham's speech on removing the troops from Boston, as contained in the excellent selection of doctor Chapman. Speaking of general Gage, he is made to say, "His situation reminds me, my lords, of the answer of a French general in the civil wars of France. Monsieur *Condè* opposed to monsieur *Turenne*. He was asked, how it happened, that he did not take his adversary prisoner, as he was often very near him: 'J'ai peur,' replied Condè very honestly, 'J'ai peur qu'il ne me prenne.'—*I am afraid he'll take me.*"

Now this speech I have seen differently reported, and perfectly recollect the passage in question. It was not Condè that gave the answer, but Turenne; who being asked by the queen, Ann of Austria, why he had not taken the prince when he had been so near to him, replied, "J'avois grand peur que monsieur le prince ne me prit;—I was very much afraid the prince would take me." And this, I take to be the more correct reading: first, because the answer is in the obvious tense; second, because such a question could only come from a woman; and third, because, if put by the queen, it must have been to Turenne, who, in the war of the Fronde, or that immediately connected with it, was in arms for the court, Condè against it.

—

Among the supposed authors of Junius, is lord Chatham; and as conjecture is again set afloat by Woodfall's new edition of those letters, I offer a scrap of internal evidence in support of the claim of his lordship. Little indeed is to be inferred from a sameness in a common mode of expression, or an identity of trite observation, but it is otherwise where the phraseology is peculiar, and the train of remark has a common object, that of aiming to obviate the imposing weight of great learning and abilities—a matter much laboured by lord Chatham in his opposition to lord Mansfield; for instance, his speech in the house of lords, in reply to this nobleman, or an amendment to the address to the throne. "I confess, my lords, that I am apt to distrust the refine-

ments of learning, because I have seen the ablest and most learned men equally liable to deceive themselves and to mislead others. *The condition of human nature would be lamentable indeed*, if nothing less than the greatest learning and talents, which fall to the share of so small a number of men, were sufficient to direct our judgment and our conduct." Now Junius, to the duke of Grafton, in his twelfth letter, says, "*The condition of the present times is desperate indeed;*" and it is believed to be a mode of expression often used by this writer, and certainly not a common one. In his letter to Mr. Home he has also this remark, in entire coincidence with the sentiment in the quoted speech. "He would have seen how possible it is for a man of the first talents (meaning lord Mansfield) to confound himself in absurdities which would disgrace the lips of an ideot."

—

Moliere has often been resorted to by the comic writers for the English stage, and one of his most laughable pieces has been plundered by Sheridan, in furnishing out the doctor scene in his Brave Irishman, captain O'Blunder. This will immediately be discovered, by comparing it with the treatment administered by the Parisian wags to the honest Limosin, monsieur De Pourceaugnac, in the comedy of that name.

—

Shakspeare is said not to have understood Latin, and, of course, to have had little or no acquaintance with the poets of ancient Rome: and yet he has allusions to them, that would indicate the contrary. Among other instances is the following:

> At lovers perjuries,
> They say, Jove laughs.—*Juliet.*
>
> Perjuria ridet amantum
> Jupiter.—*Ovid and Tibullus (for the saying is found in both.)*

—

The address of Æneas to the shade of Dido in the myrtle grove of Elysium, is in the genuine apologetic cant of contrition of a modern betrayer of the sex: the *pious* hero swearing by the stars of heaven, and every thing sacred above and below, that his desertion of her was reluctant, and compelled by command of the

gods; nor was it to have been believed, he says, that his mere going away, should have been to her the cause of such heart-rending affliction.

Infelix Dido, verus mihi nuntius ergo
Venerat extinctam ferroque extrema secutam!
Funeris heu tibi causa fui? per sidera juro,
Per superos, et si qua fides tellure sub ima est,
Invitus regina, tuo de littore cessi.
Sed me jussa deûm, quæ nunc has ire per umbras
Per loca senta situ cogunt noctemque profundum
Imperiis egere suis: nec credere quivi
Hunc tantum tibi me decessu ferre dolorem.

This is much of a piece with Lothario's, "Weep not my fair, but let the god of love laugh in thy eyes, and revel in thy heart," &c. and about upon a par with the consolatory offering to the ghost of miss Bailey, from the pocket of the regimental small-clothes of the wicked captain Smith. But from Virgil, the great epic poet, down to George Coleman, the burlesque song-maker,

Such is the fate unhappy women find,
And such the curse entail'd upon their kind,
That man, the lawless libertine, may rove
Free and unquestion'd through the wilds of love,
Whilst woman, sense and nature's easy fool, &c.

Sublime and beautiful, being the terms agreed upon by critics to designate what charms us in those literary productions which are addressed rather to the feelings than the judgment, many attempts have been made to generalize our ideas on the subject, and by means of examples, to ascertain the sources of this intellectual delight. There is one, however, which appears to me to have eluded these researches, though by no means a penurious fountain of the gratification in question; it is wholly overlooked by Burke, and but once slightly glanced at by Blair. It might perhaps admit of being comprised within the "boldness and grandeur in the thought" taken notice of by Longinus; though from the instances he refers to, it would not seem to have been at all in his contemplation.

But I conceive it to arise rather from a *libertinism* than *grandeur* of thought; and moreover, that the eloquence of the passions is never so affecting and transporting as when carried to a de-

gree of licentiousness, instances of which abound both in ancient and modern writers. Among the latter, none have drawn more largely from this source than Rousseau; much use of it has also been made by Sterne; and it is the base on which Godwin and miss Wolstoncraft attempted to rear their school, as certain modern German writers have actually done theirs. The magic consists, in bringing free sentiment into collision with established institutions; in setting the natural feelings in opposition to legal restrictions, and regulations *positivi juris*, whether civil or religious. This position, if just, may with a little extension account for the interest taken in the licentious heroes of Scott's poems, and the popularity which is attached to the adventures of Robin Hood, and other lawless men, who regardless of social duty, intrench on civil rights, and cut and carve for themselves.

In the following passages from Lucan, which are not in the language of passion, the illustration may be less satisfactory than in some of the others I shall adduce; although the chief beauty of these, does doubtless consist in the contemptuous freedom with which a popular superstition is treated. The first is, where Cæsar causes to be cut down the sacred wood of Marseilles, snatching an axe from one of his hesitating soldiers and giving the first blow himself, with this fearless exclamation.

> Jam ne quis vestrum dubitet subvertere sylvam!
> Credite me fecisse nefas.
>
> Now let no doubting hand the task decline;
> Cut you the wood, and let the guilt be mine.

The other is, where Cato refuses to consult the oracle of Jupiter Ammon; with this dignified observation, among others, to the proposer Labienus.

> Hæremus cuncti superis, temploque tacente
> Nil agimur nisi sponte dei: non vocibus ullis
> Numen eget: dixitque semel nascentibus auctor
> Quidquid seni licet: steriles nec legit arenas
> Ut caneret paucis, mersitque hoc pulvere verum.

As whatever may be the follies of the present age, mankind are not to be juggled by oracles, or made tremble by the arts of druidical superstition, it may be said that these thoughts are

rather just than free, and that therefore the quotations do not apply to the observations they were intended to illustrate. This objection, however, cannot lie against the following passages from Milton and others, which strike at opinions and institutions at this day sacred. Thus, this free expostulation which even arraigns the justice of Omnipotence, is put by Milton into the mouth of Adam, altogether consonant to his fallen nature, and to that of his unregenerated posterity, specious and pathetic.

O fleeting joys
Of Paradise, dear bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, Maker! from my clay,
To mould me man? Or here place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurr'd not to my being, it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust;
Desirous to resign and render back
All I received, unable to perform
The terms, too hard, by which I was to hold
The good I sought not. To the loss of that,
(Sufficient penalty!) why hast thou added
The sense of endless woes? Inexplicable
Thy justice seems.——

Ovid, in his story of Byblis and Caunus, puts this palliating language into the mouth of the infatuated female:

Conveniens Venus est annis temeraria nostris.
Quid licet nescimus adhuc: et cuncta licere
Credimus: et sequimur magnorum exempla deorum;

and in that of the still more criminal Myrrha;

Di precor, et pietas sacrataque jura parentum
Hoc prohibete nefas: scelerique resistite tanto;
Si tamen hoc scelus est. Sed enim, &c. &c.
Felices quibus ista licent! humana malignas
Cura dedit leges, et quod natura remittit
Invida jura negant.

In the play of Hamlet, the act of suicide is vindicated in this passionate exclamation of Laertes, to the priest refusing the funeral rites to Ophelia.

"I'll tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
Whilst thou liest howling.

Also, in Pope's elegy to the memory of an unfortunate lady, next to his Eloisa and Abelard, the most pathetic of his poems—In the following instances, the poetry truly assumes all the license of a "chartered libertine."

O ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell
Is it in heaven a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Or hallowed dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy dirge with rising flowers be drest.

* * * * *

How oft when press'd to marriage have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
Love free as air at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour wait the wedded dame,
August her deed and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all these views remove;
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?

It is unnecessary to cite more of this well known poem, the whole of which is written in the same licentious and indignant spirit.

On a distress arising from the severity of the monastic life, and not very dissimilar to that of Eloisa and Abelard, the French poet D'Arnaud adopts the same style of sentiment; and giving scope to the idea, that the feelings of nature might be indulged in defiance of the rigid laws and gloomy mansions of *La Trappe*, he ascribes this language to the unfortunate *Solitaire*, who had been shut up in the same monastery with the object of his passion, and remained ignorant of the circumstance until after her death.

Ces Antres ombragés de lugubres Cyprês
Ces cavernes, ces monts ont de detours secrets:
Jusqu' aux pieds des autels parmi nos solitaires
Nous aurions confondus nos voix et nos priers.

Le souverain de cieux qui reçut nos serments,
Sans courroux dans son Temple auroit vu deux Amants,
L'implorer, le servir, et l'adorer ensemble
Dans cette heureuse paix de deux cœurs qu'il rassemble;
Et transformé par toi ce funeste sejour
Eut servi pour nous seuls de retraite a l'amour.

The following passage, in the same strain, is so similar in sentiment to Pope's,

Late as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a solemn sound.
"Come sister, come, it said, or seem'd to say," &c.

that it can scarcely be doubted, that it was in the eye of the French poet:

Elle me dit: "arrete et commande à ton cœur,
La mort est un passage et nous mene au bonheur,
Il habite ce sejour ou l'ombre est dissipeé,
Ou l'on jouit enfin, ou l'ame est detrompeé.
Ce dieu que l'on nous peint de ses foudres armê,
Est un Djeu bienfaisant, mais qui veut être aimé;
Cher Amant ne crains point ses fureurs vengeresses,
Qui forma les humains pardonne à leurs foiblesses."

The preceding quotations, it is presumed, tend to illucidate my meaning, and to establish my position. If not I must suppose myself mistaken, and that no discovery has been made.

HORACE WALPOLE.

D'Israeli, in his "Calamities of Authors," has a chapter on the character of Horace Walpole, which, though perhaps somewhat too severe on that distinguished writer, contains so much curious matter, that we are not deterred by its length from copying it entire.

I MUST place the author of "The Catalogue of Royal and Noble authors," who himself now ornaments that roll, among those who have participated in the misfortunes of literature.

HORACE WALPOLE was the inheriter of a name the most popular in Europe; he moved in the higher circles of society; and

fortune had never denied him the gratifications of the most lively tastes in all the elegant arts; and the most curious knowledge. These were particular advantages. But Horace Walpole panted with a secret desire of literary celebrity; a full sense of his distinguished rank long suppressed risking the name he bore to the uncertain fame of an author, and the caprice of vulgar critics. At length he pretended to shun authors, and to slight the honours of authorship. The cause of this contempt has been attributed to the perpetual consideration of his rank. But was this bitter contempt of so early a date? Was Horace Walpole a Socrates before his time? Was he born that prodigy of indifference, to despise the secret object he languished to possess? His early associates were not only noblemen, but literary noblemen; and need he have been so petulantly fastidious at bearing the venerable title of author, when he saw Lyttleton, Chesterfield, and other peers, proud of wearing the blue riband of literature? No! it was after he had become an author that he contemned authorship; and it was not the precosity of his sagacity, but the maturity of his experience, that made him willing enough to undervalue literary honours, which were not sufficient to satisfy his desires.

Let us estimate the genius of Horace Walpole, by analyzing his talents, and inquiring into the nature of his works.

His taste was highly polished; his vivacity attained to brilliancy; and his picturesque fancy, easily excited, was soon extinguished; his playful wit and keen irony were perpetually exercised in his observations on life, and his memory was stored with the most amusing knowledge, but much too lively to be accurate; for his studies were but his sports. But other qualities of genius must distinguish the great author, and even him who would occupy that leading rank in the literary republic our author aspired to fill. He lived too much in that class of society which is little favourable to genius; he exerted neither profound thinking, nor profound feeling; and too volatile to attain to the pathetic, that higher quality of genius, he was so imbued with the petty elegancies of society, that every impression of grandeur in the human character was deadened in the breast of the polished cynic.

Horace Walpole was not a man of genius, but of the most refined ingenuity—his most pleasing, if not his great talent, lay in letter-writing—here he was without a rival; but he probably divined, when he condescended to become an author, that something more was required than the talents he exactly possessed. In his latter days he felt this more sensibly, which will appear in those confessions which I have extracted from an unpublished correspondence.

Conscious of possessing the talent of amusement, yet feeling his deficient energies, he resolved to provide various substitutes for genius itself; and to acquire reputation if he could not grasp at celebrity. He raised a printing press at his Gothic castle, by which means he rendered small editions of his works valuable from their rarity, and much talked of, because seldom seen. That this is true, appears from the following extract from his unpublished correspondence with a literary friend. It alludes to his "Anecdotes of Painting in England," of which the first edition consisted of only 300 copies.

"Of my new fourth volume I printed six hundred; but, as they can be had, I believe not a third part is sold. This is a very plain lesson to me, that my editions sell for their curiosity, and not for any merit in them—and so they would if I printed Mother Goose's Tales, and but a few. If I am humbled as an author, I may be vain as a printer; and when one has nothing else to be vain of, it is certainly very little worth while to be proud of that."

There is a distinction between the author of great connexions and another author. With the first the *man* may give a temporary existence to *his books;* but in the other, of real genius, it is the *book* which gives existence to the *man.*

His writings seem to be constructed on a certain principle, the awakening of public curiosity, by which he gives them a sudden rather than a lasting existence. In historical research our adventurer startles the world by maintaining paradoxes which attacked the opinions, or changed the characters, established for centuries. Singularity of opinion, vivacity of ridicule, and polished epigrams in prose, were the means by which Horace Walpole sought distinction.

In his works of imagination he felt he could not trust to himself—the natural pathetic was utterly denied him. But he had fancy and ingenuity; and, therefore, looking around for some

artificial aid, some foreign novelty, by which he could attract attention, though he might not secure our hearts; he had recourse to the *marvellous* in imagination; on the principle he had adopted the *paradoxical* in history. Thus "The Castle of Otranto," and "The Mysterious Mother," are the productions of ingenuity, rather than genius; and display the miracles of art, rather than the spontaneous creations of nature.

Thus all his literary works, like the ornamented edifice he inhabited, were constructed on the same artificial principle: an old paper lodging house, converted by the magician of taste into a Gothic castle, full of scenic effects.

"A Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors," was itself a classification which only an idle amateur could have projected, and only the most agreeable narrator of anecdotes could have seasoned. These splendid scribblers are for the greater part no authors at all.

His attack on our peerless Sidney, whose fame was more mature than his life, was formed on the same principle as his "Historic Doubts" on Richard III. Horace Walpole was as willing to vilify the truly great as to beautify deformity, when he imagined that the fame he was destroying or conferring reflected back on himself. All these works were plants of sickly delicacy, which could never endure the open air, and only lived in the artificial atmosphere of a private collection. Yet at times the flowers, and the planter of the flowers, were roughly shaken by an uncivil breeze.

His "Anecdotes of Painting in England," with their peculiar vivacity, form the most entertaining catalogue. Who can deny that he gives the spirit of the times, in their feelings towards the arts? yet his pride was never gratified when he reflected that he had been writing the work of Vertue, who had collected the materials, but could not have given the philosophy. His great age and his good sense opened his eyes on himself; and Horace Walpole seems to have judged too contemptuously of Horace Walpole. The truth is, he was mortified he had not and never could obtain a literary peerage; and he never respected the commoner's seat. At these moments, too frequent in his life, he contemns authors, and returns to sink back into all the self-complacency of aristocratic pride.

This cold unfeeling disposition for literary men, this disguised malice of envy, and this eternal vexation at his own disappointments, break forth in his correspondence with one of those literary characters, with whom he kept on terms while they were kneeling to him in the humility of worship, or moved about to fetch or to carry his little quests of curiosity in town or country.

The following literary confessions, taken from letters hitherto unpublished, will illustrate the character I have drawn.

"*June*, 1778.

"I have taken a thorough dislike to being an author; and, if it would not look like begging you to compliment one by contradicting me, I would tell you what I am most seriously convinced of, that I find what small share of parts I had, grown dulled. And when I perceive it myself, I may well believe that others would not be less sharp-sighted. *It is very natural;* mine were *spirits* rather than *parts;* and as time has rebated the one; it must surely destroy *their resemblance* to the other."

In another letter to the Rev. W. Cole:

"I set very little value on myself; as a man, I am a very faulty one; and *as an author, a very middling one;* which *whoever thinks a comfortable rank, is not at all of my opinion.* Pray convince me that you think I mean sincerely, by not answering me with a compliment. It is very weak to be pleased with flattery; the stupidest of all delusions to beg it. From you I should take it ill. We have known one another almost forty years."

There were times when Horace Walpole's natural taste for his studies returned with all the vigour of passion; but his volatility, and his habits of life, perpetually scattered his firmest resolutions into air. This conflict appears beautifully described when the view of King's College, Cambridge, throws his mind into meditation; and the passion for study and seclusion instantly kindled his emotions, lasting, perhaps, as long as the letter which describes them occupied in writing.

"*May* 22, 1777.

"The beauty of King's College, Cambridge, now it is restored, penetrated me with a visionary longing to be a monk in it. Though my life has been passed in turbulant scenes, in pleasures, or rather pastimes, and in much fashionable dissipation; still books, antiquity, and virtu, kept hold of a corner of my heart: and since necessity has forced me of late years to be a man of business, my disposition tends to be a recluse for what remains—but it will not be my lot; and

though there is some excuse for the young doing what they like, I doubt an old man should do nothing but what he ought, and I hope doing one's duty is the best preparation for death. Sitting with one's arms folded to think about it, is a very long way for preparing for it. If Charles V had resolved to make some amends for his abominable ambition by doing good (his duty as a king) there would have been infinitely more merit than going to doze in a convent. One may avoid active guilt in a sequestered life, but the virtue of it is merely negative; the innocence is beautiful."

There has been moments when Horace Walpole even expressed the tenderest feelings for fame; and the following passage, written prior to the preceding ones, gives no indication of that contempt for literary fame, of which the close of this character will exhibit an extraordinary instance.

This letter relates an affecting event—he had just returned from seeing general Convey attacked by a paralytic stroke.—Shocked by his appearance, he writes:

"It is, perhaps, to vent my concern that I write. It has operated such a revolution on my mind, as no time, at *my age*, can efface. It has at once damped every pursuit which my spirits had even now prevented me from being weaned from; I mean of virtu. It is like a mortal distemper in myself; for can amusements amuse, if there is but a glimpse, a vision of outliving one's friends? *I have had dreams in which I thought I wished for fame—it was not certainly posthumous fame, at any distance; I feel, I feel it was confined to the memory of those I love.* It seems to me impossible for a man who has no friends, to do any thing for fame—and to me the first position in friendship is, to intend one's friends should survive one—but it is not reasonable to oppress you, who are suffering gout, with my melancholy ideas. What I have said will tell you, what I hope so many years have told you, that I am very constant and sincere to friends of above forty years."

In a published letter of a later date (1789) from Horace Walpole to a literary friend, there is a remarkable confession, which harmonizes with those already given; and abating all that can be required for the affected modesty of the writer, much more will remain of that genuine conviction this author had of the quality of his genius, and the nature of his works.

"My pursuits have always been light, trifling, and tended to nothing but my casual amusement. I will not say, without a little vain ambition of showing some parts, but never with industry sufficient to make me apply to any thing solid. My studies, if they could be called so, and my productions, were alike desultory. In my latter age I discovered the futility both of my objects and writings—I felt how

insignificant is the reputation of an author of mediocrity; and that, being no genius, I only added one name more to a list of writers; but had told the world nothing but what it could as well be without. These reflections were the best proofs of my sense; and when I could see through my own vanity, there is less wonder in my discovering that such talents as I might have had, are impaired at seventy-two."

Thus humbled was Horace Walpole to himself!—there is an intellectual dignity, which this man of wit and sense was incapable of reaching—and it seems a retribution that the scorner of true greatness, should at length feel the poisoned chalice return to his own lips. He who had contemned Sidney, and quarrelled with and ridiculed every contemporary genius he personally knew, and affected to laugh at the literary fame he could not obtain, at length came to scorn himself!—and endured "the penal fires" of an author's hell, in undervaluing his own works, the productions of a long life!

The following extraordinary letter will illustrate this part of his character; never was literary contempt more keenly pointed, nor the chagrin and disappointment of an author less carelessly concealed—nor his real talents more apparent.

"*Arlington street, April 27, 1778.*

"Mr. Gough wants to be introduced to me! Indeed! I would see him, as he has been midwife to Masters; but he is so dull that he would only be troublesome—and besides, you know I shun authors, and would never have been one myself, if it obliged me to keep such bad company. They are always in earnest, and think their profession serious, and dwell upon trifles, and reverence learning. I laugh at all these things, and write only to laugh at them and divert myself. None of us are authors of any consequence, and it is the most ridiculous of all vanities to be vain of being *mediocre*. A page in a great author humbles me to the dust, and the conversation of those that are not superior to myself, reminds me of what will be thought of myself. I blush to flatter them, or to be flattered by them; and should dread letters being published some time or other, in which they would relate our interviews, and we should appear like those puny conceited witlings in Shenstone's and Hughes's correspondence, who give themselves airs from being in possession of the soil of Parnassus for the time being; as peers are proud because they enjoy the estates of great men who went before them. Mr. Gough is very welcome to see Strawberry-hill, or I would help him to any scraps in my possession that would assist his publications, though he is one of those industrious who are only reburying the dead—but I cannot be acquainted with him; it is contrary to my system and my humour; and besides, I know nothing of barrows and Danish entrenchments, and Saxon barbarisms, and Phœnician characters—in short, I know

nothing of those ages that knew nothing—then how should I be of use to modern literati? All the Scotch metaphysicians have sent me their works—I did not read one of them, because I do not understand what is not understood by those that write about it; and I did not get acquainted with one of the writers. I should like to be intimate with Mr. Anstey, even though he wrote Lord Buckhorse, or with the author of the Heroic Epistle.—I have no thirst to know the rest of my contemporaries, from the absurd bombast of Dr. Johnson, down to the silly Dr. Goldsmith, though the latter changeling has had bright gleams of parts, and the former had sense, till he changed it for words, and sold it for a pension. Don't think me scornful. Recollect that I have seen Pope, and lived with Gray! Adieu!"

Such a letter seems not to have been written by a literary man—it is the babble of a thoughtless wit and a man of the world. But it is worthy of him whose contracted heart could never open to patronage or friendship. From such we might expect the unfeeling observation in the "Anecdotes of Painting," that "Want of patronage is the apology for want of genius. Milton and Fontaine did not write in the bask of court-favour. A poet or a painter may want an equipage or a villa, by wanting protection; they can always afford to buy ink and paper, colours and pencil. Mr. Hogarth has received no honours, but universal admiration." Patronage, indeed, cannot convert dull men into men of genius, but it may preserve men of genius from becoming dull men. It might have afforded Dryden that studious leisure which he ever wanted, and had given us not imperfect tragedies, and uncorrected poems, but the regulated flights of a noble genius. It might have animated Gainsborough to have created an English school in landscape, which I have heard from those who knew him, was his favourite but neglected pursuit. But Walpole could insult that genius which he wanted the generosity to protect!

The whole spirit of this man was penury. Enjoying an income of many thousands, he only wished to appear to patronize the arts which amused his tastes, employing the meanest artists, at reduced prices, to ornament his own works, while he bitterly reprehends this economy, which others were compelled to practise. It was the simplicity of childhood in Chatterton, to imagine Horace Walpole could be a patron—but it is melancholy to record, that a slight protection might have saved such a youth. Gray abandoned this man of birth and rank in the midst

of their journey through Europe; Mason broke with him; even his humble correspondent Cole, this "friend of forty years," was often sent away in dudgeon; and he had quarrelled with almost all the authors he had been acquainted with. Horace Walpole once declared, that "he always tried to escape the acquaintance and the conversation of authors and artists." The Gothic castle at Strawberry-hill was indeed rarely graced with living genius—there the greatest was Horace Walpole himself; but he had been too long waiting to see realized a magical vision of his hopes, which resembled the prophetic fiction of his own romance, that, "the owner should grow too large for his house." After many years, having discovered he still retained his mediocrity, he could never pardon the presence of that preternatural being whom the world considered a great man. Such was the feeling which dictated the close of the above letter; Johnson and Goldsmith were to be "scorned," since Pope and Gray were no more within the reach of his envy and his fear.

BUFFON, KLOPSTOCK, AND GESSNER.

The following interesting notices of several distinguished authors are translated from the Souvenirs de Felicie, one of the latest works of madame Genlis, which, from its style no less than its sentiments, well deserves the honours of an English version.

I DINED lately with M. de Buffon. There was a large company, consisting chiefly of scientific and literary people. In all this imposing circle, I was the only ignorant person, and yet the ton of conversation was so natural—they chatted with so much good nature and so little pretension, that I felt perfectly at my ease. I dine once every two weeks with Mr. Buffon, and I always find there the same amiable simplicity. It is the master of the house who inspires it; he has so much of it himself. No one dares in his company to show pedantry, or to assume a dogmatic and decisive tone. He does not like discussions, nor scientific discourses; he says that conversation should be a relax-

ation; and that in order to be agreeable, it is necessary to be somewhat frivolous. When I remarked to him how delighted I was that he had this opinion, which agreed so well with my own, he told me that a lady from one of the provinces, who had just arrived at Paris, and wished to see an assembly of wits, came to dine with him, expecting of course to hear something marvellous. She listened for some time with the greatest attention, and being astonished at not being able to collect any thing remarkable, concluded that the company were reserving the good things to enliven the dinner. At last they sat down to table; and her attention now redoubled; but they talked of nothing but good living—they descanted on the merits of Champagne and Burgundy; till the strange lady, losing all patience, leaned over to her neighbour and said, in a low voice, "but when in the world are these gentlemen going to begin."

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There are some people who in their first interviews with authors are quite insupportable—people, who do not so much wish to know you, as to let you see at the first moment all that they know, and the full extent of their understanding. I shall never forget my singular interview with the famous Klopstock, author of the Messiah. It was at the beginning of my residence at Hamburg, while I was boarding at the house of the minister Volters, that Klopstock requested to see me. One day, while I was alone with my niece, I saw a very ugly, limping old man come in. I got up and met him and led him to an arm-chair. He sat down without saying a word, crossed his legs with a very reflecting air, and fixed himself in the chair like a man who was going to stay a long time there. Then with a high and squeaking voice, he began with this strange question: "Madam, in your opinion, which is the best prose writer, Voltaire or Buffon." This mode of entering on, not a conversation, but a thesis, petrified me; but Klopstock, who was more anxious to let me know his opinion than to hear mine, did not at all insist upon an answer. "For my part," he went on, "I decide in favour of Voltaire, and for several reasons; first," and he proceeded to give me a dozen reasons, which were spun out into a long discourse. He then spoke of his residence at Dresden and in Denmark; of the homages that had been bestowed on him; and of the trans-

lation which an emigrant was then making of the Messiah. During the whole of this conversation, I did not utter six monosyllables. At the end of three hours he retired very much satisfied with my *conversation;* for in the evening he told one of my friends that he had found me very agreeable. It was certainly being so at very little expense.

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My thoughtlessness has often brought me into embarrassments. The following is a droll circumstance. Count Schomberg would insist upon it that I should like D'Alembert, which I had not the least disposition to do, and notwithstanding the care of count Schomberg, my acquaintance with him was always very superficial. D'Alembert was in the habit of sending me his discourses regularly as they were printed. One day he sent me one which had not the author's name to it. It was the eulogium on Mr. de la Coudamine. As I read it hastily it pleased me, and thinking it was of course D'Alembert's, I wrote to him that I was delighted with it, and *that I liked it infinitely better than all the previous ones.* The eulogium was written by Condorcet. Count Schomberg scolded me severely for this mistake, which occasioned a great coolness in my epistolary intercourse with D'Alembert.

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The day after my arrival at Zurich, I saw Gessner. He is a good man, who can be admired without embarrassment—with whom one can talk without pretensions, and who cannot be seen or known without being beloved. I took a delightful walk with him on the charming borders of the Sil and the Limmath. It was there he told me he had dreamed all his Idyls. I did not fail to ask him that odious question often put to celebrated authors, though we are never of their opinion, whatever they answer. I asked him which of his works he liked best. He told me that it was The First Navigator, *because he composed it for his wife in the beginning of their love.* This answer disarmed me, and I too shall prefer the First Navigator to the Death of Abel. Gessner invited me to go and see him at his country seat. I was extremely anxious to know the woman whom he had married for love, and who had made him a poet. I represented her

under the form of a charming shepherdess, and I imagined that the habitation of Gessner must be an elegant cottage, surrounded with bowers and flowers; that they drank nothing but milk, and, to use the German expression, walked on roses. On reaching his house, I crossed a little garden filled with carrots and cabbages, which began to derange a little my ideas of eclogues and idyls; but they were completely put to flight on entering the parlour, by the smoke of tobacco forming a venerable cloud, through which I perceived Gessner smoking his pipe and drinking beer, by the side of a good woman, dressed in a short-gown, with a large bonnet, and knitting. This was madame Gessner. But the good-natured reception which I met with, from both husband and wife, their perfect union, their tenderness towards their children, and their simplicity, recall the manners and the virtues which Gessner has painted—it is still an idyl and the golden age, not in brilliant poetry, but in vulgar and unadorned language. Gessner draws and paints landscapes in water colours in a superior manner, and he has painted all the rural situations which he describes. He gave me one of them, which is delightful.

I saw also at Zurich the celebrated Lavater. I have great belief in physiognomy; but my principles on that subject are very different from those of Lavater. He drew his from forms, and his systems are disproved by an infinite number of countenances; whilst it is impossible to refute mine, which makes me believe it is perfect. I judge by the expression of the smile alone. My science cannot be communicated, nor has it any rules—it is the gift of nature. Besides, I do but revive it, for it was known to the Greeks, who gave it a name signifying *divination by the smile*. The smiles of politeness and affability are very insignificant; but the true smile—the natural smile, shows the understanding; betrays stupidity and folly, and unveils the inclinations. It is for this reason, no doubt, that all the poets have ascribed to Love a malicious smile. Lavater pretends moreover, that he can tell perfectly the character of a person from his handwriting. If in the time of Louis the fourteenth, authors had written great volumes on such sciences, they would have been prohibited; but in these times the learned have the right of saying all sorts of follies, without losing consideration—they even profit by it.

I did not see Haller at Berne, because he was sick. He is, like Zimmerman, a physician as well as a poet. The talent of verse is frequently joined with the science of medicine in Switzerland, Germany, and England. The god of medicine was, it is true, the son of Apollo; but he did not make poetry. Hippocrates did not cultivate poetry; and I acknowledge, that I had rather that my physician attended to nothing but medicine.

ON THE WORD LOAN.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I NOTICED with pleasure in your number for September 1813 an attack made by one of your correspondents on the word *approbate*; it is a modern usurper, and I hope will be opposed and dethroned. Johnson, in his preface to his folio dictionary, has treated such innovations upon our language with so much justice, that it would be presumption in me to attempt to say any thing in addition, and I will not attempt it; all that I wish is to assist in the hue and cry against this aggressor, and bring him to condign punishment.

Another intruder has appeared, in my opinion not less obnoxious to the Johnsonian laws. I mean the substantive *loan* in the form of a *verb*. I am sorry to see it not only countenanced, but actually in the service of some of the heads of department in Washington. They do not stop here, they have employed its only child *loaned* in the most important affairs of our nation. This I think unkind when their old acquaintances and tried friends, *Lend* and *Lent* are at all times willing, and certainly as well qualified, to serve them. A. B.

October 1, 1813.

OLLA.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Sica tantum mirantur.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

A DUE attachment to country is, no doubt, commendable in all men; but when, through mistaken zeal, they affect to despise all

others, they will be despised in their turn. Many instances of this sort might, no doubt, be produced; but as I wish to be short, I shall be content with one.

Not many years ago, a gentleman lately from Scotland, called on Mr. H—— at his seat near Wilmington (Delaware) for whom he had some letters. Whilst walking in his garden, abounding in excellent fruit, the latter soon observed that, show him what he would, his guest insisted upon it *that he had seen muckle batter in Scoteland.* Determined, however, to surprise him, he privately ordered a servant to tie some gourds on a pear-tree, whilst they were at dinner. When the cloth was removed, "now, sir," said Mr. H. "I think I can show you something you ne'er saw the like of in Scotland," and taking him up to the tree, he asked the astonished Scotchman what he thought of that? "In truth, sar," quoth he, "they are varra fine piers indeed; but I think I have seen full as learge in the duke of Argyle's gardens; though I must e'en confess that *they had na' quite sic lang nacks.*"

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ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

The criminal code of England, like that of Draco of old, is written in letters of blood.

"It is a melancholy truth," says Blackstone,* "that among the variety of actions which men are daily liable to commit, not less than one hundred and sixty have been declared by act of parliament, to be fellonious without benefit of clergy; or, in other words, to be worthy of instant death." The same writer observes, that were even a committee appointed but once in an hundred years to revise the criminal law, it would not, in the eighteenth century, have been a capital crime to cut down a cherry tree in an orchard, or to be seen for one month, in company with a Gypsy, *be she ever so handsome.* Yet, notwithstanding this, we find that since his time, such laws have been greatly increased.

The late empress of Russia, "*aware,*" as Mr. Eden tells us, "*that immoderate efforts are the symptoms of insufficiency, and have always more fury than force,*"† abolished the penalty of death throughout her extensive dominions, and the legislature of

* Vol. iv. 18. † Prins. of Penal Law 57.

Pennsylvania (except in cases of murder) has wisely followed her example. If, therefore, it be true, as Blackstone further observes, "That sanguinary laws are a bad symptom of the distemper of every state, or at least of its weak constitution,"‡ and if (as he asserts) "it is moreover absurd and impolitic to apply the same punishment to crimes of different malignity,"§ it must, I think, follow of course that the penal laws of this state, as well as those of Russia, are much more wise and just than the criminal code of England, which, as an ingenious lawyer once took occasion to remark, "makes no distinction of crimes, but punishes all with death, from high treason down to *shooting a cock-sparrow over my lord North's hedge.*"

EPITAPHS.

Thomas Whartonus jaceo hic, hic utraque conjux;
Eleanora suum hinc, hinc habet Anna locum.
Entibi, terra, tuum, carnes et ossa, resumes,
In cælos animos, tu Deus aline tuum.

The following *jeu d'esprit* has been given as a translation of the above.

Here I Thomas Wharton do lie,
With Lucifer under my head,
And Nelly my wife hard by,
And Nancy, as cold as lead.

Oh! how can I speak without dread!
Who could my sad fortune abide!
With one devil under my head,
And another laid close on each side!

The following lines are inscribed on the tomb of *governor Eaton*, of Connecticut, *at Newhaven:*

Eaton the great, the meek, the wise, the just,
Reposes here, in peace, his sacred dust,
His name forget Newengland never must.

And beneath:

To attend you, sir, beneath these framed stones,
Are come your honour'd son and daughter Jones,
On either side to rest their weary bones.

K.

‡ 4 Bl. 17. § Ibid.

SELECTED POETRY.

Lines written on the pillar erecting by Mrs. Barlow to the memory of her husband, minister of the United States at Paris, deceased at Zarnowitch, in Poland, on the twenty-sixth of December, 1812—by Helen Maria Williams.

WHERE o'er the Polish desert's trackless way,
Relentless Winter rules with savage sway;
Where the shrill polar storms, as wild they blow,
Seem to repeat some plaint of mortal wo;
Far o'er the cheerless space the trav'ller's eye
Shall this recording pillar long descry;
And give the sod a tear, where Barlow lies,
He, who was simply great and nobly wise.
Here, led by patriot zeal, he met his doom,
And found, amid the frozen wastes, a tomb;
Far from his native soil the poet fell;
Far from that western world he sung so well.
Nor she, so long belov'd, nor she was nigh,
To catch the dying look, the parting sigh;
She, who, the hopeless anguish to beguile,
In fond memorial rears the funeral pile.
Whose widow'd bosom, on Columbia's shore,
Shall mourn the moments that return no more;
While bending o'er the broad Atlantic wave,
Sad fancy hovers on the distant grave.

The second number of the second volume of Irish Melodies, which has been lately republished, contains several songs which sustain the character of Anacreon Moore as one of the most successful cultivators of that beautiful species of composition. Those which allude to the history, or the present condition of Ireland, strike us as peculiarly interesting. We select the following:

THE PRINCE'S DAY.*

THOUGH DARK ARE OUR SORROWS.

THOUGH dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll forget them,
And smile thro' our tears like a sunbeam in show'rs,
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More form'd to be tranquil and blest than ours!

* This song was written, in 1810, for a fête in honour of the prince of Wales's birth-day.

But, just when the chain
Has ceas'd to pain,
And hope has enwreath'd it round with flow'rs,
There comes a new link
Our spirit to sink!
Oh! the joy of such hearts, like the light of the poles,
Is a flash amid darkness, too brilliant to stay;
But though 'twere the last little spark in our souls,
We must light it up now, on our prince's day.

Contempt on the minion, who calls you disloyal!
Though fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true;
And the tribute most high to a head that is royal,
Is love from a heart that loves liberty too.
While cowards, who blight
Your fame, your right,
Would shrink from the blaze of the battle array;
The standard of green
In front would be seen—
Oh! my life on your faith! were you summon'd this minute,
You'd cast every bitter remembrance away,
And show what the arm of old Erin has in it,
When rous'd by the foe, on her prince's day.

He loves the green isle, and his love is recorded
In hearts, which have suffer'd too much to forget;
And hope shall be crown'd, and attachment rewarded,
And Erin's gay jubilee shine out yet!
The gem may be broke
By many a stroke,
But nothing can cloud its native ray;
Each fragment will cast
A light to the last,
And thus, Erin, my country! though broken thou art,
There's a lustre within thee, that ne'er will decay;
A spirit that beams through each suffering part,
And now smiles at their pain, on the prince's day!

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

Weep on, weep on, your hour is past;
Your dreams of pride are o'er;
The fatal chain is round you cast,
And you are men no more!

In vain the hero's heart hath bled;
The sage's tongue hath warn'd in vain;
Oh, Freedom! once thy flame hath fled,
It never lights again!

Weep on—perhaps in after days
They'll learn to love your name;
And many a deed may wake in praise,
That long hath slept in blame!
And, when they tread the ruin'd isle,
Where rest, at length, the lord and slave,
They'll wondering ask, how hands so vile
Could conquer hearts so brave?

"'Twas fate," they'll say, "a wayward fate
"Your web of discord wove;
"And while your tyrants join'd in hate,
"You never joined in love!
"But hearts fell off, that ought to twine,
"And man profan'd what God had given,
"Till some were heard to curse the shrine,
"Where others knelt to heaven!"

—

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin,
On him who the brave sons of Usna betray'd;
For ev'ry fond eye which he waken'd a tear in,
A drop from his heart wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

By the red cloud that hung over Connor's dark dwelling,
When Ulad's three champions lay sleeping in gore—
By the billows of war which, so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore!—

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes and affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

The following are of a more private and domestic character, but equally elegant:

NAY TELL ME NOT.

Nay tell me not, dear! that the goblet drowns
One charm of feeling, one fond regret;
Believe me, a few of thy angry frowns
Are all I've sunk in its bright wave yet.
Ne'er hath a beam
Been lost in the stream,
That ever was shed from thy form or soul;
The balm of thy sighs,
The spell of thine eyes,
Still float on the surface, and hallow my bowl!
Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens, my love, for thee!

They tell us that Love in his fairy bower
Had two blush-roses of birth divine;
He sprinkled the one with a rainbow's shower,
But bath'd the other with mantling wine.
Soon did the buds
That drank of the floods
Distill'd by the rainbow, decline and fade;
While those, which the tide
Of ruby had dy'd,
All blush'd into beauty like thee, sweet maid!

Then fancy not, dearest! that wine can steal
One blissful dream of the heart from me;
Like founts that awaken the pilgrim's zeal,
The bowl but brightens, my love, for thee!

—

LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

HERE WE DWELL.

"Here we dwell, in holiest bowers,
"Where angels of light o'er our orisons bend,
"Where sighs of devotions, and breathings of flowers,
"To heaven in mingled odour ascend!
"Do not disturb our calm, oh love!
"So like is thy form to the cherubs above,
"It well might deceive such hearts as ours!"

Love stood near the novice and listen'd,
And love is no novice in taking a hint;
His laughing blue eyes soon with piety glisten'd,
His rosy wing turn'd to heaven's own tint.
"Who would have thought," the urchin cries,
That Love could so well, so gravely disguise
"His wandering wings, and wounding eyes?"

Love now warms thee, waking and sleeping,
Young novice! to him all thy orisons rise;
He tinges the heavenly fount with his weeping,
He brightens the censor's flame with his sighs!
Love is the saint enshrin'd in thy breast,
And angels themselves would admit such a guest,
If he came to them clothed in piety's vest.

—

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUERED.

This life is all chequered with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another like waves of the deep,
Each billow as brightly or darkly it flows,
Reflecting our eyes as they sparkle or weep.

So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is called up ere the tear can be dried;
And as fast as the raindrop of pity is shed,
The goose plumage of folly can turn it aside,
But pledge me the cup, if existence would cloy,
With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
Be ours the light grief, that is sister to joy,
And the short brilliant folly that flashes and dies!

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Through fields full of sunshine, with heart full of play,
Light rambled the boy over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.
Thus some who, like me, should have drawn and have tasted
The fountain, that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
And left their light urns all as empty as mine!
But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
Her flowerets together, if Wisdom can see
One bright drop or two, that has fall'n on the leaves
From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me!

From the European Magazine.

THE HONEST WOER.

His minde expressing in plaine and few tearmes,
By which to his mistris his love he confirmes.

To the tune of Lulling beyond her.

FAIREST mistris, cease your moane,
spoile not your eyes with weeping,
For certainly if one be gone,
you may have another, sweeting:
I will not complement with oathes,
nor speake you faire to prove you;
But save your eyes to mend your clothes,
For it is I that love you.

I will not boast of substance great
wherewith I can endow you,
Nor what apparell, nor what meat
I'm able to allow you:

You know tis time that all things tryes,
let my affection move you,
And weepe no more, but save your eyes,
for it is I that love you.

If I should praise your golden hayres,
I should both lye and flatter;
Why should I say thine eyes are stars,
when there is no such matter?
Every like is not the same,
yet none I prize above you,
To sigh so sore y'are much to blame,
for it is I that love you.

With courtly words I cannot court,
like one whose tongue is filed,
By subtle speakers in that sort
poore women are oft beguiled:
I speake no more than what I meane,
then doe as it doth behoove you,
And doe not waste your teares in vaine,
for it is I that love you.

You may I know have choice of men
that many wayes excell me,
But yet in love I passe all them,
my conscience this doth tell me:
Then let no riches buy my prize,
nor flattering words remove you,
To sigh and sob you are very unwise,
for it is I that love you.

I am the constant Pyramus,
be thou my constant Thysbe;
That such a match is made by us,
let this a sealing kisse be.
I never will revoke my vow,
nor deeme any lasse above you;
Then, dearest, leave your sorrow now,
for it is I that love you.

Now if you doe my love deny,
and utterly refuse me,
I will not say for love I'll dye,
in that you shall excuse me:
Some say so, yet meane nothing lesse,
but pitty I hope will move you
Not to put me to that distresse,
for it is I that love you.

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PRIZE POEMS.

It will be recollected that in the Port Folio of June last, after enumerating some of the advantages of national poetry, and expressing an anxiety to see that valuable branch of our literature cultivated with success, we ventured to excite the attention of our poetical correspondents, by offering two premiums, each of one hundred dollars, for the two best naval songs which should be communicated to us before the first of October. We trusted to our knowledge of our country, when we anticipated that such a project would be received with kindly approbation, and that many would be tempted to exertion in a cause where success must be honourable, and even failure could not possibly have in it any thing of humiliation. Our expectations have been fully realized. From all parts of the union we have received poetical communications of various kinds; till at last our chief embarrassment has arisen from the difficulty of judicious selection. In this delicate office we might, perhaps, falter in the execution of our duty, were it not for the conviction, that no motive of prejudice or prepossession has been suffered to weaken our judgment; and that, in fact, we are deciding on the pretensions of individuals to whom, personally, we are, and most probably shall continue to be, strangers. In announcing, therefore, our decision—a decision by which so few can be gratified, and so many may be disappointed at least, if not mortified, however we may be reproached with a defective taste, or an er-

roneous judgment, we ought to be secure from the imputation, as we are exempt from the consciousness of wilful partiality.

Among the poems which this competition has produced, there are many of considerable merit, both in the higher style of ode, and the more familiar class of convivial songs—many efforts which prove that we have amongst us minds qualified to pursue, most successfully, this new poetical career. Some of these, with the permission of the writers, we shall hereafter presen to the public, as valuable additions to our national poetry. In the meantime, as our proposals restrict us to the choice of two compositions, we have selected those which follow, as the best adapted to the occasion, and as entitled to claim the proposed premiums.

The first in order is the Pillar of Glory, a song, by Edwin C. Holland, esq. which, besides its poetical merit, has the advantage of original and appropriate music composed for this occasion. We have added another new song, by the same gentleman, which is less striking in its effect, but being deemed too valuable to be overlooked, is presented to the public, who will appreciate its value.

The other premium we have awarded to a poem, which, though not strictly a song, is a national lyric ode, susceptible of being moulded into any form of musical composition, and possessed of such distinguished merit, that we cannot withhold from it the highest honours which it is in our power to bestow. Although the name of the writer has not been communicated, yet the ode to which we allude bears the obvious impression of a master's hand. It is marked by a masculine vigour of fancy; a pathos and richness of imagery, which place it in the very front rank of excellence. Nor have we, in the course of our review of American poetry, seen any thing which breathes a loftier spirit of poetical enthusiasm, or on which we more willingly bestow our maturest commendation.

In thus bearing our testimony to the merits of these compositions, our satisfaction would be incomplete if these efforts were suffered to expire with the occasion, or if their authors did not feel encouraged to cultivate a walk of composition for which they have thus evinced their disposition and their capacity. We

would more particularly address the writer of the annexed ode, who, from his guarding the veil of privacy, we presume to be less accustomed to the public eye. If any suggestion of ours might aspire to influence his studies, we should invite him often to devote his powers to similar compositions, since we could not readily name any mode by which poetical genius might render so solid and permanent service to the country as by cherishing its national feelings, and sustaining the tone of its martial enthusiasm.

The offers which we have now made to engage the public attention to these objects, have been from their nature merely experimental. But their reception has been so cordial, and the advantages which may be promised from them appear so important, that we shall be induced from time to time to repeat them, as subjects of general interest present themselves to the national feelings.

In the meanwhile we shall no longer detain our readers from the two successful compositions, the authors of which will signify to us in what form, and by what conveyance, the proposed premiums would be most acceptable.

November 1, 1813.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

OCEAN.—A NAVAL ODE.

All hail, thou mightiest, monstrous Power!
To whom, in this tempestuous hour,
The Nations bow the knee!
This hour, when Heaven's right-arm hath hurled
Its thunders round a warring world,
O'er Christendom one bloody flag unfurled—
We lift our eyes to Thee!

Primæval Power! ere Order sprung,
While yet o'er chaos darkness hung,
Thou wert; and when, in onward time,
The impious mortal stain'd by crime
The image of his sire sublime;—

Then, great Avenger! didst thou rise,
And swelling to the darken'd skies,
Each of thy waves commission'd then
Whelm'd in the worthless race of men!

Ocean—that venerable name
What tongue unfaltering shall proclaim?
Here, as upon my native plain
That borders on thy wide domain,
I stand, and strive one glimpse to gain
Of half thy worth, but strive in vain.
Power—to whose hundred hands is given
To toss their foam against the face of heaven,
And ere insulted heaven its wrath can show,
Retreat in safety to th' abyss below.
Extent—whose untold regions lie
Where man nor angel e'er could pry,
Who mantlest round this mighty globe,
As in one vast, cerulean robe.
And *wealth*—whose many massive heaps
Lie piled within thy cavern-deeps,
Where new Peruvias unfold
Their copious veins of liquid gold,
And other Indias rise, to spread
Of rival gems, thy sparkling bed.

Yet, grand and awful as thou art,
'Tis ours, with no foreboding heart,
To count thy glories o'er;—
Descendents from that western wild,
Of Heaven the latest, loveliest child,
Who, safe in thy protection, smil'd;
Blooming so long from all intrusion free,
And known to none but Heaven and Thee.
Till He, thy chosen chieftain, came,
Genoa's boast, Iberia's shame;
(Blest, had he never ceas'd o'er thee to roam,
Nor found disgrace, and chains, and death at home.)
He woo'd and won the peerless dame,
And gave to her his honour'd name.

E'er since that hour, their children, we,
In weal or wo thy aid can see.—
In war, thy guarding waters rose,
A fence between us and our foes.
In peace, thy stars have been our guides,
Our coursers swift, thy foaming tides,
And safe have been our billowy rides,
As when some white-wing'd seraph glides
To haven of repose!

Far to that execrated shore,
Where ancient Carthage tower'd of yore,
'Twas thy supporting arms that bore
'Gainst Punic perfidy, the band,
Who well aveng'd our injured land;
And drove the crescent, bath'd in blood,
To hide its blushes in the flood.
But when no effort could withstand
The wily Turk's ensnaring hand,
Snatch'd for themselves the lighted brand,
And mounting in a shroud of flame,
Died to the world—to live in fame!

And now—though in the recent year
That compass'd our "diurnal sphere,"
Defeat, disgrace, and want, and fear,
Wherever else we look, appear;
Yet, when to Thee we turn our eyes,
Some stars amid the storms arise.
Lo! twice within that little year,
Behold yon trophied barque appear,
Whose Eagle, in the wat'ry field,
Twice bade the British Lion yield!
Whose noble mast yet stands to tell
Its native oaks, IT NEVER FELL!
And bids Defiance' loudest blast
Challenge the world to mate that mast,

For service shar'd—for duty done—
For danger dar'd—for vict'ry won!*

Ere, echoing round our gladden'd shore,
The peal of triumph scarce was o'er,
Thou bad'st thy winds to bear again,
O'er all its hills the lofty strain;
To tell them that another sail,
Mid dark October's stormy gale,
In direst, deadliest shock, could close
With hearts as brave as Britain knows,
And in that shock prevail!†

We crowd not on the shudd'ring sight
The horrors of that awful fight:
Not ours to count the cruel scars,
And groans, and wounds of ocean-wars.
Let others note how, side by side,
The virtuous and the valiant died:
Where gun 'gainst gun, encount'ring, lay
So near, they cross'd each other's way!
And from the suff'ring and the slain,
The life-stream mingled with the main!
Till Conquest grasp'd his laurel'd crown,
Less as a symbol of renown,
Than to conceal from sight, from thought,
Proofs of the price at which 'twas bought!

Thou, Ocean, thou, the seaman's sire!
Witness for us, while deeds like those
Approv'd our prowess to our foes,
Did they not, 'mid ourselves, inspire

* It is scarcely necessary to state, that this alludes to the two conquests achieved by the "Constitution" over the Guerriere and Java—the first under the immediate command of captain Hull; the second, under that of commodore Bainbridge. It has been asserted, that no vessel of equal force has been known, in any service, to have acquired as much glory in as little time.

† The engagement between captain Jones, in the "*Wasp*," and the "*Frolic*," in which the latter was captured.

In all, the emulous desire
As well to act, as to admire?
Witness, as well it may,
That One could, unattended, roam
To Albion's very channel home,
In vain, but bold assay;*
And One could bid his cannon sound
To St. Salvadore's farthest ground,
Till Andes might the shock rebound,
Of challenging the fray!†

And soon, with streamers waving nigh,
On thy blue throne exalted high,
We hail'd another naval son—
Grac'd with the gift his arm had won;
A rare and goodly gift, to greet
A country, ever proud to meet
The same chivalrous chief, who bore
Rich tributes once from Barb'ry's shore,
As Allah's sons can tell;
But now a nobler trophy shows,
Wrested from mightier, manlier foes,
Who fought so long—so well.‡
Vict'ry was ours, and, conflict o'er,
Found Mercy had been ours before;
And Kindness, from election free,
And frank, high-minded Courtesy.
In losing Peace, we have not lost
That gentle grace she prizes most.
So may the goddess, when again
She reascends her sacred fane—
That fane, whose gates, alas! now clos'd,
Have stood to force and fraud expos'd;
Find still upon her altar's urn
Unquench'd its lambent lustre burn.

* The cruise of commodore Rodgers.

† The challenge of captain Lawrence to the Bon Citoyen.

‡ The capture and safe conduct home, of the "Macedonian," by commodore Decatur.

Without is all the storm and din—
The vestal flame yet lives *within*.

Once more, upon thy list of fame,
Ocean! inscribe another name.
Surely we may not ask in vain
For him, who ne'er can ask again!
For him, most priz'd, yet pitied most,
For LAWRENCE, honour'd—LAWRENCE, lost!
For him, who erst the fight maintain'd,
And erst the conqu'ror's chaplet gain'd,
And better, nobler far,
Who sprang where battle fiercest bled,
Between the living and the dead,
And stay'd the waste of war!
For him, whose virtues were declar'd
By enemies his sword had spar'd,
What time his arm humanely dar'd
The reeling captive to sustain,
And snatch the sinking from the main.
The life, in fight half lost before,
Was now to peril risk'd once more;
Till, aiding in the great emprize,
His comrades sunk before his eyes.
This, this, may Fame's sublimest song
In everlasting note prolong!
O glorious end! O death of pride!
The victors for the vanquish'd died!*

But be the shouts of triumph o'er;
Strike the high warbling harp no more!
And let the minstrel's measure know
No tones, but tones of martial wo!

* The extraordinary exertions of the officers and crew of the "Hornet," after their victory over the "Peacock," for the safety and comfort of their prisoners, must be fresh in the minds of every American, and we trust, of every Briton. For obvious reasons we have not noticed our naval actions exactly in the order in which they occurred;—and for reasons equally obvious, have avoided the introduction of any individual names, except of those departed commanders, to whom, alas! nothing but a name remains.

O'er the slow-undulating tide
Let only mournful music glide,
And but the solemn-sounding oar
Awake the silence of the shore.
Let Fancy to the tufted steep,
For sad, sepulchral sights retire,
Where wildly o'er the moaning deep
The mermaids tear
Their golden hair,
And fling it on the funeral pyre

Such sorrows, to the patriot dear,
Befit a hero's bloody bier;
Such, Lawrence! to thy name be paid,
All that can greet thy gallant shade.
Oh thou, whose gen'rous arm could save
Thy fellows from an early grave,
What blessings had to him belong'd
Who had a life like thine prolong'd?
Long on the sadden'd mind shall stay
The thought of that disastrous day,
When, with thy few brave followers round,
Thou dared'st dispute th' unequal ground,
Till sunk beneath thy mortal wound;
Nor, then—in the recording line
Ne'er be it said—to yield was thine:
Till reeling sense and fainting life
Withheld thee from the desp'rate strife;
Ne'er was that bloody banner down,
So lately starr'd with thy renown.
Long as thy arm could wield a sword—
Long as thy lips could breathe a word,
Thy deeds, thy voice, this truth reveal'd—
That Lawrence never knew to yield!
Nought but the final Enemy
Who conquers all—has conquer'd thee!

Yet still, the tributary verse
Must flow lamenting round thy hearse;

For partial Heaven in thee combin'd
The sternest with the softest mind.
Seem'd that thou wert but lent, to show
The rest of Ocean's race below
How all the charities might blend,
Of father, brother, husband, friend:
Till perfecting the patriot plan,
The warrior mellow'd in the man!
But, hark! E'en now what tidings swell?
Last, but not least, they speed to tell
Where Burroughs the invader spoil'd,
His arms, his arts, o'erpower'd and foil'd,
But in the struggle fell!
Then be it so! An end so great,
No sighs but sighs of Envy wait!
What could a Roman triumph more,
Than pass'd his closing eye before?
With falt'ring hand and bosom gor'd,
'Twas his to grasp a conq'ror's sword,
Like gallant Wolfe, well "satisfied,"
In that he conquer'd, and he died!

Ocean! when storms of conflict o'er,
Shall desolate our coasts no more;
But that firm race of thine shall come
To dignify a peaceful home—
O grant that race to prove them, then,
Better as well as braver men;
Wise to forbear, in civil life,
As bold to dare in hostile strife.
For angel-eyes, that turn afar
Abhorrent from the scenes of war,
Have yet beheld, with tears of joy,
Virtues which war could not destroy:
That, in the hot and tempting hour
Of mad Success and lawless Power,
When Av'rice, Pride, Revenge, contend
For mastery in the *human-fiend*,

Could chain these furies to their den,
And make the victors more than men!
Nor solely to the chieftain free
This might of magnanimity:
Round many an humbler head it glowed—
Through many a humbler heart it flowed;
Those who, whate'er their leaders claim,
Must fall, themselves, unknown to Fame:
Theirs the toil without the praise—
The conquest theirs—but not its bays.

Then grant, great Ruler of the main!
These virtues they may long retain;
So shall thy waters ne'er be viewed
Without a burst of gratitude.
So, when War's angry flame retires,
And, ling'ring, on thy bed expires;
These, tried and purified, shall rise,
And, phœnix-like, ascend the skies.

MORTUARY.

Departed this life, on the twelfth ultimo, in the fifty-third year of his age, John Clement Stocker, esquire, whose death is sincerely lamented by his relatives and friends, and will, doubtless, be regretted by the community at large: for, in every relation of social life, he was exemplarily affectionate and attentive; in every public appointment he was eminently faithful and useful. He discharged, with unwearied assiduity, the duties attached to an alderman of the city, a director of the Pennsylvania bank, and Pennsylvania insurance company, and of a vestryman of the episcopal churches of Christ church, St. Peter's, and St. James's.

The high degree of merit resulting from his liberal and extensive patronage of the poor—his firm, zealous, and undeviating patriotism—his unimpeached and incorruptible integrity,

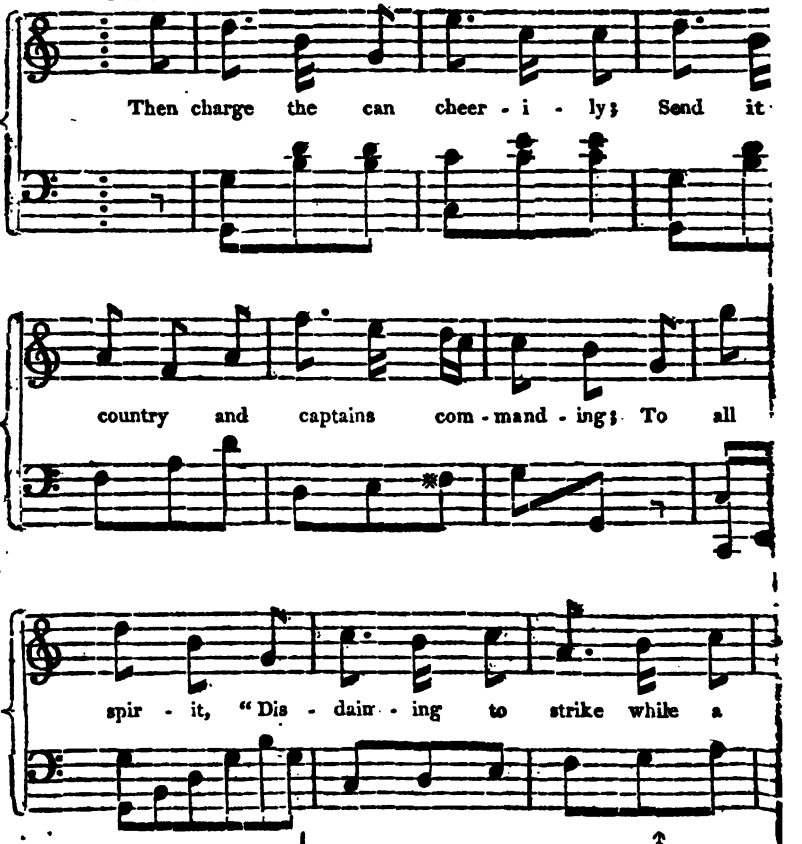
will long embalm his memory in the hearts of his surviving associates and fellow citizens.

The friend who offers this record of his virtue has long been intimately acquainted with his character, and as long experienced his kindness.

"When such friends part, 'tis the survivor dies."

LY.

CHORUS.



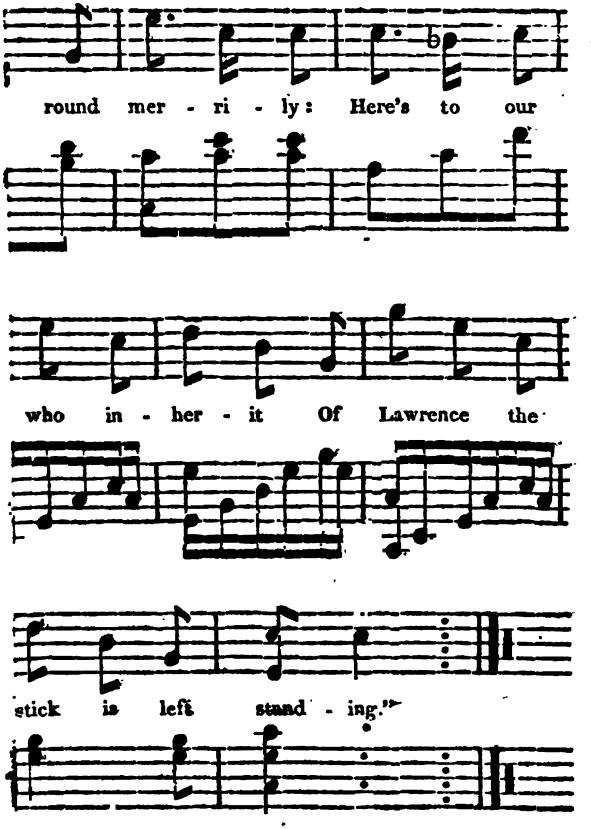
1.

NOW coil up your nonsense 'bout England's great Navy,
And take in your slack about oak-hearted Tars;
For frigates as stout, and as gallant crews have we,
Or how came her Macedon deck'd with our Stars?
Yes—how came her Guerriere, her Peacock, and Java,
All sent broken ribb'd to Old Davy of late?
How came it? why, split me! than Britons we're braver,
And that shall they feel too wherever we meet.

CHORUS. Then charge the can cheerily;
Send it round merrily;
Here's to our country and captains commanding;
To all who inherit
Of Lawrence the spirit,
"Disdaining to strike while a stick is left standing."

2.

..., if unawares, we should run (a fresh gale in)
Close in with a squadron, we'd laugh at 'em all;
... master BULL such a sample of sailing,
... should cause him to fret like a ...



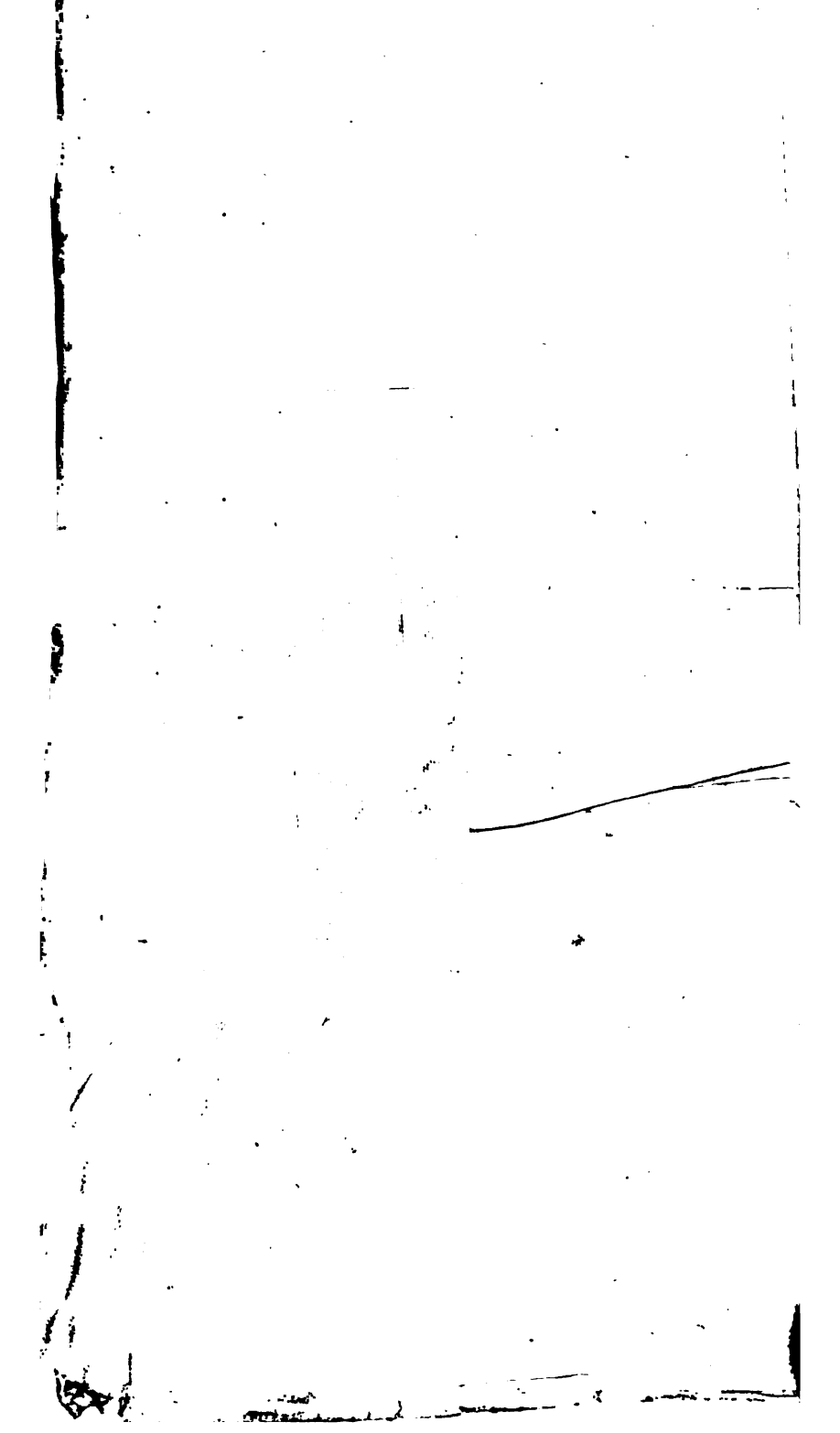
3

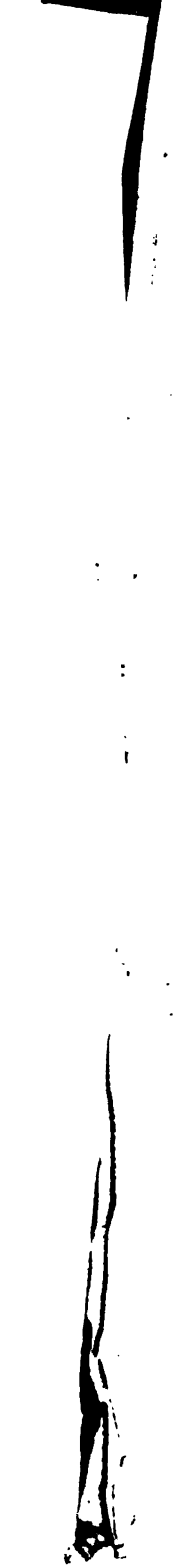
uld a Razee be espied ahead nearly;
' fetch her we'd crowd ev'ry stitch we could make;
chests and up hammocks would heave away cheerly,
d ready for action would be in a shake:
swaggering cut, though, and metal not caring,
ll up with her close should our fire be withheld;
our'd in so hot that her mangled crew, fearing,
trip to the bottom, should speedily yield.

Then charge the can cheerily;
Send it round merrily;
Here's to our country and captains commanding;
To all who inherit
Of Lawrence the spirit,
"Disdaining to strike while a stick is left standing."

4.

ugh she beleaguers our coast now,
f our wives and our sweethearts as well,
ves has less reason to boast now,





Stuart. Edwin sc.

William Bainbridge Esq.

of the United States navy.

Engraved for Port Folio.

THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various; that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.
COWPER.

VOL. II. DECEMBER, 1813. NO. VI.

AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LIFE OF COMMODORE BAINBRIDGE.

If variety of incident can render the life of an individual interesting to his country, the following biographical sketch of one of our most distinguished naval officers has every claim on the public curiosity, since there is no officer in the service whose career has been marked by so strange and diversified a series of adventures and misfortunes. These have, however, terminated so gloriously for himself and the nation, that we shall indulge ourselves and gratify our readers by copious details, with regard to an officer who has contributed so largely to exalt our naval reputation.

WILLIAM BAINBRIDGE, son of Dr. Absalom Bainbridge, a respectable physician of Princeton, Newjersey, was born at that place on the seventh of May, 1774. While yet a child his parents removed to Newyork, and he was left under the care of his grandfather, John Taylor, esquire, of Monmouth county, where he received his education, which, as he was originally destined to mercantile pursuits, was confined to the ordinary branches of English instruction, and the rudiments of the French language.

At sixteen he was placed in a counting-house at Newyork, but was soon removed by his grandfather to Philadelphia, and placed as an apprentice to the sea-service in the employ of messrs. Miller and Murray, merchants, whom he was to serve for a certain time without indentures and free of expense. In their employ he made many voyages and soon rose to command. At eighteen years of age, while mate of the ship Hope, on her way to Holland, the crew, taking advantage of a violent gale of wind, rose upon the officers, seized the captain, and had nearly succeeded in throwing him overboard, when young Bainbridge, hearing the alarm, ran on deck with an old pistol without a lock, and being assisted by an apprentice boy and an Irish sailor, who was attached to him from being an old shipmate, rescued the captain, seized the ringleaders, and quelled the mutiny. So satisfied were his employers with this as well as his general conduct, that before his term of service had expired, he received the command of a ship in the Dutch trade when only nineteen years of age. From this time, 1793, till the year 1798, he commanded merchant ships in the trade from Philadelphia to Europe. In one of these voyages, in the year 1796, on his way from Bourdeaux to St. Thomas, in the small ship Hope, with four small carriage guns and nine men, he had an engagement with a British schooner of eight guns and thirty-five men, commanded by a sailing master in the navy, and after a smart action compelled her to strike her colours. As, however, the two countries were at peace, and he of course was acting only on the defensive, he could not take possession of her; but sent her off contemptuously to make a report of her action. The Hope lost no men, but the enemy had many killed and wounded.

In the month of July, 1798, while preparing to sail for Spain, he received, unexpectedly and without any application on his part, an offer of the command of the United States' schooner Retaliation, of fourteen guns, to be employed against France, between which power and the United States hostilities had recently commenced. He accepted the appointment, on condition that he should have a commission as lieutenant and commander in the navy, and be placed first of that grade on the list of promotion. Having received this, he sailed in the Retaliation, and after

cruising during the summer along the coast of the United States, accompanied the squadron, under commodore Murray, on a cruise in the West Indies. While cruising to the windward of Guadaloupe, the Retaliation was captured, in the month of November, by two French frigates and a lugger, and taken into that island, where she remained three months. On board the frigate which captured her was general Desfourneaux, on his way to Guadaloupe, to supersede Victor Hughes in the command of the island. This officer desirous, as it would appear from his conduct of seeming to be the friend of the United States, and from political motives, to sooth the irritation of the American people at the outrages of the French government, proposed to lieutenant Bainbridge to resume the command of his vessel and return to the United States. This offer was accompanied by assurance of the respect and regard in which he held the American people. His conduct, however, rendered these plausible appearances but too suspicious. Whilst affecting an ostentatious generosity in giving up the Retaliation, other American ships, of far more value, were retained, and his assurances of respect were contradicted by the harsh and rigorous treatment of many Americans whom he refused to regard as prisoners, but who were confined and treated with as much severity as criminals. Perceiving the scheme which was laid for him, lieutenant Bainbridge replied, that he knew of no other light in which he could be regarded, than either as a prisoner or as entirely free—that if general Desfourneaux returned him his ship and his commission, that commission required him to cruise against the commerce of France, an injunction which he dared not disobey. On the other hand, if he were a prisoner, the proper course would be to make his ship a cartel and send her home in that way. He remonstrated at the same time with great firmness against the treatment which his countrymen were daily receiving. General Desfourneaux insisted on his resuming his command, threatened him with imprisonment if he refused, and declared, that if, on receiving the Retaliation he should cruise against the French, every American would be put to the sword. Lieutenant Bainbridge replied, that no threats should induce him to act unworthy of his character as an American officer; till at last, finding

that he was not to be won over into this plan of dissembled friendship, general Desfourneaux gave him a declaration, that he had been obliged by force to resume the command of his vessel, with her crew reduced to forty men; and with this justification for his government, lieutenant Bainbridge sailed, in company with two flags of truce, for the United States.

He reached home in February, 1799, and his exchange being soon effected, he received a commission of master commandant, and sailed in the brig Norfolk, of eighteen guns, on a second cruise to the West Indies. Here he remained, convoying the trade of the United States, for some months, during which time he captured a French privateer, ran ashore another of sixteen guns, destroyed a number of barges, besides taking several of the enemy's merchant vessels. On his return to the United States in August of the same year, he found that during his absence, contrary to the assurances he had received, as well as to the tenor of his commissions (both of which were higher than that of any lieutenant) that five lieutenants had been promoted over him to the rank of captain. As his conduct had uniformly received the approbation of the government, and as none of those who were promoted had had any opportunity of distinguishing themselves particularly, he remonstrated of course against such a violation of his rights. He received, however, no other satisfaction than a promise that no such appointment should take place for the future. Were it not for this irregularity he would now have ranked as second captain in the navy. Although mortified and disappointed, his attachment to the service induced him still to remain in it; and he again sailed with a squadron of four brigs and a ship, destined to protect the trade of the United States to Cuba—a service which he performed so much to the satisfaction of all who were interested in it, that on his leaving the station in April, 1800, an address was presented to him from the American merchants and others concerned in the United States' trade, expressive of their regret at his approaching absence, and their testimony "of the vigilance, perseverance, and urbanity which had marked his conduct during his arduous command on this station," and the "essential services which he had rendered to his country."

When he returned to the United States he received a captain's commission, and was appointed to the command of the frigate George Washington, in which he shortly afterwards sailed for Algiers, with the presents which the United States were by treaty bound to make to that regency. He arrived in safety at Algiers on the seventeenth September, 1800, and proceeded to land the presents, which were well received, and every attention paid to captain Bainbridge, to whom the dey presented an elegant Turkish sword. In a few days, however, these friendly appearances vanished, and the dey made a most unexpected and extraordinary demand, that the George Washington should carry his ambassador with presents to the grand seignior at Constantinople. This demand was made under pretence of one of the stipulations in our treaty with Algiers, by which it is declared that, "should the dey want to freight any American vessel that may be in the regency or Turkey, said vessel not being engaged, in consequence of the friendship subsisting between the two nations, he expects to have the preference given him, on his paying the same freight offered by any other nation." Against this requisition captain Bainbridge and the American consul, Mr. O'Brien, remonstrated warmly and strenuously. It was evident, they said, that this stipulation could apply only to merchant ships, not to national vessels, charged by their own government with specific employments;—that captain Bainbridge had received positive instructions for his voyage, from which he dared not and would not deviate, and that there were other ships in the harbour which would answer the purpose equally well. The dey, however, persisted in his demand: and left captain Bainbridge only a choice of great difficulties and embarrassments. On the one hand, an ambassador, with a retinue of two hundred Turks as passengers, and presents to the amount of five or six hundred thousand dollars, were to be forced on board the frigate and carried to Constantinople at the entire risk of the United States. If in the new and dangerous navigation to that place accidents happened to the dey's property, the United States would be held responsible to indemnify him; if any cruisers of the Portuguese, Neapolitans, or other powers at war with Algiers, should meet the George Washington and capture her, still the United States

would be bound to reimburse the loss; and the American vessels in the Mediterranean would be instantly seized by the Algerines as a security for it. Should he be more fortunate and beat off these enemies, they might consider this cover of Algerine property as a violation of neutrality, and think themselves justified in retaliating on the defenceless commerce of the United States in the Mediterranean. Besides which, he would deviate from his orders by undertaking, for six months, a voyage not sanctioned by his government. On the other hand, a refusal to comply would occasion the detention of the frigate, which was now in the power of the dey, and be followed by an immediate declaration of war against the United States, for this alledged breach of the treaty, and a seizure of all American vessels in the Mediterranean. In this situation, captain Bainbridge opposed the dey as long and as vigorously as possible. The dey promised that if a Swedish frigate, which was then expected, arrived, he would take her in place of the George Washington. But she did not come. A British twenty-four gun ship arrived and offered to carry the presents. This, however, the dey refused, because he would not be under obligations to England; and at last, exasperated by opposition, he sent for captain Bainbridge and the consul, and peremptorily demanded that the frigate should go to Constantinople, threatening, in case of refusal, to make slaves of all the Americans in Algiers, to detain the frigate, and send out his cruisers against the defenceless trade of the United States. The liberty of his countrymen, and the safety of the American commerce, decided captain Bainbridge at last to smother his indignation at this unpleasant and humiliating service, and he consented to receive the Algerine ambassador.

Another difference arose about the flag: captain Bainbridge declared that the frigate should carry her own colours; but the dey insisted that the flag of Algiers should be worn during the voyage. It was vain to resist, however mortifying to obey.

They sailed from Algiers on the nineteenth of October. The winds were unfavourable, the weather bad, and the society of the Turks not calculated to console the officers for these inconveniences; but they submitted with as good a grace as possible to

a humiliation which they deemed necessary for their country's service. The frigate anchored at the lower end of Constantinople in twenty-three days from her departure, and the next morning, the twelfth of November, the American flag was hoisted at the mizen, the Algerine at the main. Soon afterwards three officers, in succession, were sent on board by the grand seignior, to inquire what ship that was, and what colours she had hoisted. They were told it was an American frigate and an American flag.—They said they did not know any such country. Captain Bainbridge then explained that America was the New World—by which name they had some idea of the country. After these inquiries the frigate came into the harbour, saluted the grand seignior's palace with twenty-one guns, and proceeded to unload the Algerine cargo. The ambassador was not permitted to have his audience before the arrival of the capudan pacha, or high admiral, from Egypt, and it was necessary for the frigate to wait the result. Captain Bainbridge endeavoured to employ the interval in giving to the Turkish government a favourable impression of a country, of which his ship and crew were the only specimens they had ever an opportunity of seeing. At this time an embassy to Constantinople was projected, and William L. Smith, esquire, then minister of the United States in Portugal was designated as our ambassador. It was therefore desirable that his arrival should be preceded by as advantageous an opinion as possible of his country. How well captain Bainbridge succeeded in making these impressions we may learn from the unsuspicious testimony of a distinguished traveller, Mr. Clarke, who was then at Constantinople, and with whom captain Bainbridge contracted a friendly intimacy.*

* "The arrival of an American frigate," says Mr. Clarke, "for the first time, at Constantinople, caused considerable sensation, not only among the Turks, but also throughout the whole diplomatic corps stationed in Pera. This ship, commanded by captain Bainbridge, came from Algiers, with a letter and presents from the dey to the sultan and capudan pacha. The presents consisted of tigers and other animals, sent with a view to conciliate the Turkish government, whom the dey had offended. When she came to an anchor, and a message went to the porte that an American frigate was in the harbour, the Turks were altogether unable to comprehend where the country was situated whose flag they had to salute. A great deal of time was therefore lost

On the arrival of the capudan pacha, the unfortunate Algerine ambassador was denied an audience, and both his letters and presents refused, on account of the many depredations committed by Algiers on the commerce of Austria and other nations friendly to the porte, and also for having made peace with France without consulting the grand seignior. The ambassador and his suite were not suffered to leave their houses, the dey of Algiers was ordered to declare war against France, and sixty days allowed to receive in Constantinople the account of his compliance, on pain of immediate war.

Captain Bainbridge was, however, received by the capudan pacha with distinguished politeness. He took the frigate under his immediate protection; requested captain Bainbridge to haul

in settling this important point, and in considering how to receive the stranger. In the meantime, we went on board to visit the captain; and were sitting with him in his cabin, when a messenger came from the Turkish government to ask whether America was not otherwise called the New World; and, being answered in the affirmative, assured the captain that he was welcome, and would be treated with the utmost cordiality and respect. The messengers from the dey were then ordered on board the capudan pacha's ship; who, receiving the letter from their sovereign with great rage, first spat, and then stamped upon it; telling them to go back to their master, and inform him, that he would be served after the same manner, whenever the Turkish admiral met him. Captain Bainbridge was, however, received with every mark of attention, and rewarded with magnificent presents.* The fine order of his ship, and the healthy state of her crew, became topics of general conversation in Pera; and the different ministers strove who should receive him in their palaces. We accompanied him in his long-boat to the Black Sea, as he was desirous of hoisting there, for the first time, the American flag; and, upon his return, were amused by a very singular entertainment at his table during dinner. Upon the four corners were as many decanters, containing fresh water from as many quarters of the globe. The natives of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, sat down together to the same table, and were regaled with flesh, fruit, bread, and other viands; while, of every article, a sample from each quarter of the globe was presented at the same time. The means of accomplishing this are easily explained, by his having touched at Algiers, in his passage from America, and being at anchor so near the shores both of Europe and Asia."

* This is incorrectly stated. The only presents received were a shawl and a fur cloak, which together were worth about four hundred dollars.

down the Algerine flag and carry the American; and being fond of ship-building and naval affairs, conceived, from the seaman-like conduct of the officers and the state of the frigate, a high idea of our marine character. These attentions were peculiarly grateful, as this officer was related by marriage to the grand seignior, and supposed to possess great influence in public affairs. He afterwards addressed a friendly letter to Mr. Smith, the expected ambassador, and the two countries might have formed a commercial treaty under very favourable auspices; but the mission to Constantinople was afterwards discountenanced by our government. The different diplomatic characters at Constantinople paid to captain Bainbridge very marked civilities—more particularly lord Elgin, the British, and baron de Hubsch, the Danish ambassador. Every thing being at length arranged, the George Washington sailed from Constantinople in the month of December, carrying the Turkish ambassador's secretary back to Algiers, with an account of the unfortunate result of his embassy.

This voyage to Constantinople, though irksome to the officers, was ultimately the means of acquiring much honour to the United States, and might have been rendered highly serviceable. Fortunately for us, the George Washington arrived suddenly before Constantinople, which no Christian vessel was permitted to do—the laws of the porte requiring that all foreign vessels should wait one hundred and twenty miles below the city, in order to obtain leave to come up; and as the American flag and nation were then unknown, and the ministers of foreign powers would of course have been unwilling to see a young adventurous people admitted to share the advantages of a trade, which they were enjoying exclusively, the probability is that the frigate never would have reached Constantinople. Arriving, however, as she did, a fine ship, with an excellent crew in the best discipline, she gave the Turks a high idea of the naval character of the United States—a character which they have since seen us sustain with so much glory in the war with Tripoli. After landing some Turks at Malta, as a favour to the capudan pacha, captain Bainbridge arrived off Algiers on the twenty-first of January. Warned by his past misfortune, he did not venture his frigate within reach of the fort, but sent the ambassa-

dor's secretary on shore in a boat, although the dey desired that he would come into port to discharge some guns belonging to Algiers, which he had taken in there as ballast for the voyage to Constantinople. The dey, however, insisted, and captain Bainbridge, fearful of the consequences to the unprotected commerce of the United States, again ventured within the dey's power, delivered the old guns, and took other ballast. The tyrant was now so effectually humbled by the orders of the grand seignior, that he instantly released four hundred prisoners, who had been taken with British and Austrian passports, and declared war against France. Finding too that captain Bainbridge was on friendly terms with the capudan pacha, his menaces softened into great mildness. After having been thus instrumental in the release of so many prisoners, captain Bainbridge was now enabled to serve the interests of humanity in another way. On the declaration of war with France, the consul and all the French subjects, then in Algiers, were ordered to leave the country in forty-eight hours, and as their longer stay would have exposed them to captivity, they were all taken on board the George Washington.

He sailed from Algiers about the last of January, and after landing the French passengers at Alicant, arrived at Philadelphia in the month of April, 1801, and received the marked approbation of the government for his conduct during this long, unpleasant, and delicate service. Before his return, the cessation of hostilities with France had caused a reduction of the navy, and there were retained only nine captains, of whom he had the satisfaction of finding himself one. In the following June he received the command of the frigate Essex. About this time the regency of Tripoli, emboldened by the success of the Algerines, commenced hostilities against the United States; to oppose which a squadron of frigates, among which was the Essex, was sent to the Mediterranean. Here he continued for thirteen or fourteen months, engaged in convoying American ships and other neutrals in the Mediterranean, and cruising against the Tripolitan ships of war, with none of which, however, he had the good fortune to engage. He returned to Newyork in July, 1802, and remained on shore

for about nine months, engaged in superintending the building of the United States' brigs Syren and Vixen.

In May, 1803, he was appointed to command the Philadelphia, a frigate built by the merchants of Philadelphia, and presented to the government of the United States. He sailed in her from the port of Philadelphia, in July, 1803, for the Mediterranean, to join the squadron then under commodore Preble. On reaching Gibraltar, he heard of two Tripolitan cruisers off Cape de Gatt, and immediately shaped his course after them. On the twenty-sixth of August he discovered a ship with a brig in company, both under a foresail only. As it was night, the wind blowing very fresh, and the ship's guns housed, it was not till the Philadelphia hailed her that she proved to be a vessel of war from the coast of Barbary. On ordering her boat on board with the ship's passports, she was found to be the Mirboha, a cruiser of twenty-two guns and one hundred and ten men, from Morocco, and by concealing from the Moorish officer who came on board the nation to which the Essex belonged, he was led to mention that the brig was an American going to Spain, whom they had boarded but not detained. The low sail under which the brig was, however, exciting some suspicion, captain Bainbridge sent his first lieutenant to examine if the ship had any American prisoners; but he was prevented by the captain of the ship. A boat well manned and armed was sent to enforce a compliance, and they found on board the American captain of the brig, who, with his crew, were all confined below, the brig having been captured by the Moorish cruiser nine days before. After this act of hostility, captain Bainbridge had no hesitation in making prize of the ship, which was immediately manned from the Philadelphia, and the two ships proceeded to cruise for the brig, which had made off during this examination. It was not till after a search among a fleet of vessels, all the next day, that she was discovered, pursued and taken, and both vessels carried into Gibraltar.

On board the Mirboha were found cruising orders from the governor of Tangiers, which proved the hostile dispositions of the emperor of Morocco, who was about letting loose his forces against the American commerce. The capture of one of his

finest ships, at the very commencement of this scheme, convinced him of the folly of it, and afforded commodore Preble, on his arrival at Gibraltar, the means of bringing the emperor to a speedy and permanent peace with the United States.

While he was detained by this negociation, captain Bainbridge, in company with the Vixen, captain Smith, had proceeded to blockade the harbour of Tripoli. Here he soon received information that a Tripolitan cruiser had escaped from the port, and he despatched the Vixen to cruise off Cape Bon in quest of her. After her departure the Philadelphia was driven from her cruising ground for several days, by the prevalence of strong westerly gales; but the wind having changed to the eastward, she was returning to her station when, on the thirty-first of October, not many leagues to the east of the town, at about nine o'clock in the morning, a strange ship was seen in shore, to which chase was immediately given. The chase kept as close in shore as she dared and ran for the harbour of Tripoli. The Philadelphia continued to chase along the land, not venturing into shoaler water than seven fathoms, and keeping up a constant fire; but finding she could not cut the chase off from the harbour, gave up the pursuit and haled her wind to the northward, which was directly off from the land; when, about half after eleven o'clock, as she was going at the rate of six or seven knots, she ran upon rocks about four miles and a half from the town. These rocks are a continuation of a reef which directly opposite the town are above water, and extend a long distance to the eastward. They were not laid down in any charts on board, nor had they been discovered by our public ships, which had before cruised on this coast; nor, although three leads were kept heaving, were they perceived till she struck. Great exertions were instantly made to float the ship. A part of the guns were thrown overboard; the anchors cut away from the bows; the water started; the foremast cut away; but all to no purpose. As soon as she had grounded the gun-boats came out to attack her. They took a position on her quarters; but her stern-chasers compelled them to change their station; and while the ship continued upright, with the few guns that could be brought to bear, she could keep the enemy at

a distance; but she soon lay over so much on one side, that she could not use her guns. At length, after sustaining the enemy's fire for between five and six hours, and seeing no chance of getting the ship off, a council of war was called of all the officers, who gave a unanimous opinion, that as it was impossible to defend themselves, or to annoy the enemy, any further show of resistance would only expose the lives of the crew, and that the painful alternative of surrendering was all that remained for them. The magazine was therefore drowned; the arms and every article of value thrown overboard; the ship scuttled; the pumps choked, and the colours were then hauled down at five o'clock. One of the boats was sent to acquaint the enemy that the ship would make no further resistance. "On approaching the enemy," says one of the officers employed on this occasion, "we were hailed by almost every one, and each ordered us alongside of his boat. One, however, fired a shot, which struck near us, and presuming him to be the commodore, we rowed towards him, when one of the near gun-boats, perceiving we were not coming to him, manned his boat and came after us. There were about fifteen men in this boat, all armed with pistols, with sabres, and a long musket suspended over their backs. They were a ferocious and savage set. They sprang into our boat, and immediately two seized lieutenant Porter, and two others seized me. My coat was soon off, my vest unbuttoned, and my cravat torn from my neck. I thought, for my own part, I should not have time to count my beads; but we soon perceived that their violence was only with the view of getting from us whatever money or valuables we might have concealed about our persons. We now proceeded towards the shore, the gun-boat men continuing in our boat. It was just dark when we approached the beach, which was covered with people, armed and shouting most hideously, and landed amid the shouts of the populace, by whom we were pushed about rudely. We were conducted to the gate of the pacha's castle, followed by the crowd. Here we were detained some minutes, his majesty not being ready to receive us. We were, however, at length ushered into his presence. We now felt ourselves safe. The pacha was seated in state, with his mi-

nisters and principal officers about him, and surrounded by a numerous guard. We were desired to be seated, while the boat's crew stood at some distance back. A variety of questions were put to us: how many men were in the Philadelphia? how many guns had she? were any of the guns of brass? how much powder was there? was there any money in the ship? where was commodore Morris? where was the schooner Enterprise? &c. Three glasses of sherbert were brought, one for each of us, of which we drank."

The same scene of plunder was renewed when the Tripolitans came on board. They took from captain Bainbridge his watch, and epaulets, and the cravat from his neck; but with much struggling and difficulty he saved the miniature of his wife. When he was brought into the castle, the same set of questions was repeated by the pacha, who observed, among other things, that the fortune of war had placed captain Bainbridge in his present situation. They were then sent to another apartment, where a supper was provided for the officers; after which they were brought in a body before the pacha, who gratified himself by taking a view of them collectively. The complacency with which he surveyed them, his cheerful and animated countenance, sufficiently denoted his satisfaction at seeing them. His reception of them, however, made favourable impressions of his character. He presented them to his minister of foreign affairs, Sidi Muhamed Dghies, who was to have charge of them, and who, the bashaw observed, would take good care of them. This indeed they found to be strictly true; for they were now conducted to the house of the late American consul, and although it was by this time one o'clock in the morning, the minister sent for the Danish consul, Mr. Nissen, whom he introduced to captain Bainbridge as his particular friend, and one who would render the officers every service in his power. This estimable man immediately brought refreshments, and all the bedding which he could collect at that hour; and about two o'clock the officers lay down to sleep as well as their new and terrible misfortune would permit them. The next day, the minister of foreign affairs requested captain Bainbridge and his officers to give their parole, in order that he might, in turn, pledge his word to the pacha for

their safety. This was complied with. The officers also presented an unanimous address to the captain, in which they stated their belief that the charts and soundings justified as near an approach to the shore as they had made; and declaring, that on this as on every other occasion, his conduct had always been correct and honourable. Soothed by this proof of confidence and attachment, captain Bainbridge endeavoured to render the situation of his officers and crew as comfortable as possible. The consular house was commodious, and although not large enough for the accommodation of so many persons, was at least airy, and the atmosphere they breathed was pure. About a fortnight after this, however, the pacha's minister, acquainted captain Bainbridge that letters had been received from the Tripolitans who had been taken by captain Rodgers, in the John Adams, complaining of being ill-treated by him, and captain Bainbridge was requested to sign an order upon commodore Preble to give up these Tripolitan prisoners, with a declaration, that if he refused, the ill-treatment shown to the Tripolitan prisoners should be retaliated upon the officers of the Philadelphia. Capt. Bainbridge peremptorily refused to sign this order, and accordingly, by way of punishment, they were conducted by the slave-driver to the prison, where the crew were confined at work. Here they remained one day, when the Tripolitan government, finding captain Bainbridge's firmness not to be shaken, they were reconducted in the evening to the consular house, and an apology received from the minister for the indignity they had suffered. Here they continued, and were permitted occasionally to walk out to the country in small parties, accompanied by a guard.

On the sixteenth of February, 1804, the Philadelphia was burnt by Decatur. This mortified the pacha exceedingly; though he affected to consider it as the fortune of war. Some of the bodies of persons who were known to have been on board the Philadelphia, floated ashore, from which the pacha pretended to believe that Decatur, after getting clear of the harbour, had, in cold blood, killed the prisoners. This was the pretext for increasing the severity of their confinement. Accordingly they were removed to apartments in the pacha's

castle, exceedingly small, and but ill adapted to accommodate so many. They were without windows, and all the light, as well as fresh air, was admitted through a small opening at the top, grated over with iron railing. The door was constantly bolted and watched by a strong guard, as was also the top of the prison. The atmosphere they breathed, while thus closely confined, soon became unhealthy, and captain Bainbridge repeatedly represented to the minister, that they could not exist so crowded together and with such confined air. After much delay, and when the warm weather came on, and they were all getting sick, these accommodations were enlarged by the addition of other rooms. Still they were much crowded, and they could not have sustained such confinement, but that the climate of Tripoli is the mildest and most delightful in the *world*. While in this confinement they were sometimes, when none of the American cruisers were off, permitted to walk into the country; but there was one period of nearly eight months, that they were not allowed this indulgence, and these eight months included one whole summer, a season when the weather was warm, and consequently they most needed exercise and fresh air. They continued in this confinement until the peace of June, 1805.

The conduct of the pacha and his officers was, however, far more mild than they had been led to anticipate, and even this rigorous confinement was imposed, not so much with a view to make them suffer, as because the pacha thought it the only mode by which he could secure them. He was very apprehensive on this point. The Danish consul endeavoured to explain to the Tripolitan government the nature of a parole among Europeans, and assured the government that by getting them to pledge their honour, they would make no attempt to escape, and should be more safe than by all his guards, his bolts, and his bars; but this the pacha could not understand, and he could not be made to believe that any prisoner who had the chance to escape, would be deterred from doing so merely because he had passed his word. It was once debated in the divan, whether it would not be advisable to put the officers to hard labour, under the idea that commodore Preble, as soon as he heard of it, would, on their account,

be more solicitous for peace. But it was justly concluded that it would have a contrary tendency; that it would irritate and exasperate their countrymen, and induce a more vigorous prosecution of the war. The project was therefore abandoned.

When the news was received that general Eaton had taken Derne, and in conjunction with the dethroned pacha, was advancing towards Tripoli, Eaton's force was greatly exaggerated, and the pacha became alarmed. He sent word to captain Bainbridge, that heretofore he considered the war as one of interest only; that the United States prosecuted it in order to get away their countrymen for as small a sum of money as possible, and that he continued it to get as much as possible for his prisoners; but that now the Americans had made common cause with his exiled brother, and that consequently, he must succeed against Eaton or lose his kingdom; that he had the means of injuring the feelings of the American people in a most delicate point (meaning, by putting the prisoners to death) and that in a case of extremity he should enforce these means. The pacha thought to alarm captain Bainbridge, and induce him to write to the commodore or to Eaton. Captain Bainbridge, however, replied, that he and his officers were in the power of the pacha, and that he might do with them as he pleased; that the United States had many officers and seamen, and that consequently they should be no loss to their country. This spirited reply saved him from any more such messages. It is impossible to say whether the pacha would or would not have gone to this extremity. He is a man of strong passions, and ambitious; and had he been driven from his kingdom, he might have been urged to this violence; as it cannot be supposed that he should entertain the same sentiments of abhorrence at the atrocity of sacrificing his prisoners, as would be felt by an European. A place in the interior had certainly been fixed on as a place of security for them, in case it became necessary to remove them from the capital.

While thus confined, without exercise or change of scene, their time, it may be easily imagined, passed heavily. But their youth and the hardy frame of mind, created by their profession, were qualified to resist for a long time the depressing effects of

misfortune. After the short interval of unavailing regret had passed, they collected their spirits and resources, and endeavoured to derive amusement and occupation from every quarter.

When they were taken they lost all their clothes. The officers of the Vixen, as soon as they heard of this circumstance, sent a part of their clothes, which came very seasonably. Soon after, some of their own was brought to the prison for sale, and each officer, having thus an opportunity of purchasing some of his former wardrobe, they had a sufficient supply. Some of their books were also taken to them to be sold, and were purchased from the Tripolitans, to whom they were entirely useless, at a price generally much below their value.

These furnished the means of constant employment, as their officers were enabled to pursue the studies to which they were attached, and the prison became a sort of academy, in which navigation, the French language, and other instructive studies were cultivated. Occasionally too they found some relief against ennui in theatrical performances. Among the books purchased was an odd volume of plays, containing the Castle Spectre, the Heir at Law, the Stranger, and Secrets Worth Knowing. These were successively *got up* and performed. This resource was husbanded very carefully. Thus they were busily occupied for some time in preparing the scenery, then the dresses, then in rehearsing, and finally, after great exertions for three or four weeks, the theatre was opened. The scenery was painted in such colours as could be procured; the gayer dresses of the ladies were formed of sheets, while black silk handkerchiefs sewed together furnished suits of wo; and leaves and paper completed the materials of the female toilet. After this, criticisms upon the performance and dresses of the several actors and actresses kept them alive, and sometimes cheerful for a fortnight; and now again they began to prepare for another play.

Another great resource was, that sometimes they received letters from their friends in America. This indeed was rare; but it always had a most lively and permanent effect upon them. Their greatest comfort, however, certainly was that they were all kept together. Had they been separated, and deprived of

the support of each other's society, they could not have survived so long a captivity.

Among their comforts too we should not omit the active and friendly humanity of Mr. Nissen, the Danish consul—a gentleman whose generous, manly, and honourable conduct should be connected with every mention of the Tripolitan war. While the other agents of foreign countries, the French, English, and Spanish consuls, kept aloof from some paltry consideration of timidity, or commercial jealousy, or wrote to the captives a cold and formal and complimentary and unmeaning offer of service, Mr. Nissen came forward at once, and from the first to the last hour of their captivity was a constant, unremitting, anxious, and affectionate friend. Money, clothes, books, every thing which could contribute to render the situation of the captives less irksome, was lavished by the friendly zeal of Mr. Nissen. When the period of their captivity was about expiring, they addressed to that estimable man a letter of thanks for his disinterested friendship; and as soon as they were released, presented to him an urn, as a lasting monument of his benevolence and their gratitude.

Besides other modes of occupying their time, their minds were frequently excited by hopes and efforts to escape. An attempt was made in the latter end of April, 1804, to undermine the castle and escape under the wall. They commenced digging in the room of the warrant officers; but after working for four days they reached, at the depth of twenty-five feet, a loose sand and water, and found that the foundation of the castle was built upon made ground of so loose a texture, that it was impracticable to undermine it horizontally the requisite distance, which was one hundred and fifty yards, without boards to prop it and prevent its falling in; and as they had none of these they were obliged to look to some other means of escape. In the following May they adopted another scheme. One of the inner walls of the prison communicated with a subterraneous passage, which they hoped would lead to the outward wall of the castle, and by perforating this they expected to find a passage into the town. Accordingly they began to take out one by one the stones of this wall, which were carefully replaced to avoid suspicion. For this labour they had nothing but their case-knives, a dull

axe, and an iron bolt; but they at last got into a long, dark, subterraneous passage, which they followed for some time, till their progress was stopped by another wall. This they perforated; but, to their surprise and mortification, found a space of made earth, or terrace, on which the top of the castle rested. They were not, however, disheartened, but began to excavate a space large enough for a man to crawl in upon his hands and knees, carefully removing the earth to a distance, and scattering it through the subterranean passage; but they had not made much progress, before the movements of the soldiers and the great weight on the top of the terrace made it cave in, and destroyed the whole enterprise. Fortunately the suspicions of the guard were not excited, and the plan remained undiscovered.

Another and more bold attempt had no better success. It was intended to reach, by a difficult and dangerous way, to the window at the top of the prison, through which they were to get on the terrace, and taking advantage of some moment when the guards were asleep or inattentive, cross the terrace, a distance of fifty or sixty yards, to the parapet of the wall. In one of the embrasures of this they were to make fast a rope, formed of all the sheets tied together, and descend a height of ninety feet to the beach. The first who got down were to swim to a Spanish vessel about half a mile off, cut her boat adrift and bring it ashore, and the whole party were then to embark and endeavour to gain the American squadron. This plan was confined to captain Bainbridge and a few of the original projectors of it. On the eve of its execution, captain Bainbridge wrote to the Tripolitan minister to inform him, that as no regard had been paid to their parole, he deemed himself justified in attempting to regain his liberty, and recommending the officers who should be left behind to his particular care and attention. To those officers themselves he addressed a note, stating, that as all could not make the attempt, it was necessarily confined to its projectors; that the escape of himself and so many officers would enable them to render the greatest services to those who remained, and hasten the period of their liberation, by lessening the sum to be demanded by the Tripolitans. When these arrangements were concluded, the party reached the window, but

it blew so violent a gale of wind, that they were obliged to postpone the project; and captain Bainbridge, finding that his departure excited uneasiness in the minds of some of the officers, abandoned the expedition and determined to share their fate. The attempt was then made by three lieutenants and as many midshipmen. At midnight, on the twenty-first of May, they reached the terrace, and remained there for nearly two hours, endeavouring to seek a moment to cross to the parapet; but the terrace was covered with guards, and they found no opportunity of getting off. The failure of this scheme put an end to all plans of escape, and they patiently waited their liberation from the hands of their countrymen.

During the bombardment of the town, they were the melancholy and inactive witnesses of the efforts of their countrymen. The burning of the Philadelphia, the explosion of the fire-ship commanded by captain Somers, and the various attacks made on the town, all passed before their eyes. Sometimes too they were exposed from their situation to great danger. On one occasion, a twenty-four pound shot came into captain Bainbridge's bedroom and passed within six inches of his head.

While the officers were confined, the men were kept at work during the day and locked up at night. The work, however, which was required of them was always light, and nothing more than wholesome exercise. It was scarcely as severe as the ordinary duty which is exacted from them on board ship. The Tripolitans are, generally speaking, and excepting the people employed in the gun-boats, of a mild, humane character. The prisoners were often obstinate, uncomplying, and mischievous; yet the Tripolitans who had charge of them were rarely provoked to punish them. They used often to say, that the Americans were the most difficult to manage of any people they had ever seen. Several of the crew turned Mahometans, and thus gained their freedom; but the rest remained faithful to their country and their religion.*

* It would be unjust not to record an instance of the generosity of these seamen. Among the drivers who superintended them while at work was a Neapolitan, himself a captive, who had often relented into pity for them and done them acts of kindness. Touched by this treatment, the crew, as they were about to

At last colonel Lear appeared off the harbour to negociate a peace with Tripoli. The first overtures were embarrassed by the employment of the Spanish consul, who was at length put aside, and captain Bainbridge proposed, as the shortest mode of pacification, that he should be permitted to visit the squadron. This request was so new in Barbary, that the officers of the Philadelphia were obliged to give a written declaration, that in case he did not return they would submit to any punishment the pacha might inflict. Under this guaranty he had an interview with the American officers, and a treaty was at last concluded between the two countries; by which the American and Tripolitan prisoners were exchanged, and the sum of sixty thousand dollars given to the pacha. On the third of June, 1805, the officers were liberated after a confinement of nineteen months and three days, and on the fourth they, as well as the crew, embarked on board the squadron, and soon after sailed for America.

Captain Bainbridge reached the United States in the autumn of 1805, and the reception which he met from his country was such as to satisfy completely the feelings of a meritorious but unfortunate officer. He was received rather as a returning conqueror than as a vanquished prisoner—a most unequivocal proof of public confidence, since that merit must indeed be sterling which could stand the test of such misfortunes. Nor were the opinions of his brother officers less honourable and liberal. At his request a court of inquiry had been held on the loss of the frigate, and the judgment of the court was, that it "was decidedly of opinion that captain Bainbridge acted with fortitude and good conduct in the loss of the United States' frigate Philadelphia; and that no degree of censure should attach itself to him from that event."

Early in 1806 he was ordered to take the command of the naval station at Newyork; but soon after obtained a furlough to perform a voyage in the merchant service; which, from the reduced state of his funds, had become necessary to make some provision for his family. He returned in 1807, and was employed in various naval duties, until March, 1808, when he was ap-

leave Tripoli, made a subscription out of their wages of between three and four hundred dollars, with which they purchased the liberty of the Neapolitan, who was thus restored at the same time with themselves to freedom and his country.

pointed to the Portland station, which had become vacant by the death of commodore Preble. In December following, he was called to Washington, to superintend the repairs of the frigate President, which he was appointed to command. Having completed the ship, he sailed in July, 1809, from Washington, and cruised on our coast till the next spring, when he again obtained permission from the navy department to engage in the merchant service.

Having returned from his mercantile pursuits in February, 1812, he was appointed to the command of the navy-yard at Charlestown, Massachusetts, and the public vessels on the eastern station.

On the declaration of war against Great Britain, it was submitted by the government to his own inclination, either to retain his post at the navy-yard, or to cruise against the enemy on the ocean. Accustomed to a life of active service, and preferring the hazard of warfare and the chance of victory, to the security of inaction, he did not hesitate to choose the former, and was accordingly appointed to command the frigate Constellation; but on the arrival at Boston of captain Hull, after his victory over the British frigate Guerriere, he applied for a furlough to attend to his private concerns, and commodore Bainbridge was permitted to take command of the Constitution. In a few weeks he sailed, in company with the sloop of war Hornet, captain Lawrence, on a cruise to the Eastindies. After parting company with captain Lawrence, he was running down the coast of Brazil, when, on Thursday, the 29th of December, he discovered, about nine in the morning, two sail, one of which was standing off shore towards him. He immediately made sail to meet the strange ship, and finding, as he approached her, that she did not answer his private signals, proceeded out to sea in order to separate her from her companion, and draw her off the neutral coast. About one o'clock, having reached what he considered a proper distance from the shore, he hoisted his ensign and pendant, which was answered by English colours, and perceiving that she was an English frigate (the Java, captain Lambert) he took in the royals, tacked, and stood for the enemy. The Java immediately bore down, intending to rake, which the

Constitution avoided by wearing. The enemy being now within half a mile to windward, and having hauled down his flag, the Constitution fired a gun ahead to make him show his colours, and immediately poured in her whole broadside, on which English colours were hoisted, and the fire returned. On this the action became general, within grape and cannister distance. In a few minutes the wheel of the Constitution was shot away; and in about half an hour, commodore Bainbridge finding that his adversary still kept too far off, determined to close with him at the risk of being raked. He therefore luffed up so close to the Java, that in passing, her jibboom got foul of the Constitution's mizen rigging; and having now gained a nearer position, he poured in so well directed a fire, that in ten minutes he shot away the Java's jibboom and part of the bowsprit; in five minutes more her foremast went by the board—her maintopmast followed—then the gaft and spanker boom, and lastly, the mizenmast went nearly by the board. At five minutes past four, one hour and fifty-five minutes from the commencement of the action, the Java's fire was completely silenced, and her colours being down, commodore Bainbridge supposed that she had struck: he therefore shot ahead to repair his rigging; but while hove to for that purpose, discovered that her colours were still flying, although her mainmast had just gone by the board. He therefore bore down again upon her, and having got close athwart her bows, was on the point of raking her with a broadside, when she hauled down her colours, being a completely unmanageable wreck, entirely dismasted, without a spar of any kind standing. On boarding her, it was found that captain Lambert had been mortally wounded, and that the Java was so much injured, that it would be impossible to bring her to the United States. All the prisoners and the baggage were therefore brought on board the Constitution, a service which it required two days to perform, there being but a single boat left between the two frigates. On the 31st she was blown up, and the Constitution put into St. Salvador. The Java carried forty-nine guns, and upwards of four hundred men: she was bound to the Eastindies, and had, in addition to her own crew, upwards of one hundred supernumerary officers and seamen, for different ships on the Eastindia station—among whom was a

master and commander in the navy, and also lieutenant general Hislop and his two aids, of the British army.

Her loss was sixty killed; and among these captain Lambert. Of the wounded, the accounts varied from one hundred and one (which were ascertained positively) to one hundred and seventy.

On board the Constitution, nine were killed, and twenty-five wounded; among whom was the commodore himself.

This victory was scarcely less honourable to commodore Bainbridge, than the generosity with which he exercised the rights of a conqueror. While on board, the prisoners were treated with the most respectful attention. Immediately on their landing at Saint Salvador, they were set at liberty on parole, and received every article of their baggage: and particularly, a service of plate belonging to general Hislop, was carefully preserved and restored to him. These proofs of honourable courtesy were not lost on the prisoners, who expressed their gratitude in a manner as creditable to themselves as to the victors.

The decayed state of the Constitution and other circumstances, combining to interfere with the original plan of the cruise, commodore Bainbridge now left the Hornet to blockade a superior British force at Saint Salvador, and returned to the United States.

On his arrival at Boston, he was received with an enthusiastic welcome by his countrymen, who felt peculiar pleasure in seeing that Fortune had at last relented, and given him an opportunity of adding success to merit. Fifty-thousand dollars prize-money, as a compensation for the loss of the Java, were given by congress to the officers and crew, and a gold medal presented to the commodore himself. These were followed by votes of thanks and testimonials of respect, from several of the state legislatures, and also from various corporate bodies and meetings of the citizens generally.

Since his return, he has been appointed to command the eastern station from Portsmouth to Connecticut, within which limits he has had charge of the Constitution and two brigs; and the construction of two sloops of war; but his chief employment is the building at Charlestown of a seventy-four, which he is appointed to command.

Of the private character of an individual still living, and known so extensively, it is neither necessary nor proper to speak. His domestic life is singularly fortunate. In the year 1798 he married, at St. Bartholomews, miss Heylegir, an amiable and respectable lady of St. Eustatia, by whom he has three children.

What new adventures await him when afloat in the first American ship of the line, must be left to time and fortune. His country may, however, confidently indulge in all the anticipations which great professional skill, determined spirit, and a high sense of national and personal honour, are calculated to inspire. Σ

NAVAL SONGS.

The following songs, written in commemoration of our naval triumphs, can be no where introduced with so much propriety, as after the biography of one, who so largely shares in the honours which they celebrate.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG.—THE TARS OF COLUMBIA.

TUNE—*Anacreon in Heaven.*

Ye sons of old Neptune, whose spirits of steel
In tempests were harden'd, by peril were temper'd,
Whose limbs, like the wild winds that sweep the bare keel,
By fetters of tyrants shall never be hamper'd;
Mid the storm and the flood,
Still your honours shall bud,
And bloom with fresh fragrance though nurtur'd with blood;
For the tars of Columbia are lords of the wave,
And have sworn that the ocean's their throne or their grave!

The eagle of empire, from Europe's rich plain,
O'er the wide rolling waters, long urg'd his proud pinion;
Now enthron'd on our heights that o'ershadow the main,
He exults in the fields of his new-born dominion.
In the tops of our pine,
With refulgence divine,
The blaze of his eye shall eternally shine;
For the tars of Columbia are lords of the wave,
And have sworn that old ocean's their throne or their grave!

The chiefs who our freedom sustain'd on the land,
Fame's far-spreading voice has eterniz'd in story;
By the roar of our cannon, now called to the strand,
She beholds on the ocean their rivals in glory.
Her sons there she owns,
And her clarion's bold tones
Tell of Hull and Decatur, of Bainbridge and Jones;
For the tars of Columbia are lords of the wave,
And have sworn that old ocean's their throne or their grave!

She speaks, too, of Lawrence, the merciful brave,
Whose body in death, still his flag nobly shielded;
With his blood he serenely encrimsoned the wave,
And surrendered his life, but his ship never yielded.
His spirit still soars
Where the sea-battle roars,
And proclaims to the nations of earth's farthest shores,
That the tars of Columbia are lords of the wave,
And have sworn that old ocean's their throne or their grave!

When the light'ning of night fires the turbulent deeps,
When foams the red wave under War's wasteful demon,
When, save Danger and Death, every sea-spirit sleeps,
Then on danger and death smiles Columbia's bold seaman.
Unmov'd as the pole,
His invincible soul,
The bolts and the battle still round him bids roll;
For the tars of Columbia, are lords of the wave,
And have sworn that old ocean's their throne or their grave!

His ship's the lov'd ark of his safety and cheer,
His canopy, Heaven, and his path, the broad billow;
By the pole-star of duty, all dauntless he'll steer
To the laurels of age, or a coral-grown pillow.
But whenever fate's tie
Breaks, and lets his soul fly,
There's a glorious state-room awaits him on high;
For the tars of Columbia are lords of the wave,
And have sworn that old ocean's their throne or their grave!

Columbia shall yet view her maritime hosts
On her lakes, seas and rivers, impervious surround her;
Like the rocks that have girt, since creation, her coasts,
On them every sea-borne assailant shall founder.
Be it Briton or Gaul,
Still her sons at the call
Shall guard her, and grace in their triumph or fall.
For the tars of Columbia are lords of the wave,
And have sworn that old ocean's their throne or their grave!

From the time-hallowed oaks of oracular Jove,
Burst the voice of the god, at Dodona's fam'd fountain;
Our oaks on the ocean more gloriously rove,
Than wav'd their broad boughs, overshading the mountain:
Their oracles bold
In deep thunders are roll'd,
And announc'd in dark volumes, to empires unfold,
That the tars of Columbia are lords of the wave,
And have sworn that old ocean's their throne or their grave!

Our country's a ship of imperial state,
New built from the stanchest materials of ages,
While majestic she moves in the sea of her fate,
Her beauty the eyes of the nations engages.
Her colours sublime
Shall salute every clime,
Borne safe through the shoals and the tempests of time;
For the tars of Columbia are lords of the wave,
And have sworn that old ocean's their throne or their grave!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG.—CHARGE THE CAN CHEERILY.*

Now coil up your nonsense 'bout England's great navy,
And take in your slack about oak-hearted tars;
For frigates as stout, and as gallant crews have we,
Or how came her Macedon deck'd with our stars?

* The original music for this song will be found at the end of the number.

Yes, how came her Guerriere, her Peacock and Java,
All sent broken-ribbed to old Davy, of late?
How came it! why, split me! than Britons we're braver,
And that shall they feel, too, wherever we meet.
Then charge the can cheerily,
Send it round merrily,
Here's to our country, and captains commanding;
To all who inherit
Of Lawrence the spirit,
Disdaining to strike while a stick is left standing.

Nay, if unawares we should run (a fresh gale in)
Close in with a squadron, we'd laugh at 'em all;
We'd tip master *Bull* such a sample of sailing,
As should cause him to fret like a pig in a squall.
We'd show the vain boaster of numbers superior,
Though he and his slaves at the notion may sneer,
In skill, as in courage, to us they're inferior,
For the longer they chase us, the less we've to fear.
Then charge the can, &c.

But should a razee be espied ahead nearly,
To fetch her we'd crowd ev'ry stitch we could make;
Down chests, and up hammocks, would heave away cheerly,
And ready for action would be in a shake.
For her swaggering cut though, and metal not caring,
Till up with her close should our fire be withheld,
Then, pour'd in so hot, that her mangled crew, fearing
A trip to the bottom, should speedily yield.
Then charge the can, &c.

Britannia, although she beleaguers our coast now,
The dread of our wives and our sweethearts as well,
Of *ruling the waves*, has less reason to boast now,
As Dacres, and Carden, and Whinyates can tell.
Enroll'd in our annals, live Hull and Decatur,
Jones, Lawrence, and Bainbridge, Columbia's pride;
The pride of our navy, which, sooner or later,
Shall on the wide ocean triumphantly ride.
Then charge the can, &c.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE TOUGH YANKEE TAR!

Huzza for the lads of the ocean,
Whose mark is the eagle and star;
They'll challenge all hands I've a notion,
To beat them at knocks in the war,
With a tough Yankee tar!

Now, braver than Grecian or Roman,
For honour he fears not a scar:
And damme, he'll yield him to no man,
While he holds to a timber or spar—
'Tis a tough Yankee tar!

Old Archimedes he was an ass:
He had ne'er swung a ship from the water,
But broken his lever, and reflectors of brass,
Had he known how to beat up to quarter,
Like a tough Yankee tar!

Now first on the ocean they try hands,
To check haughty Albion's career;
And soon the poor king of the islands,
Yields a proud and a boasted *Guerriere!*
To a tough Yankee tar!

Let them jabber as much as they please,
'Tis all botheration and stuff;
They talk of the rights of the seas;
We'll teach them 'tis all plain enough,
To a tough Yankee tar!

Now Columbia with proudest emotion,
Hails her young sons of war on the main;
They wave a free flag on the ocean,
And none shall her freedom maintain,
Like a tough Yankee tar!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG.—THE SHIP, BOYS.—TUNE, *Jack at Greenwich.*

COME, messmates, cheerly lead the night,
And toast each absent beauty;
Mayhap we'll bleed e'er morning's light,
What then? why 'tis our duty.
On sea or shore, in peace or strife,
Whate'er the cause that breeds it,
A tar knows how to give his life,
Whene'er his country needs it.
We've something, too, to give our foes,
If they do'nt gi'e's the slip, boys,
We'll give them broadsides, blood, and blows,
But, "don't give up the ship, boys."
The ship, boys, &c.

When o'er Nantasket's fatal wave,
Our Lawrence sought the battle,
And for a hero's crown or grave,
Bade all his thunders rattle:
Says he, "my lads, you know the way,
To fighting foes give slaughter;
And, should our valour win the day,
Then, give the vanquish'd quarter."
But, when capsised, the words that last
Hung on his dying lip, boys,
Were, "Let our flag still crown the mast,
And don't give up the ship, boys."
The ship, boys, &c.

On hammock bloody, wet or dry,
We all must pay our score, boys;
But, Death and Danger's all my eye,
We've seen their face before, boys.
With Hull, we stood the Guerriere's force,
And doff'd the pride of Dacres,
Who, swore he thought the joke too coarse
From modest Yankee quakers.
When Bainbridge, too, the good and brave,
Just spoil'd the Java's trip, boys,

We swore upon that crimson wave,
We'd ne'er give up our ship, boys.
The ship, boys, &c.

Now, what's the use to talk all night
'Bout Morris, Jones, Decatur;
The foe to beat in equal fight,
God bless 'em, 'tis their nature.
And long before Dishonour's shoal
Brings up our gallant navy,
There's many a noble Briton's soul
Must weigh for grim old Davy.
For all in Scripture lingo pat,
Our chaplain proves it glip, boys,
That "pugnam bonam," and all that
Means, "Don't give up the ship, boys."
The ship, boys, &c.

So fill to a Yankee seaman's creed—
His heart he gives his fairest:
His purse and cheer to a brother's need,
With songs and fids o' th' rarest:
His hulk, while in life's tide it lives,
His country's arms must lade it,
And when his cruise is up, he gives
His soul to Him that made it.
But rough or bloody be the wave,
And e'en in Death's cold grip, boys,
Columbia's tars, so stanch and brave,
Will ne'er give up the ship, boys.
The ship, boys, &c.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—SONG.

TUNE—*Rule Britannia.*

UNVEIL'D mid Nature's glorious birth,
Thy spirit, FREEDOM, soar'd sublime;
Sail'd o'er the regions of the earth,
And pointed to this infant clime.
Thy spirit shall the magnet be,
That guides thy sons to victory.

Now o'er the broad Atlantic wave,
Behold Columbia's star arise;
Warm'd by its beam, the gallant brave,
A mighty foe in arms defies.
That star th' unerring guide shall be,
That leads her sons to victory.

These o'er Britannia's warlike name,
Her glorious banner proudly spread;
And *Britons*, first in naval fame,
Beneath her valour, nobly bled.
Her star, that o'er the contest glow'd,
The lustre of a nation show'd.

Now, foremost mid the battle's blaze,
Loudly her heroes' arms resound;
Unaw'd by numbers, there they raise
Her gallant fleet, with glory crown'd.
While light can guide, and valour shield,
Columbia to no power shall yield.

Though small her force, o'er ocean wide
The terror of her name ascends;
While dauntless through the whelming tide
The hero's zeal her cause defends.
His deeds shall make the world proclaim
The glory of Columbia's name.

There, while destruction round him flies,
No perils can his soul affright;
Bold as his hopes, his efforts rise,
His COUNTRY is his guiding light.
Her safety turns his steps to war,
Her *freedom* is his leading star.

For this—we saw thy gallant form,
Brave LAWRENCE, court the raging wave,
Flash, like a sunbeam, through the storm,
And grasp, in death, the warrior's grave.
Thy star, Columbia, sunk in gloom,
And long shall glimmer on his tomb.

Yet thou! bright shade, enroll'd in light,
Art near, to warm the warrior's soul;
And many a hero through the fight,
Now hails thee in the cannon's roll.
Thy spirit shall his angel be
To guide his arms to victory.

Columbia! fairest plant of heaven,
Thou land of hope, with plenty blest;
Thy blooming plains, by Nature given,
No foe or stranger shall molest.
For bold thy sons shall ever be,
To guard thy rights o'er land and sea.

Thy conquests, on the roll of Fame
Shall long in bright succession lie,
While Glory stamps the hero's name,
And waves the conquering flag on high.
Thy star with Time, shall brighter shine,
And give to Fame a ray divine.

Then once again shall Peace resume
Her olive leaf and blooming crest;
Her smile extend through Nature's gloom,
And pierce the cloud that veils her breast.
Then hail Columbia's star divine,
For peace and victory shall be thine.

CRITICISM.--FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CUM TABULIS ANIMUM CENSORIS SUMET HONESTI.—*Hor.*

Memoirs of the life of Martha Laurens Ramsay, who died in Charleston, S. C. on the tenth of June, 1811, in the fifty-second year of her age; with an appendix, containing extracts from her diary, letters, and other private papers, and also from letters written to her, by her father, Henry Laurens, 1771—1776. By David Ramsay, M. D. Philadelphia: pp. 308.

The present little volume is not destitute of interest, although we are compelled, alike by a sense of duty and justice, to declare, that we doubt the policy or propriety of giving publicity to papers which the editor himself confesses "were unseen by every human eye but her own," previous to the death of the author. She did indeed, in anticipation of that event, "express a wish that these papers might then be kept as a common book of her family, or divided among its members." Precious and soothing as these memorials must undoubtedly be to the immediate friends, relatives and connexions of the deceased, the mass of mankind unfortunately lack that affinity, or more properly that identity of interest. There are two different sets of sensations, (if we may be allowed the use of such a term) in such instances, to be consulted; that of the immediate connexions and friends, to whom any memorials of the deceased are interesting, and that of the community at large, who can only be affected by the intrinsic worth of such memorials. These seem to have been precisely the ideas of the writer. She thought, and she thought truly, that *these papers must have a locality of interest*; and this seems to exclude the supposition, that they would be found to *be generally interesting*. The editor, it seems, giving way to the full burst of his conjugal affections, has rated the value of this work by the fallacious standard of his own feelings.

As an evidence of the justice of these remarks, we will cite the very volume now before us. All the interest which we can feel in this work, is derived from the sketch of the author's life, which is furnished to us from the hand of Dr. Ramsay. We shall therefore conclude these strictures with a slight sketch of the life, and a few extracts from the work.

Martha Laurens Ramsay, was the daughter of Henry Laurens; a name well known in our annals: a man who was president of the continental congress, during an important period of our revolutionary war. She was born at Charleston in the year 1759. While she was an infant, and afflicted with the small-pox, she was, by all her relatives, supposed to be dead, and was actually laid out previous to her funeral. Symptoms of life were at length discovered, and she was thus fortunately saved from the horrors of a premature interment.

Born to the prospect of an ample fortune, she was early reminded by her venerable father, of the probability that all this property might be confiscated on account of his attachment to the cause of his country. His letter on this subject displays such Roman fortitude, that we cannot resist the pleasure of its transcription. The reader will observe his recommendation to his beloved daughter, to learn how to acquire a subsistence by the needle, as a refuge from the miseries of that poverty, which in his apprehension awaited her:

FROM HENRY LAURENS TO MARTHA LAURENS.

Charleston, S. C. Feb. 29, 1776.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,

When I look around me, and behold increasing preparations for civil war; every man seeming bent and determined to carry those preparations into execution to the last extremity; when, therefore, I consider our estates in this country as being on the very precipice of bankruptcy, how can I forbear lamenting—what will become of my dear sister—what will become of my dear Patsy and Polly, in case of my brother's death. Not only tears, but irresistible groans accompany this afflicting inquiry; after a moment's pain, I console myself by this reply; "God will take care of them—that God who led your ancestors through a cruel persecution, and through a wilderness a hundred years ago, and you through ten thousand dangers, will not forsake your sister nor your children. Your brother will do well, and be made the guardian of your fatherless children after you are slaughtered." My dear child, I could fill pages with accounts of causes for lamentation; but alas, what good fruit would such accounts produce: I will not grieve your young heart by a recital of afflictions which are the portion of age, and which I ought to bear alone. Nevertheless, it is my duty to warn you again, as I did in my last letter, to prepare

yourself for a reverse of fortune—prepare for the trial of earning your daily bread by daily labour. This, whether it be matter of affliction; whether it be a subject for grief or not, will according to present appearances be your portion. My love for you constrains me to give you timely notice. I have done so with an aching heart and overflowing eyes. Methinks I hear you reply, "but, my dear papa, why will you make a sacrifice of your fortune, and hazard the happiness of your children; labour day and night to earn poverty for yourself and them." I answer briefly, "It is the will of God that it should be so, and he gives me resolution to concur in and to submit to his will." Now act your part well my dear; love God, and all things will work together for your good. I would proceed, and advise you how to act, but you are in an excellent school. You learn your duty every day from sensible and pious friends. Follow their council and you will be happy.

What money I have now in England, is devoted to the service of your uncle, aunt, your brothers, yourself and sister. I do not know that I shall ever be able to add one penny to that small stock. It will be wisdom, it will be piety and a proof of gratitude in your elder brother and you to consume as little as possible, in order that there may be more for the service of your dear uncle and aunt, and for the little ones who cannot help themselves. It would please me; it would rejoice me to hear that you had cheerfully entered upon your new scene of life; that you earned as much every day by your needle, as would pay your daily expenses.

It is melancholy to see the abuse of many good houses in this town, which are now made barracks for the country militia, who strip the paper hangings, chop wood upon parlour floors, and do a thousand such improper acts: but alas! they are still good enough for burning. We are assured that if the king's ships and troops cannot easily conquer the town, they will burn it; and we know if they do conquer it, there are men here determined to put the torch with their own hands, and to leave them no shelter, nor any cover for those who would join them.

She embarked for England in the year 1775, in company with her uncle, James Laurens, and thence, in the year 1784, removed with him to France, where she was deprived, by death, of his protection. During this period, she was compelled to practice the most rigid economy, for her father, as president of the continental congress, was a character extremely odious to the English ministry, and as his property was in Charleston, remittance was extremely difficult. These difficulties were much aggravated by the subsequent arrest of her father, and his confinement in the tower of London, on a charge of high treason. At length, on the restoration of peace, he was liberated from

confinement, and appointed our minister at the court of France. Her affectionate parent then presented her with five hundred guineas. Reserving but a small part of this sum for herself, she expended the residue in the purchase of one hundred French testaments for the poor of the town of Vigon, in France; in establishing a school for the instruction of youth, and in instituting a fund for the annual expenses of a preceptor. There is reason to believe that this institution continues to the present day.

In 1785, this lady returned to her native country, and was, in two years after, married to Dr. Ramsay. Amidst all the cares of a numerous family, she still found sufficient time to transcribe with her own hand, for publication, the following works, of which her husband was the author:—the History of the American Revolution—the Life of Washington—the Review of the Progress of Medicine in the eighteenth century—and the early part of his Universal History. She did not desist from her labour until she had taught her daughter to do the same kind office.

In the education of her children, disliking the common English grammar, she compiled one herself for their use. She taught them to read ancient and modern history; particularly the Roman, the Asiatic, and the English. After her death, three packets were found, containing historical questions, which she used as a text in the examination of her children. By her indefatigable industry she became acquainted with the Greek and Latin classics, and with those authors who treat on the most recondite parts of metaphysics. When we add to all this, that at the early age of fifteen, she solemnly devoted herself to her Maker; that she was incessant in the performance of her Christian duties; we presume it is unnecessary to say, that her life was exemplary, and that her death, which happened on the 10th of June 1811, was tranquil and serene. We now close with the following extracts from the volume.

LETTERS FROM MRS. RAMSAY TO HER DAUGHTERS.

"On Sundays I always think of you more earnestly than on other days. All that regards you regards me; but what regards your religious concerns deeply interests me. I hope, my dear child, in the midst of business or pleasure, never forgets that she is born for eternity: never omit praying to God; and if you would live safely or happily, never content yourself with the devotions of the

morning or evening; but often, in the course of the day, send up the prayer of the heart to God. This may be done in company; in business; in the midst of innocent pleasure; and is a delightful exercise of the heart, and a great guard on the conduct. Oh, how happy should I be, to have you, my darling child, thus to live in the fear of the Lord all the day long."

"I suppose you will keep church at home, as it does not look like weather for travelling. I always think of you with more than common tenderness on Sundays. I think the serious observation of the Sabbath is not enough attended to, even among professing families; but, in other cases, it is often a day of the greatest folly, because a day of the greatest leisure. In proportion as a respect for that day, and its institutions, are neglected or carelessly attended to, in the same proportion, will the religious principle decline, and the practical concerns of eternity be carelessly managed. As a parent, then, full of anxiety for my children, in every respect, but most of all for their eternal interests, I cannot but regret every Sunday, which I think they spend in a manner not the best calculated to promote those interests, and feel it my duty to warn you never to forget, that the Sunday is not common time, and, according to existing circumstances, to do all that you prudently can, not only to observe it yourself, but to make a conscience of not being ashamed of such observance."

"God bless you, my dear child; may you all love your dear father; love me; love dear miss Futerell; love one another. While the social affections thus fill your hearts, you will never be very bad children: but the moment you perceive yourself deficient in these sacred feelings, dread the encroachments of vice, in some form or other; make a solemn pause, and ask yourself, What am I about? Where is my conduct tending? and pray to God to guide your feet into the right way, by keeping your heart from evil."

"As the eldest, I write to you, to entreat you to remember the laws of hospitality, and be kind to Mr. Montgomery; to remember the laws of gratitude, and be assistant to your very dear and valuable friend miss Futerell. A great deal, my child, depends on your good example; on the observation which the younger children make; whether you curb your temper; whether you begin wisely to observe those laws of self-denial, which will make you happy to yourself and pleasant to those about you. I persuade myself I shall hear good accounts of you. If I do of you, I shall of all the rest."

"I beg you never to make any excuse for writing badly to me; because the time spent in writing the excuse, would have enabled you to do better. Besides, errors excepted, you really write a pretty letter, and I delight to hear from you."

"Mrs. P. has joined the church to-day, and I believe another sister of Mrs. P. Happy those, who, in affliction, look to the Lord to be their comforter, and do not slight his chastisements, by renewing their pursuits after happiness in a world where it never can be found; but so far as we improve it, as a

state of preparation for a better state of existence, and then its prosperities will not delude us, and its very tribulations shall give us a cause for rejoicing."

"I have felt more about P. and E. to-day than the rest of you. Such Sabbaths as they now are passing would, without great care, soon tend to weaken in their minds, the obligation to keep the Sabbath day holy. Such Sabbaths as you are passing would impress on your minds the necessity, when we are distant from places of public worship, for calling our families together, and beseeching God, by his presence, to make our houses sanctuaries for his service."

"I felt it very solitary in church on Sunday without you. But we had excellent sermons. I did not go out any where; and not having my morning Bible readers, my noon-day catechumens, or my evening hymnists, I had more than usual leisure to read and pray for myself, which includes every one with you; and I tried to make a good use of it."

"I am very much mortified at being deprived of the horse when I most want him. But what wise person ever frets, and what fool ever mended any thing by so doing. I shall comfort myself by saying, "if I do not go out, I shall do the more work at home."

"Mrs. H. is dead. These breaches in our congregations are felt by those who know the value of religious characters; and make them earnestly pray, that others, from among our young people, may be raised up in their place, to keep up the honour and credit of religion in the world, and to set an example to those who shall come after them.

"Poor Mrs. S. is very much burnt; poor little S. scorched: but you will be shocked when you come to learn the particulars and know how near they were perishing. What a lesson never to sleep without committing our souls to God in Christ, for we can never know in which world we shall awake."

"I don't know whether you have read Robertson's America. In this doubt I have sent to the library for Anquetil, or the first volume of Rollin, an author who, although prolix, and in some degree credulous, ought by all means to be read. I could wish you, before you proceed much farther in history, to read Priestley's Lectures on that subject, which I think you will find very useful. Bear always in mind, that he is a Socinian; for his principles tincture every thing he writes. Profit by his science, while you lament his errors in divinity, and hang on the only hope of everlasting life set before you."

"I send Plutarch, and would have sent some other very pretty books, if it had not been for your prohibition. So ——— will not write to me; I must tell him, Mr. Richardson places the writing of his three most successful and admired works, to his having been employed, when under eleven years of age, to write letters for some young ladies to their friends and admirers. I am afraid at the rate ——— goes on, we shall never see a Pamela from his hand."

On the Sunday preceding the pulling down the old White meeting, to erect in its place the present circular church, an appropriate sermon was preached by Dr. Hollinshead. The circumstances of the case, were stated in

a letter, from which the following extract is made: "Some foolish girls laughed at the parting sermon. Some feeling ones cried, and many of the old standards were very much affected. I was among this number; but my feelings were rather pleasurable than otherwise; for I confess the pulling down a decayed edifice, to build a more convenient and handsome one, made me think of the pulling down of the decaying body of a saint, by death, to build it up anew, without spot or blemish; and although Nature feels some regret at parting with our old bodies, as well as with our old churches, it is a regret chastened with a cheerful and glorious hope of a resurrection unto life eternal: but this is a very serious letter for such young correspondents; yet, I hope, not more serious than their well informed minds will relish on a serious occasion."

On the departure of miss Futerell for England. "If you don't all feel very sorrowful, I pity you; if you do all feel very sorrowful, I pity you. Yet I wish you all to be sorrowful, for it is in our circumstances, a sacred duty as well as a tender feeling: and to you young ones, may be an initiatory lesson on the vanity of human life and human hopes; and teach you to set your hearts there, where true and unchanging joys are only to be found."

The following letter, with the note of the editor, will explain itself without comment:

EXTRACTS OF A LETTER FROM MRS. RAMSAY TO HER HUSBAND.

Charleston, December 17, 1792.

MY VERY DEAR HUSBAND,

You have doubtless heard, by this time, that I am fatherless, and will feel for me in proportion to the great love you have always shown me, and your intimate knowledge of my frame, and the love I had for my dear departed parent. Never was stroke to an affectionate child more awful and unexpected than this has been to me. I had heard from my dear father, that he was somewhat indisposed, but not confined even to the house: however, last Tuesday and Wednesday week I was seized with so inexpressible a desire to see him, that nothing could exceed it, and nothing could satisfy it, but the going to see him. Accordingly, on Wednesday noon, very much against my family and personal convenience, I set out with faithful Tira and little Kitty, and slept that night at Mrs. Loocock's; the next morning it rained, but I could not be restrained. I proceeded to Mepkin, and arrived there at one o'clock, wet to the skin. I found my dear father indisposed, as I thought, but not ill. He conversed on indifferent matters; seemed very much delighted with my presence; told me I was a pleasant child to him; and God would bless me as long as I lived; and at twenty minutes before eight o'clock, retired to rest. The next morning, at seven o'clock, I went to his bedside: he again commended my tenderness to him, and told me he had passed a wakeful night; talked to me of Kitty and of you; had been up and given out the barn-door key, as usual. At

eight I went to breakfast. In about ten minutes I had despatched my meal, returned to him, and thought his speech thick, and that he wavered a little in his discourse. I asked him if I might send for Dr. M'Cormick: he told me if I desired a consultation, I might; but that he had all confidence in my skill, and was better. I asked him why his breathing was laborious; he said he did not know, and almost immediately fell into his last agony; and a bitter agony it was; though, perhaps, he did not feel it. At ten o'clock, next day, I closed his venerable eyes. Oh, my dear husband, you know how I have dreaded this stroke; how I have wished first to sleep in death, and therefore you can tell the sorrows of my spirit: indeed they have been, indeed they are very great. I have been, and I am in the depths of affliction; but I have never felt one murmuring thought: I have never uttered one murmuring word. Who am I, a poor vile wretch, that I should oppose my will to the will of God, who is all wise and all gracious: on the contrary I have been greatly supported; and if I may but be following Christ, am willing to take up every cross, which may be necessary or profitable for me. I left Mepkin at one o'clock on Saturday, as soon as the body of my dear parent was decently laid out, and I was sufficiently composed for travelling. I know, by information, that the awful ceremony* was performed last Tuesday. I have never been able to write till this day. Our dear children are well. Eleanor comes to my bed side, reads the Bible for me, and tells me of a heavenly country, where there is no trouble. Feeling more than ever my dependance on you for countenance, for support and kindness,

* This refers to the burning of the body of Mr. Henry Laurens, which his daughter well knew had long been resolved upon. She had also resolved, that she would neither be a witness of the transaction, nor in the vicinity of the place where what she calls "the awful ceremony was to be performed: and therefore, came away, very soon after the body of her father was decently laid out, and before the funeral pile was constructed. Filial duty constrains the editor to observe that this transaction has been grossly misrepresented by American authors, who ought to have known better. The Rev. Biographer of Washington, goes out of his way to mention that, when Henry Laurens, president of the first congress, came to die, he said, "My flesh is too good for worms. I give it to the flames." In Kingston's new American Biographic Dictionary, printed at Baltimore, in 1810, it is asserted that "Henry Laurens directed his son to burn his body on the third day, as the sole condition of inheriting an estate of sixty thousand pounds sterling." Both these statements are incorrect. There was no forfeiture, nor any penalty whatever, annexed to the non-performance of the will of Henry Laurens, relative to the burning of his body. It was simply enjoined as a duty. The motives to his determination, for having his body burnt, are also mistated. Mr. Laurens often spoke of his preferring the incineration of the dead to their inhumation. His reasons were a belief that several persons were buried before they were irrecoverably dead. This opinion was perhaps strongly impressed on his mind from what happened to his own daughter, the subject of these memoirs, as related in the beginning of this work. He dreaded, as infinitely worse than certain death, the possibility of life returning to him when shut up in a box in the cold ground, so far below its surface as to be out of the reach of all human help. He also, consistently with Scripture, entertained high ideas of the purifying nature of fire, as separating all dross and defilement from the substances to which it was applied. "And I will bring the third part through *the fire*, and will *refine* them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried." (Zephariah, xiii, 9.) "He is like *a refiner's fire*, and like *Fuller's soap*." Malachi iii, 3. EDITOR.

and in the midst of sorrow, not forgetting to thank God that I have so valuable, so kind, and so tender a friend,

I remain, my dear husband,

Your obliged and grateful wife,

MARTHA LAURENS RAMSAY.

The following are such evidences of maternal tenderness and discretion united, we cannot in justice omit them.

FROM MARTHA LAURENS RAMSAY TO DAVID RAMSAY, JUNIOR, AT PRINCETON COLLEGE.

Charleston, May 7, 1810.

The first thing I did when you left me, dear David, was to retire for a few moments to your chamber and relieve my labouring heart, by commending you solemnly and affectionately to the good Providence of our heavenly Father. I composed myself as soon as possible, and set about my accustomed domestic duties. Soon after Dr. Abeel came in; he passed a parting half hour with us, and began his journey the same evening. I should be glad that my wishes and my hopes about the perfect recovery of this excellent and interesting man held at all equal pace. But I confess that I wish more than I dare hope.

While I was in your chamber, I discovered the little treatise (Dr. Waterhouse's lecture to the students of the university of Cambridge on smoking tobacco) which your father requested you to read, and which, in the main, I approve of so highly that I have given away half a dozen to persons in whom I am much less interested than in you. I sent it after you by Cooney, who says you received it safely. I hope its contents will not be lost upon you, nor the book itself lost by you. While we were in church on Friday afternoon, there came up a severe thunderstorm; and while Mr. Palmer was in the act of praying for you and your fellow passengers, the flashes of lightning and peals of thunder added not a little to the solemn feeling of many persons in the church, interested most tenderly in the fate of the mixed multitude on board the Pennsylvania.

I shall be counting the days till I hear from you. It will be no disappointment to me, or rather it will give me no pain to learn that you have not entered the junior class: to whatever class you belong, do your duty in it. Be respectful to your superiors, live affectionately with your equals; make yourself a party in no broils; but mind your own business; give dignity to the Carolinian name; write to me accurately on every subject which concerns you. Be not ashamed of religion; read your Bible diligently; it will not only make you wise unto salvation, but you will find in it excellent directions for your conduct in the affairs of this life. Your grandfather, Laurens, used to say, if men made a good use of only the book of Proverbs, there would be no bankruptcies, no failures in trade; no family dissentions; none of those wide spreading evils which, from the careless conduct of men in the common concerns of life, desolate human society; and I can assure you, the more you read this lit-

fine book, the more you will love and value it. I long to hear from you, and with tender affection subscribe myself, your friend and mother,

M. L. RAMSAY.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

May 14, 1810.

I now write to you, dear David, to thank you for your letter from on board ship, which I received the day before yesterday; and which was highly acceptable both to your father and myself.

If your father and I were not very loving and very industrious people, we should feel very solitary at present. John, David, and James at a distance; the rest out of hearing; and all the young ones away. These circumstances make a great change in our household, and one which needs both love and labour to make it tolerable. There is now no polite attention at the long table to wait till a servant is disengaged. Even slow-paced Jack is more than we want at our lessened board. I now long very much to hear from you; it seems to me a great while since we parted; and if you knew the delight your ship-letter had given your parents as a mark of attention, affection and home love, I am sure it would make your heart happy. My anxiety that you should behave well, and make the very best use of your collegiate opportunities is very great. But I thank God, I feel much of the cheerfulness of hope. I know you have good abilities, quick apprehension: I trust you will not be indolent, and that a manly shame (to be ashamed to do wrong is a manly feeling) will prevent your adding yourself to the list of the Carolina triflers, whose conduct has brought a college, such as Princeton, into disrepute: I hope you will feel a laudable pride in inheriting your father's literary reputation in the college where he received an education, of which he has made so excellent an use; yet an education much below what you may receive at the same institution, from the great improvements made in every branch of science since his time. I hope absence wont weaken your affection. Continue to love us: the more you love your father and mother, the more you endeavour to oblige them, the wiser, the better, the happier you will be; and at some future period, when standing in the relation of a parent yourself, you will have sensations unknown to all but parents: the consciousness of having been a good son, will fill you with inexpressible delight. God bless you, my dear son; your father joins in love to you with your faithful friend and mother,

M. L. RAMSAY.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

June 13, 1810.

An open candid disposition endears a young person much to his friends, and must make him very comfortable to himself. That sort of reserve which arises from a consciousness of having wasted the time which ought to have been devoted to study, and being consequently unprepared for answering any questions proposed; or from a sullen unyielding temper, which shrinks from investigation, except when proceeding from tutors and masters, it cannot be

avoided, is a reserve so unlovely that I witness it with pain, and I do most earnestly beseech you to strive against such a temper, which if unresisted, and unsubdued, will show itself on a thousand occasions besides that specified above. Even an incorrect answer, if given in an amiable tone of voice, indicating a desire to be set right, if found in error, is preferable to silence, or to an unwilling reply, even if a correct one. God has given you an excellent understanding. Oh, make use of it for wise purposes; acknowledge it as his gift; and let it regulate your conduct and harmonize your passions. Be industrious; be amiable. Every act of self-denial will bring its own reward with it, and make the next step in duty and in virtue easier and more pleasant than the former.

I am glad you like your room-mate. I hope he is one who will set you no bad example, and with whom you may enjoy yourself pleasantly and innocently. I delight to hear every thing about you, and you can have neither pleasure nor pain in which I do not sincerely and affectionately participate.

Eleanor and I drank tea with aunt Laurens last evening. Frederick, fourteen days younger than William, was learning Fructus and Cornu, with such earnestness, in order to be ready for Mr. Moore against the next day, that I could hardly believe it was my wild nephew. Mild John was in a corner smiling and helping Frederick whenever he seemed to be at a loss.

The girls all send their love to you; so do parnobile your good friend and sister desires not to be forgotten. Mrs Coram is constant in her inquiries after you; so are many other friends. It is a charming thing to be beloved. God bless you, my very dear child; may he watch over your youth, and keep you from shame. I embrace you with an overflowing tide of affection.

MARTHA LAURENS RAMSAY.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

September 11, 1810.

DEAR DAVID,

I wrote to you not long ago, telling you of the departure of my dear miss Puterell. Her absence makes every thing desolate to me, and your sisters more than sympathize with me, for in addition to mine they feel their own sorrow. I have in them, however, this consolation, that by every act of their lives, they show how much they have profitted by her advice and example; never were parents more blessed than your father and I in daughters; and I hope God will return seventy fold into their bosoms, the comfort they give to ours. Your time of vacation is drawing on. I trust you are not losing your time for study, and that as you grow older, you are resisting every propensity to idleness or folly of any kind. Your judgment must be well informed. You have lived from infancy within the sound of good advice; and although some dispositions are restive under any advice that clashes with their present gratification, I flatter myself, you have a more ingenuous disposition, and that no effort on the part of your parents and friends, to make you wiser, and better, will finally be lost upon you.

Could you know my anxiety about you, independently of nobler motives, I think, even a spirit of compassion for an afflicted friend, would make you conduct yourself wisely. In the course of a life, not yet very long, I have seen many young persons, with every possible advantage for cultivating their talents, improving their minds, and becoming estimable members of society, lost to themselves, a disgrace to their friends, plagues to society or mere cyphers in it, from indolence, a slight manner of pursuing their studies, smoking, drinking, an excessive love of finery, of trifling company, or some similar evil indulged in, between the age of fifteen and twenty. Oh, how I shudder, and what a death-like faintness and oppression seizes my poor heart, at the thoughts of how I stand in the persons of sons exposed to such a calamity. With bended knees, and streaming eyes, I pray my God to send me help, and ward off such a stroke. I have also seen those who with very scanty means, and almost under every possible disadvantage, have, under the smiles of Heaven, been friends, money, advice to themselves, and have risen to shine as lights in the world. Others again, I have seen, who not having to struggle like these last, constantly against wind and tide, and supported only by their own efforts, but situated like yourself under happier circumstances, have repaid the labours of a father, and the tender exertions of a mother, by doing their part well, and returning home from their different seminaries of education, just such as their parents could wish. Oh! my God, grant that this may be the case with us; preserve David from every evil way; give him grace to make a good use of the powers thou hast given him; and let him not waste the morning of his days in any trifling pursuit, or disgrace it by any thing vicious or ignoble. Dr. Keith gave us, yesterday, an excellent sermon on these words: "Who can understand his *errors*? Cleanse thou me from secret faults." We ought, dear child, to take great pains to understand our *errors*. We have every one, by nature, some secret *error*, some constitutional defect or vice. In childhood, the advice or authority of parents may restrain it; still it is there: as we grow older, we must watch for ourselves, restrain ourselves, look up to God for help, while we exercise such acts of self-denial, as shall break the bias, and keep it from producing a vicious habit, which, alas! may become too strong for us, and be our curse and our master as long as we live. Persons, about your time of life, are apt to think themselves very wise; and to pay very slender attention to the advice of their superiors; this is a very great *error*; as by such conduct, they not only deprive themselves of the experience of those older and wiser than themselves, but they appear, and really are very unlovely in their tempers, to those who reprove or advise them, whether parents or others. At your time of life every false appearance of pleasure is taken for a reality, and the restraints of virtuous industry and hard study a burden too heavy to be borne. May God give you wisdom to understand *your errors*, and a manly resolution to resist every temptation to evil, make you lovely in your temper, diligent in the pursuits of useful science, and enable you, by conciliatory and engaging manners, to make friends to yourself among the wise and good wherever you go.

I will do all in my power for my dear children, and must then leave the event to God and their own exertions. I hope they will reap the benefit of my labours, when I shall be quietly resting from them. I hope you will always look on Dr. Smith, not only as president of the college, but as a very dear friend of your mother, and so accustomed to youth as to know every twisting and turning of their hearts, and capable of giving them the best advice. When you go to your uncle's, tell me all about them; you know they are strangers to me, though relations, except himself, and from your uncle I received such brotherly affection, as entirely gained my heart.

Dr. Waddel has much trouble from the increased number of his town boys; the Charlestonians carry their idleness, their impatience of control, their extravagance, their self-consequence with them wherever they go, and even the best of them are, in general, far inferior to what, with their quick capacities, and lively imaginations, they might be, if they would make the virtuous endeavour.

I remain, with great affection,
Your friend and mother,
MARTHA LAURENS RAMSAY.

The Catholic Question in America.—Whether a Roman Catholic clergyman be in any case compellable to disclose the secrets of Auricular Confession! Decided at the Court of General Sessions, in the city of Newyork. Reported by William Sampson, esq. one of the counsel in the case. Newyork, printed by Edward Gillespy, pp. 266, 8vo.

THIS question, recently decided by his honour the mayor of Newyork, viz. whether a Roman catholic priest is in any case compelled to disclose the secrets of auricular confession? merits particular notice. A man by the name of Phillips was indicted for receiving stolen goods, the property of James Keating. After the information was lodged, and before trial, it appears that the prosecutor had received restitution of his effects from the hands of the Rev. Mr. Kohlmann, rector of St. Peter's. This venerable clergyman was then subpœnaed before the mayor's court, to answer an interrogatory from whom those goods were received. He excused himself from answering, by stating, that if he was to disclose what was revealed to him by confession, in virtue of his office, he should expose himself, 1. To degradation in the church. 2. That he should be devested of his sacerdotal character. 3. He should be obliged to do pennance for the remainder of his life. 4. That he should violate the dictates of

his own conscience, and as he firmly believed, incur everlasting punishment in the life to come. This is a compendious statement of the case, and the question was, whether under such circumstances the witness was compellable to answer?

The opening counsel on the part of the witness, set out with maintaining two propositions, 1. That under the explanation made by the witness, the 38th article of the constitution of the state of Newyork, protected him in the exemption which he claimed. 2. That the exemption is supported by the known principles of the common law, that will not compel any man to answer a question subjecting him to a penalty, forfeiture, or which impairs his civil rights, and which may degrade, disgrace or dishonour him. In support of his first proposition, the learned counsel cited an article in the constitution of the state of Newyork, which runs in these words:

"And whereas we are required by the benevolent principles of rational liberty, not only to expel civil tyranny, but also to guard against that spiritual oppression and intolerance, wherewith the bigotry and ambition of weak and wicked priests and princes have scourged mankind. This convention doth further, in the name and by the authority of the good people of this state, ORDAIN, DETERMINE AND DECLARE, that the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall forever hereafter be allowed within this state to all mankind. *Provided*, that the liberty of conscience hereby granted, shall not be so construed, as to excuse acts of licentiousness, or justify practices inconsistent with the peace or safety of this state."

He dwelt at some length on the broad liberality extended by the enacting clause, and contended that it completely embraced the case of the present witness. He denied that auricular confession tended, in the words of the proviso, to excuse acts of licentiousness, an evidence of which the present case afforded, for it was by such confession, that the party obtained a restitution of his goods. It was under the pledge of inviolable secresy that this confession had been made, and an exposure would only make the penitent insincere and hypocritical in his confessions. Sincerity constitutes the very essence of such confesssions; but these confessions are afterwards to be extorted in evidence against the party in a court of justice, no reliance whatever could be placed on the truth of his declarations. Auricular confession had existed in Spain, in France, in Portugal, in Italy

in Germany, and no complaints of this kind had been heard.—The learned counsel then cited several English authorities on this head, and contended, that both law and history bore him out in the assertion, that auricular confession did not tend to encourage licentiousness.

In support of his second proposition, he contended that no man is by the English law compelled to accuse himself of a crime; that the act of parliament passed in consequence of the case of lord Melville, that a man is bound to answer as a witness in a case that might impair his civil rights, received the pointed disapprobation of the bar, and at all events it was not binding on us. On the contrary, it had been condemned by a judge in Philadelphia. Some confusion did indeed exist among the English authorities on the question, whether a witness in his answer could be compelled to degrade or disgrace himself. The better opinion however, was, that a witness could not be so compelled. To apply then, his observations to the case, the honourable clergyman had declared that if he revealed what passed, he would forfeit his office, be stripped of his sacerdotal character, be rendered infamous, and compelled to do pennance for the remainder of his existence.

The district attorney contended, in behalf of the prosecution, 1. That it was a principle of common law, that one of the primary duties of a citizen, was to disclose all his knowledge concerning matters connected with the public good. One exception indeed existed, which was the case of an attorney. Unless the present witness could point out a similar exception, as applicable to himself, the general rule must prevail. In answer to the cases cited, he would briefly remark, 1. That under the general law, the priest is compelled with every other member of the community to answer. 2. That there was no case in which he was ever exempted. 3. That a decision in one of the cases quoted, and the strong bearing of the other, was in support of this general rule.

2. By the constitution, he contended, that the people of New-york were, at the time of making that constitution, a protestant people. The catholics were entituled to an equality of privilege, but clearly not to a superiority of exemption. The protes-

tants were all bound by this general law, and the catholics claimed an exemption where the law had allowed of none.

The constitution says, there shall be neither discrimination or preference. Is there not here both one and the other? But it has been argued that the clergyman would be rendered infamous!—Infamous by obeying the law! Impossible! and granting that he was deprived of his office, would not a mandamus restore him! Suppose a society of laymen should conscientiously claim thus to be exempted! The ends of criminal justice would be defeated; in fact, there would be an end of society itself. Is the case altered in the least if a religious body claims the exemption? It is no infringement on religious principles, if society compels all its members of whatever sect to bear the burdens it imposes.

The concluding counsel on the side of the defendant, combatted at some length, the relevancy of the cases cited by the prosecutor's counsel. Auricular confession had been coeval with the establishment of the Roman catholic religion itself, and had never been found dangerous to the state. This was the best answer that could be given to those who deprecated the danger of such indulgence. He went into a long history of the Irish persecutions, and contended, that laws by which they were oppressed on the other side of the Atlantic, were not binding on this. The constitution was plain and precise, it allowed to the quaker an affirmation, to the Roman catholic secresy of confession. He expatiated on these topics at large. He denied the principle laid down by the district attorney, that the Roman catholics who claimed an exception, must show themselves entituled to it. The constitution establishes a general principle, that all mankind should be tolerated, and it was the duty of the district attorney to enforce the proviso against the catholics. As to apprehended danger to the state, from this indulgence, he cited an expression of Martin Luther, the most zealous reformist, that "he would rather fall back to popery, than that private confession should be abolished." He vindicated the sacrament of confessions by showing, that amongst all the protestant complaints against popery, this had never been made.

When the proposition had thus been examined in its remotest consequences, and danger to the state on the one hand was counterpoised by the dread of religious intolerance on the other; his honour the mayor, after succinctly stating the case, delivered the opinion of the court.

He observed that the sacrament of confession was a religious rite, and must be protected by the constitution of the state. Another principle was, that every man when legally called upon to testify as a witness, must relate all he knows. But to this general principle there were sundry exceptions, which he enumerated. He maintained that a witness was not bound to answer a question tending to degrade himself, and this he held in opposition to the case of lord Melville, because courts of justice would become, in such instances, abettors of the crime of perjury, which the witness might thus be tempted to commit. He cited several cases in confirmation of this doctrine. The present case is similar; if the witness tells the truth, he violates his ecclesiastical oath; if he prevaricates, he violates his judicial oath. Whether he tells a truth or a falsehood, he acts equally against the principles of honour and conscience. No alternative, therefore, remains for the court, but to declare he shall not answer at all.—This was a great constitutional question, embracing a religious principle not cognizable by human laws, and the security of which, was protected by the constitution. It was a mild and beneficent regulation and demanded the most liberal construction. The ceremonies as well as the essentials of religion should be protected. Suppose that protestant churches should be interdicted from the exercise of baptism and the Lord's Supper! It would violate the constitution, and it would equally violate that instrument, to deprive a Roman catholic of auricular confession, which is one of his sacraments. But the proviso of the constitution had been urged against this indulgence! Hypothetical cases prove nothing, and to deduce rules from them is equally repugnant to the rules of logic and the maxims of law. Besides, auricular confession may be productive of great good; a sinner may thus be reformed, whereas a public declaration might only serve to harden him in his iniquity. The language of the exempting clause "of acts of licentious-

ness, of practices inconsistent with the safety and tranquillity of the state," which could not be applied to the present case without strangely distorting the meaning of words. If the Hindoos should attempt to introduce the burning of widows—the Mahometan his plurality of wives, or the pagan his bacchanalian orgies, these might be *acts of licentiousness*, practices inconsistent with the safety and tranquillity of the state. But to apply these strong words to the indulgence of the sacrament, would be to let the proviso of the statute usurp the place of the enacting clause. The court were unanimous for protecting the auricular confession.

This is a broad outline of the contents of the work before us, which the reporter has swelled out by means of a formidable appendix to a volume comprehending two hundred and sixty-six pages. Most of the matter is, so far as regards its bearing on the question in this country, perfectly irrelevant. But it has now become unfortunately, too much the fashion to annex by way of note or appendix, topics which have very little connexion with the subject matter of the volume, and answer the double purpose of embarrassing the reader, and enhancing the price of the publication. A.

UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

To John Hancock, Esquire, President of Congress.

Colonel Morris's, on the Heights of Harlem, Sept. 24th, 1776.

Sir—From the hours allotted to sleep, I will borrow a few moments to convey my thoughts, on sundry important matters, to congress. I shall offer them with the sincerity which ought to characterize the man of candour, and with the freedom which may be used in giving useful information, without incurring the imputation of presumption.

We are now as it were, upon the eve of another dissolution of our army. The remembrance of the difficulties which happened upon the occasion last year, the consequences which might

have followed the change, if proper advantages had been taken by the enemy, added to a knowledge of the present temper and situation of the troops, reflect but a very gloomy prospect upon the appearances of things now, and satisfy me beyond the possibility of doubt, that, unless some speedy and effectual measures are adopted by congress, our cause will be lost.

It is in vain to expect, that any, or more than a trifling part of this army will again engage in the service on the encouragement offered by congress. When men find that their townsmen and companions are receiving, twenty, thirty, and more dollars for a few months' service (which is truly the case) it cannot be expected, without using compulsion, and to force them into the service, would answer no valuable purpose. When men are irritated, and the passions inflamed, they fly hastily and cheerfully to arms: but after the first emotions are over, a soldier reasoned with upon the goodness of the cause he is engaged in, and the inestimable rights he is contending for, hears you with patience, and acknowledges the truth of your observations, but adds that it is of no more importance to him than others. The officer makes you the same reply, with this further remark, that his pay will not support him, and he cannot ruin himself and family to serve his country, when every member of the community is equally interested and benefited by his labours.

It becomes evidently clear then, that, as this contest is not likely to be the work of a day; as the war must be carried on systematically; and to do it you must have good officers; there are, in my judgment, no other possible means to obtain them, but by establishing your army upon a permanent footing, and giving your officers good pay. This will induce gentlemen, and men of character to engage: and, till the bulk of your officers are composed of such persons as are actuated by principles of honour and a spirit of enterprise, you have little to expect from them. They ought to have such allowances as will enable them to live like and support the characters of gentlemen. Besides, something is due to the man who puts his life in your hands, hazards his health, and forsakes the sweets of domestic enjoyment. Why a captain in the continental service should receive no more than five shillings currency per day, for performing the

same duties that an officer of the same rank in the British service receives ten shillings sterling for, I never could conceive, especially when the latter is provided with every necessary he requires, upon the best terms, and the former can scarcely procure them at any rate. There is nothing that gives a man consequence, and renders him fit for command, like a support that renders him independent of every body but the state he serves.

With respect to the men, nothing but a good bounty can obtain them upon a permanent establishment: and for no shorter time than the continuance of the war, ought they to be engaged, as facts incontestibly prove that the difficulty and cost of enlistments increase with time. When the army was first raised at Cambridge, I am persuaded the men might have been got, without a bounty, for the war. After this, they began to see, that the contest was not likely to end so speedily as was imagined, and to feel their consequence by remarking, that to get in the militia in the course of the last year, many towns were induced to give them a bounty.

Foreseeing the evils resulting from this, and the destructive consequences which unavoidably would follow short enlistments, I took the liberty in a long letter (date not recollected, as my letter book is not here) to recommend the enlistments for and during the war, assigning such reasons for it as experience has since convinced me were well founded. At that time, twenty dollars would, I am persuaded, have engaged the men for this term. But it will not do to look back: and, if the present opportunity is slipped, I am persuaded that twelve months more will increase our difficulties four-fold. I shall therefore take the freedom of giving it as my opinion, that a good bounty be immediately offered, aided by the proffer of at least a hundred or a hundred and fifty acres of land, and a suit of clothes and blanket to each non-commissioned officer and soldier; as I have good authority for saying, that, however high the men's pay may appear, it is barely sufficient, in the present scarcity and dearness of all kinds of goods, to keep them in clothes, much less afford support to their families.

If this encouragement then is given to the men, and such pay allowed the officers as will induce gentlemen of character and li-

beral sentiments to engage, and proper care and precaution used in the nomination (having more regard to the characters of persons than the number of men they can enlist) we should in a little time, have an army able to cope with any that can be opposed to it, as there are excellent materials to form one. But while the only merit an officer possesses, is his ability to raise men; while those men consider and treat him as an equal, and, in the character of an officer, regard him no more than a broomstick, being mixed together as one common herd, no order nor discipline can prevail; nor will the officer ever meet with that respect which is essentially necessary to due subordination.

To place any dependence upon militia is assuredly resting upon a broken staff: men just dragged from the tender scenes of domestic life; unaccustomed to the din of arms; totally unacquainted with every kind of military skill; which being followed by a want of confidence in themselves, when opposed to troops regularly trained, disciplined, and appointed; superior in knowledge and superior in arms, makes them timid and ready to fly from their own shadows. Besides, the sudden change in their manner of living, particularly in their lodging, brings on sickness in many, impatience in all; and such an unconquerable desire of returning to their respective homes, that it not only produces shameful and scandalous desertions among themselves, but infuses the like spirit into others.

Again; men accustomed to unbounded freedom and no control, cannot brook the restraint which is indispensably necessary to the good order and government of an army; without which, licentiousness and every kind of disorder triumphantly reign. To bring men to a proper degree of subordination is not the work of a day, a month, or even a year: and, unhappily for us and the cause we are engaged in, the little discipline I have been labouring to establish in the army under my immediate command, is in a manner done away, by having such a mixture of troops as have been called together within these few months.

Relaxed and unfit as our rules and regulations of war are, for the government of an army, the militia (those properly so called; for of these we have two sorts, the six months' men, and those sent in as a temporary aid) do not think themselves subject to them, and

therefore take liberties which the soldier is punished for. This creates jealousy: jealousy begets dissatisfaction; and these by degrees ripen into mutiny, keeping the whole army in a confused and disordered state; rendering the time of those who wish to see regularity and good order prevail, more unhappy than words can describe. Besides this, such repeated changes take place, that all arrangement is set at nought, and the constant fluctuation of things deranges every plan as fast as adopted.

These, sir, congress may be assured, are but a small part of the inconveniences which might be enumerated, and attributed to militia: but there is one that merits particular attention, and that is the expense. Certain I am, that it would be cheaper to keep fifty or a hundred thousand in constant pay, than to depend upon half the number, and supply the other half occasionally by militia. The time the latter are in pay, before and after they are in camp, assembling and marching; the waste of ammunition, the consumption of stores, which, in spite of every resolution or requisition of congress, they must be furnished with, or sent home; added to other incidental expenses consequent upon their coming and conduct in camp, surpasses all idea, and destroys every kind of regularity and economy which you could establish among fixed and settled troops, and will, in my opinion, prove, if the scheme is adhered to, the ruin of our cause.

The jealousies of a standing army, and the evils to be apprehended from one, are remote, and, in my judgment, situated and circumstanced as we are, not at all to be dreaded: but the consequence of wanting one, according to my ideas, formed from the present view of things, is certain and inevitable ruin. For, if I was called upon to declare upon oath, whether the militia have been most serviceable or hurtful upon the whole, I should subscribe to the latter. I do not mean by this, however, to arraign the conduct of congress: in so doing I should equally condemn my own measures, if I did not my judgment: but experience, which is the best criterion to work by, so fully, clearly, and decisively reprobates the practice of trusting to militia, that no man who regards order, regularity and economy, or who has any regard for his own honour, character, or peace of mind, will risk them upon this issue.

An army formed of good officers moves like clock-work: but there is no situation upon earth less enviable nor more distressing than that person's who is at the head of troops who are regardless of order and discipline, and who are unprovided with almost every necessary. In a word, the difficulties which have forever surrounded me, since I have been in the service, and kept my mind constantly upon the stretch; the wounds, which my feelings, as an officer, have received by a thousand things which have happened contrary to my expectations and wishes; added to a consciousness of my inability to govern an army composed of such discordant parts, and under such a variety of intricate and perplexing circumstances; induce not only a belief, but a thorough conviction in my mind, that it will be impossible, unless there is a thorough change in our military system, for me to conduct matters in such a manner as to give satisfaction to the public, which is all the recompense I aim at, or ever wished for.

Before I conclude, I must apologise for the liberties taken in this letter, and for the blots and scratchings therein, not having time to give it more correctly. With truth I can add, that, with every sentiment of respect and esteem, I am yours and the congress' most obedient, &c.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—AN ESSAY ON HAPPINESS.

THE following admirable specimen of grave irony, is preserved in a book but little known in this country, and too expensive to be common, *Hogarth Illustrated*. It is taken from a scarce pamphlet first published in 1738, entitled, "*Some Thoughts Concerning Happiness, translated from the original German of Irenæus Krantzovius, by A. B.*" that is, BENJAMIN STILLINGFLEET. T. C. *Carlisle.*

As there is nothing that has more employed mankind in all ages than the search after HAPPINESS, nor any thing about which there has been a greater disagreement, I think it will be useful to analyze that important subject. I will therefore deliver the

result of the observations which I have made; and that I may avoid the mistakes which many great men have run into, I will endeavour by the means of *definitions*, *postulata*, and *axioms*, to clear up the confusion which has hitherto reigned in this affair.

"*Definition* 1st. Happiness, is that state of a being in which it is entirely contented with what is present.

"*Definition* 2d. Man, is an animal sensible of pleasure or pain, arising from the internal motion of the parts of his body, and the external impression of other bodies upon it: and is also capable of reflecting on past and future events.

"*Definition* 3d. Motion, is the successive application of the body to the different parts of space: and being contrary to the *vis inertiæ* of matter, is always performed with difficulty.

"*Definition* 4th. Thinking, is an operation of the mind, by which it endeavours to find out some truth.

"*Definition* 5th. Reputation, is the opinion uttered by words, which men have of our conduct; and is acquired and maintained by such actions, as either suppose a superior degree of knowledge, or a concern for the welfare of mankind.

"*Definition* 6th. Curiosity, is that desire by which we are excited to search the uses, relations, properties, &c. of things; and is consequently the foundation of all knowledge.

"*Definition* 7th. Benevolence, is the desire of procuring all possible kinds of good to others, without regarding our own interest; and is called general or particular, according to the number of objects towards whom it is exercised.

"*Postulatum* 1st. One happiness is not greater than another.

"*Postulatum* 2d. Man is a being, capable of arriving at the statement in definition 1st, and consequently is designed for it.

"*Axiom* 1st. Man is a limited creature.

"*Axiom* 2d. The objects of knowledge are infinite.

"*Axiom* 3d. The kinds of good are infinite.

"*Axiom* 4th. Nature, by the frame of every animal, points out what it is designed for.

"*Axiom* 5th. Man is incapable of altering past events, or directing those which are to come.

"*Axiom* 6th. An uncertain evil is rather to be ventured, than a certain one produced.

"*Proposition* 1st. Happiness is inconsistent with any desire that cannot be satisfied: for as long as we are under the influence of such a desire, we must always be discontented with our present state. But that is contrary to the idea of happiness already given in definition 1st; *ergo* Happiness is, &c. Q. E. D.

"*Proposition* 2d. Knowledge, is inconsistent with Happiness for by definition 6th, Knowledge is founded upon desire; and the objects of Knowledge, being by axiom 2d, proved to be infinite, the desire must be infinite. But man being by axiom 1st, limited, that desire cannot be satisfied; and, therefore, by proposition 1st, it is inconsistent with Happiness; *ergo* Knowledge, &c. Q. E. D.

"*Proposition* 3d. Thinking, is inconsistent with Happiness; for by definition 4th, it supposes an endeavour to find out some truth; and this shows a desire of Knowledge: but by proposition 2d, Knowledge is inconsistent with Happiness; *ergo* Thinking is, &c. Q. E. D.

"*Scholium*. Hence, appears the reason, why thoughtless people are always observed to be healthy and easy; and those given much to meditation, to be on the contrary, meagre and peevish. ☞ Thus, Nature always punishes those who will act in defiance of her designs.

"*Proposition* 4th. Benevolence, cannot make man happy; for by definition 7th, Benevolence is the desire of procuring all possible kinds of good to others: but by axiom 1st and 3d, man is a limited creature, and the kinds of good are infinite; therefore, it is a desire which cannot be satisfied. But by proposition 1st, such a desire is inconsistent with happiness: *ergo* Benevolence cannot, &c. Q. E. D.

"*Proposition* 5th. Reputation cannot make man happy: for by definition 5th, compared with proposition 2d and 4th, it is acquired and maintained by such actions as destroy happiness: *ergo* Reputation, &c. Q. E. D.

"*Proposition* 6th. Happiness cannot arise from views of futurity; for since men cannot, by axiom 5th, direct future events, if they give happiness, it must be by knowing what will certainly happen: but by axiom 1st and 2d, man is incapable of such a knowledge; and that which he is incapable of, is inconsistent

with Happiness by proposition 2d: *ergo* Happiness cannot, &c. Q. E. D.

"*Corollary.* It follows from the last proposition, that a man ought not to lay down any other plan to guide himself by, but that of enjoying such pleasures as shall from time to time offer themselves.

"*Proposition* 7th. Happiness cannot arise from reflecting upon *past* events; for by axiom 5th, man is incapable of altering what is past; and when he reflects upon such events as displease him, he must wish it were in his power to alter them. But such a wish (i. e. desire) is inconsistent with Happiness, by proposition 1st: *ergo* Happiness, &c. Q. E. D.

"*Corollary.* It follows from the last proposition, that a man ought never to examine his past conduct.

"*Proposition* 8th. The pleasing sensations may give happiness: for when enjoyed in a certain degree, they destroy Thinking; and therefore, by proposition 3d, take away that, which alone in this case can be inconsistent with the state described in definition 1st: *ergo* the pleasing sensations, &c. Q. E. D.

"*Corollary* 1st. It follows from the last proposition, that corporeal pleasures are preferable to mental; according to the opinion of Aristippus.

"*Corollary* 2d. It follows, also, that corporeal pleasures are not necessary to the happiness of him who is not a slave to Thinking; in which case, the numberless ideas received in a long life, will, without this expedient, prove troublesome, and sometimes form themselves into doubts, questions, negatives, conclusions, &c. all which constitute Thinking.

"*Proposition* 9th. A wise man will not fall in love: for Love being Benevolence confined to a single object, is by definition 7th, the desire of procuring all possible kinds of good to the object of our affection: but such a desire is by proposition 4th, proved to be inconsistent with happiness. *Ergo* a wise man, &c. Q. E. D.

"*Proposition* 10th. A wise man may marry: for a wife contributes towards happiness, by destroying that, which by proposition 9th, is inconsistent with it; and also by giving that, which by proposition 8th, sometimes produces it. *Ergo* a wise man, &c. Q. E. D.

"*Proposition* 11th. A wise man ought to use the least motion possible: for motion, by definition 3d, is performed with difficulty, which includes pain; but pain being contrary to the pleasing sensations, must produce a contrary effect. Yet by proposition 8th, these produce Happiness. *Ergo* a wise man, &c. Q. E. D.

"*Corollary* 1st. It follows from the last proposition, that a wise man ought to be sparing of his words.

"*Corollary* 2d. It follows, also, that a wise man ought very rarely to laugh.

"*Scholium.* The truth of these two corollaries is acknowledged by all the world; though the real principles upon which they are founded, have not before been discovered. As to talking, Pythagoras, the first man that ever bore the name of philosopher, enjoined on his disciples, a total abstinence from words for five years, in which time he hoped, I suppose, they might lose the use of speech, &c.

"*Proposition* 13th. A wise man ought to get out of the way, if he sees a beam ready to fall on his head; contrary to the opinion of that great philosopher, Pyrrho: for though, by proposition 2d, he ought to use the least motion possible, yet, since by definition 2d, he is sensible of pain from the impression of certain bodies falling upon him—and a little pain is to be preferred to a great one, he may in this case make use of motion: *ergo* a wise man, &c. Q. E. D.

"*Corollary.* It follows from the last proposition, that a wise man may now and then go to church in countries where corporeal punishments are inflicted on those who entirely absent themselves; provided at the same time, he does not contradict proposition 6th.

"*Proposition* 14th. A wise man may eat and drink, though it requires motion: for these actions are attended with pleasing sensations, &c.

"*Corollary.* The more pleasure a man takes in eating and drinking, the wiser he is.

"*Scholium.* ☞ The last proposition would have been unnecessary, but that some eminent philosophers, as may be seen

in Diogenes Laertius, not having formed right notions of Happiness, rather than be at the trouble of eating and drinking, chose to starve.

"*Proposition* 15th. When a wise man finds himself easy, he ought not, on any pretence of being better, to change his state: for by postulatum 1st, one happiness is not greater than another; and by proposition 6th, Happiness cannot arise from views of futurity. *Ergo*, when a wise man, &c. Q. E. D.

"*Corollary*. Hence appears the folly of those pretended philosophers, who make Happiness consist in a continual advancement towards imaginary perfection; an opinion, which has put men upon turning the world upside down, &c.

"*Proposition* 16th. Man was intended by Nature for lying, lolling, or sitting: for by postulatum 2d, he was made for Happiness; but that is destroyed by motion, as appears by proposition 2d; therefore, he was not made for walking, running, hopping, &c. nor for standing, by axiom 4th; for all animals that are formed to stand, have more legs than two; besides, no animal can change his posture in lying, lolling, or sitting, so much as man. *Ergo*, man was intended, &c. Q. E. D.

"*Corollary* 1st. It follows from this proposition, that a wise man ought always to have a bed in his room.

"*Corollary* 2d. It follows, also, that he ought not constantly to lie, loll, or sit in the same posture.

"*Scholium*. Hence appears the reason, why all other animals get upon their legs at their first coming into the world; whereas, walking with man, is an art; in which he cannot arrive at perfection, but with much difficulty, and after some years' experience.

"*Proposition* 17th. A wise man ought to consult his own ease in all his actions, without considering how they may affect others; for man may arrive at Happiness by postulatum 2d, and therefore he ought to aim at it: but he cannot obtain it by Benevolence (i. e. a disposition to neglect his own good for the sake of others) by proposition 4th. *Ergo*, a wise man, &c. Q. E. D.

"Again—An uncertain evil is rather to be ventured, than a certain one committed, by axiom 6th; but pain being contrary to the pleasing sensations, is an evil, and certain to him who does

not consult his own ease: but what gives pain to others, he is not obliged to know, by proposition 2d, and, therefore, it must be uncertain. *Ergo*, a wise man, &c. Q. E. D.

"*General Corollary*. As it appears from the foregoing propositions, that Happiness consists in ease—since every enjoyment takes its value from conducing towards, and consequently is subordinate to that end, it follows, that a wise man will neglect even corporeal pleasures, where they are not to be had without much difficulty; and consequently in the like case, will contemn all those things which are means only to procure corporeal pleasures, *à fortiori*. This beautifully reconciles luxury with poverty, which has hitherto been thought a secret only known to certain fraternities of religious institutions.

"I chose to prove the last proposition two ways, because I look on it as of the utmost importance: it throws light over most of the obscure cases which may tend to puzzle men in their conduct, in relation to others. It, alone, makes all other books of morality useless. It frees a man from the restraints of civility, the pangs of sympathy, and the remorses of a misguided conscience: and gives him in all situations (not virtually included in proposition 13th) the most unbounded liberty.

"All the propositions are of a very extensive nature, and will, upon a superficial view, only produce many others equally beautiful. They will lead men through life with much comfort, and when attended to with that careless sort of diligence, which is the great mark of a true adelph, will save him many troubles that others undergo.—I should be sorry to differ in the least point from the illustrious body of *freethinkers*. Now at first sight, proposition 3d may seem to contradict their most essential maxim; and, therefore, though only such as are strangers to their writings and conversation can make that mistake, I will clear my system from any imputation: and this may be readily done, by only considering the meaning of the word *free*, when compounded, as in this case, with another word. For example, what does a *free-agent* mean, but a being who may act or not act as he sees fit: for so soon as he is compelled to do one or the other, he loses his right to the title.

"The *freethinkers*, therefore, by their very name imply, that they are not obliged to think; and, therefore, that thinking is not necessary. Now that which is not necessary to be done, may as well at last be left alone; and if I have carried their grand dogma, a little farther, and said that it is better to be let alone, it was upon such strong proof, that I am sure they themselves will readily allow the justness of my reasoning, &c. &c."

I do not remember having seen the following verses in any American publication, or any where indeed, but in *Hogarth Illustrated.* They well deserve to be preserved, as a specimen of satirical severity, and poetical merit, unequalled by any of the versifiers of the present day. Miss Catley, better known by the appellation of Nan Catley, a beautiful actress, but very impudent, and who was for many years the first female singer of the English stage, used to perform the part of JUNO in the Burletta of *Midas;* and the character of a proud imperious scold, was hit off by her in a very dashing stile of caricature. The verses in question were written on the *spirited* manner in which miss Catley performed that part. All the epithets of the following verses are singularly forcible and appropriate. T. C. *Carlisle.*

Hail vulgar goddess of the foul-mouth'd race,
(If modest bard may hail without offence!)
On whose majestic, blush-disdaining face,
The steady hand of Fate wrote IMPUDENCE!
Hail to thy dauntless front, and aspect bold!
Thrice hail magnificent immortal scold!

The goddess from the upper gallery's height,
With heedful look the jealous fish-wife eyes:
Though early train'd to urge the mouthing fight,
She hears *thy* bellowing powers with new surprise:
Returns instructed, to the realms* that bore her,
Adopts thy tones, and carries all before her.

From thee, the roaring bacchanalian crew,
In many a tavern round the garden† known,
Learn richer blackguard than they ever knew,
They catch thy look—they copy every tone:

* Billingsgate. † Covent Garden.

They ape the brazen honours of thy face,
And *push the jorum** with a double grace.

Thee, from his box, the macaroni eyes
With levell'd tube† he takes his distant stand;
Trembling, beholds the horrid storm arise,
And fears for Reinhold‡ when you lift your hand.
At distance he enjoys the boisterous scene,
And thanks his God, the pit is plac'd between.

So midst the starry honours of the night,
The sage explores a comet's fiery course;
Fearful he views its wild eccentric flight,
And shudders at its overwhelming force.
At distance safe, he marks the glaring ray,
Thankful *his* world, is not within its way.

Proceed then, Catley, in thy bold career,
And rightly let our maidens hear and see
The sweetest voice disgust the list'ning ear,
The sweetest form assume deformity.
Thus, shalt thou arm them with thy best defence,
And teach them modesty by impudence.

TRANSLATIONS FROM GRIMM'S LETTERS.

Letter from Dr. Franklin to Madame Helvetius.

"YESTERDAY, after hearing the resolution you announced so positively, of remaining single during life, in honour of your late husband, I retired with mortification and chagrin. Throwing myself on the bed, I fell into a profound sleep, and immediately fancied myself transported to the Elysian fields. I was there asked, methought, if I felt desirous of seeing or conversing with any particular individual of my acquaintance in the world above. Lead me, said I, to the residence of the philosophers—"Two of that tribe," replied the shade, "live in yonder garden; they are excellent neighbours and cordially love each other; their names are *Socrates* and *Helvetius*"—"Both these personages are objects of my respect, but I would prefer conversing with the latter, as I know something of the French language, but not

* Push about the jorum: a song in the character of Juno and Midas.
† Opera-glass. ‡ Reinhold performed Jupiter.

a particle of Greek."—Your husband, madam, received me with great courtesy, having known me, as he said, by reputation a considerable time. He made numerous inquiries about the war, about the present state of religion, and of the liberty and government of France. Hey dey! said I in surprise, why my good friend you hav'nt said a single word about your dear wife, who, notwithstanding, loves you to excess—I left her not an hour ago—"Ah! said he, "you bring to my memory days of felicity long since past, and recollections that must be banished to enjoy any happiness here. For some time, indeed, I thought of nothing but the lovely woman I had left behind me, but time has at length brought consolation—I have chosen another wife as like her as possible, who, though not so beautiful, is equally endowed with sense and spirit, and not less passionately attached to me—she is at this moment abroad, providing the choicest nectar and ambrosia for my supper: stay and you will enjoy the pleasure of seeing her." "It is very evident then, my happy sir, that madam Helvetius has met but an ungracious return for her constancy—as she has rejected, on your account, several very advantageous offers of marriage. I confess to you, that my own suit has failed on account of this piece of delicacy."—"Your mishap, said he, is unfortunate, for she is certainly a fine woman and exceedingly amiable. But what has become of the abbé La Roche and the abbé M———; are they discarded from her house?" "By no means; she cherishes all your old acquaintances." "Well then, if you can gain the abbé M—— over to your interest by a dish of coffee with cream, I have not a doubt of your success, for he is as subtle a reasoner as St. Thomas, and he arranges the artillery of his arguments in such a masterly way, as to render them irresistible: or, if you would induce La Roche, by presenting him a beautiful copy of some old classic, to speak ill of you, it might answer the same purpose; for I have observed that when he advises any particular thing, she generally feels a strong inclination to pursue the exact contrary." We were here interrupted by the entrance of the new madam Helvetius, when who should I recognise in her but *Mrs. Franklin*, my former American dame! I would have claimed her immediately as my property, but she drew back, and observed with

great coolness, "That she and I had lived together in the other world for forty-nine years and four months—nearly half a century. Let that suffice; the connexion I have formed here will be eternal." Piqued at the coldness of my Eurydice, I determined to leave these ungrateful shades, and return to view once more the sun and yourself. Behold me here then—Let us at once take vengeance for this indifference.

—

The count de Lauraguais, who returned from his travels and exile some months ago, has lived since then a life so uniform, that he is quite forgotten. The other day he sent the following question to the medical faculty.

"The gentlemen of the faculty are requested to give their opinion, in form, as to all the various effects of *ennui* on the human system; and to what extent, when excessive, it may injure the health of the sufferer."

Their answer was, "that ennui was calculated to impair the digestion, prevent the free circulation of the blood, occasion vapours, &c. and ultimately produce consumption and death."

Armed with this formidable certificate, the count proceeded immediately in search of a commissary of police, whom he compelled to receive a formal accusation against the *Prince d'Henin*, as having practised on the life of *Sophia Arnaud*, from whose side he has not stirred these six months.

—

The abbé Coyer has lately arrived from Ferney. He had proposed to pass three or four months at the house of Voltaire, to whom he communicated this agreeable project almost at the first moment of his arrival. To judge how pleasant this proposal must have been to Voltaire, you must know that the abbé Coyer, although in his early writings he was able to assume a light and airy style in conversation, is the heaviest creature in the world, a personification of ennui. Our illustrious patriarch, supported with tolerable patience the first day, but on the next, talking of his travels in Holland and Italy, he suddenly put a question which seemed to embarrass him much. Do you know Mr. Abbé, said he, the difference between you and Don Quixotte. It is that Don Quixotte took every tavern for a cas-

tle, and you mistake a castle for a tavern." This pouting remark instantly disinchanted the abbé, who took his leave within twenty-four hours.

1779. After a great number of minute bulletins and a ridiculous parade of public interest on the consequences of a fall, in which the wife of marshal Mouchy hurt her arm—the following bulletin appeared.

Tandis que d'Estaing et sa troupe,
Etrillent le pauvre Biron,
Tandis que le grand Washington
Tient les Anglais sous sa coupe.
Et qu'au bruit de notre canon,
Hardy s'enfuit le vent en poupe,
Madame de Mouchy dit on,
Tous les matins mange sa soupe,
Et tous les soirs prend son bouillon.

The following epigram was made by the abbé Arnaud, on Marmontel.

Ce Marmontel, si long, si lourd,
Qui ne parle pas, mais qui beugle,
Juge la peinture en aveugle,
Et la musique comme un sourd.
Ce pedant à si sotte mine,
Et de ridicules bardé,
Dit qu'il a le secret des beaux vers de Racine,
Jamais secret ne fut si bien gardé.

Epigram on the turf lately made in the court of the Louvre, before the door of the academy.

Des favoris de la Muse Française,
D'Angivillier rend le sort assuré,
Devant leur porte il a fait mettre un pré,
Où désormais il peuvent paitre à leur aise.

Impromptu by Voltaire against Mr. Michel, receiver general of finances, by whose bankruptcy the poet sustained a considerable loss.

Jadis, au nom de l'Eternel,
Michel mit le diable en deroute,
Mais après cette banqueroute,
Que le diable emporte Michel!

The abbé —— preached a fast-day sermon before Louis the 16th, which contained a great deal of politics, finance and government, and very little of the gospel. "It is a pity," said the king, as he came out of the church, "if the abbé had only touched a little on religion, he would have told us of every thing."

Epitaphe d'un Perroquet.

Ci gît Jacquot trépassé de veillesse
Et tendrement chéri de sa douce maitresse,
Il ne parla jamais qu'après autruj,
Combien de gens sont morts et mourront comme lui.

PHILOSOPHY OF GESTURE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Gesture has been denied, by no less a judge of human nature than Dr. Johnson, to assist oratory.

"At Mrs. Thrale's, says his biographer, he repeated his usual paradoxical declamation against action in public speaking. 'Action (said he) can have no effect upon reasonable minds. *It may augment noise;* but it never can enforce argument. If you speak to a dog you use action. You hold up your hand thus, because he is a brute; *and in proportion as men are removed from brutes, action will have less influence upon them.*' Mrs. Thrale then inquired, what then becomes of Demosthenes, saying action—action—action? Johnson; Demosthenes, madam, *spoke to an assembly of brutes; to a barbarous people.*"

Boswell's life, vol. 2. p. 59.

This was no obiter saying of the doctor's, nor a paradox, as his biographer would assert. It was the deliberate opinion of Johnson, as is fully proved by his having occupied a whole number of the Rambler to establish this hypothesis. "How action has a tendency to augment noise," I confess I am totally at a loss to conceive. The doctor was surely a little too severe, when he called a Grecian audience an assembly of brutes and barbarians. It was improper phraseology, because it does seem to encounter what he said afterwards. He declared "that Greek was like lace—(yes, reader, like lace; and why, think you?)—because, *every man endeavours to get as much of it as he can.*" What an incongruous object is here presented to our senses: the pious, grave, and learned Dr. Johnson, Mr. Boswell's "guide, philosopher, and friend," returning homeward from a milliner's shop, with all his pockets stuffed full of lace.

When propositions of undefinable extent are laid down as the basis of argument, we are in danger of combatting (to use the phraseology of the apostle) "as one who beateth the air." We are incapable of feeling our antagonist, and our blows are dealt at random.

If, in the present instance, the doctor simply meant to assert that the absurd custom of clawing the air with the fingers, now so much in vogue amongst public speakers, in parts of the speech where no passion was intended to be expressed, did not aid the orator, he said but very little; and the opinion, whether right or wrong, is not worth the trouble of a confutation. If he meant to extend his proposition so far as to deny that gesture was of any service to a public speaker, it then becomes important, and in this point of view only is it worth consideration at all.

Presuming that this was the meaning of the doctor, I propose to consider what, for want of a better name, I shall call the *philosophy of gesture.* Without affronting the reader's understanding by a paradox, I think it may be made to appear perfectly evident, that *gestures affect us more powerfully than words.* Gesture is a language, the spontaneous production of nature; the medium of communicating sensations, not only between man and man, but between man and the lower order of animals; and between the lower order of animals with each other. Nature

has, for purposes of self-preservation, made all these various orders of existence sensible of this language. She has impressed certain infallible marks on all her living works, that cannot be misunderstood either by man or beast. They are of no equivocal import, or dubious significancy; they are plain, precise, positive, and infallible. It results, from the indispensible nature of the case, that there should be such external marks, or indications, and there would be a shocking chasm in the works of nature if there was not.

I will illustrate these remarks by a few familiar instances:—A dog expresses his joy by the wagging of his tail; and what immediate confidence is created when we see this animal so employed! How different would this testimonial of temper be, were we in the presence of a lion! This is a signal to avoid him at once—it is evidence that he designs to do us injury. Here nature, in these two animals, designates, by the same sign, complacency and resentment. The horse and the cat, although so totally at variance in their formation, habits, pleasures, and antipathies, express their resentment by the same external mark, which is the contraction of their ears. How instantly is not only man, but all other animals, put upon their guard by this language of nature! The eye is a much more extensive medium of communication; it is the mirror of the heart, and faithfully reflects every latent passion. Amongst brutes, what man is so stupid as not to observe the difference between the half-shut orb of content and repose, from the wide glare of alarm and resentment! Without multiplying more instances, thus do these animals repel or attract us by the silent language impressed by the hand of nature on all her works, the existence of which Dr. Johnson denies.

Not only do all animals inherit this language of gesture in common, but they have, in superaddition to this, what I may denominate a local and particular language, understood amongst their various tribes, and intelligible to none else. Thus the purposes of procreation, the sustentation of their offspring, and the mode in which they abandon them to the world, to provide for their own subsistence, when they arrive to what we denominate *years of discretion*, are carried on by peculiar and infallible

signs and marks; in other words, gestures, which these humbler animals perfectly understand, although they are, for wise and benevolent purposes, incommunicable to other tribes. The nearer those tribes approach to each other in their conformation and habits, the more are they capable of comprehending this language amongst a distinct species; but still, they never can arrive at a complete comprehension, and they would, probably, change their natures if they did.

I think I am warranted by facts in this principle: that there is a universal and a particular language of gesture among all created animals: that if there was not such a medium of communication amongst all tribes, and all different tribes, all living nature, instead of exhibiting that beautiful, distinct, and harmonious variety which it now does, would be thrown into confusion and frightful disorder.

Man, in common with all other animals, has his local language of gesture understood by all animals of his species, civilized or savage, however modified by habit, or broken up into distinct communities. The extension of the arms, and open hands, signifies welcome, persuasion, intreaty; the hand thrown back, and the head retorted, denote aversion and rejection; the bended knee is the attitude of imploring mercy or forgiveness; and the scowling forehead, defiance. Where was ever the grasp of the hand mistaken for resentment—or when did a kiss import revenge and disdain! It is unnecessary to descend to the enumeration of other component parts of this language; such as the side, long look of distrust, the full gaze of confidence; the smile of pleasure, or of disdain; and the pathetic eloquence of tears to express either our joys or our sorrows. This language is found in the great lexicography of nature; it is impressed on every human heart; and it requires no comment to make it intelligible. But as man is a reasonable being, capable of improving his nature, having appetites and passions superior to those of the brute; this language, although universal, is not copious enough to answer the high purposes of his destiny. He has, therefore, invented an artificial language. The difficulty of understanding this is evident throughout the whole process of our existence, from the cradle to the grave. How slowly does the child learn

to comprehend and to utter this mechanical language; and how fully competent is he to understand the language of gesture.

Dr. Johnson's laborious dictionary is itself a comment on the justice of these remarks. So difficult is it to acquire a proper comprehension and expression of this artificial language, that it becomes a distinct study and profession of itself to obtain it, and orators are employed to state our causes of complaint against our fellow men, and to sue at the proper tribunal for redress. They are employed, because their clients have not the command of the language that they have, to urge their claims in courts of justice. I need not remark how celebrated that man becomes who acquires such a mastery; what treatises have been written; how much time has been devoted to its attainment; and how often, without success, after the most painful and persevering effort. I need not remark, that the names of Demosthenes, and Cicero, now so idolized, are historical monuments of the difficulty of acquiring a proper command of this artificial language. I need not remark, that the complaints now so common, of an author's style, are but saying, in other words, that it is next to impossible to arrive at perfection in this arduous study.

What, permit me to ask, was the opinion of Demosthenes on this point, who had laboured with so much emphasis for the mastery of this artificial language? When he was asked what were the three essentials of an orator, he replied, *action, action, action.* In plainer phraseology, he told us that *gesture*, the language which the Deity had made intelligible to every heart, was the great and the only essential in oratory. With all his command of his own noble and native language, he tells us that this is to perform only a secondary and subsidiary part. He tells us that the language of words is only valuable to an orator, as it serves to give more nicety of detail to the stronger, more impressive, more universal, though, unfortunately, not so copious language of gesture. This is strictly and philosophically correct. Let this principle be tried by the test of experiment.

I will suppose that an orator, with a countenance lightened up by smiles, tells a most moving tale of distress: his veracity is suspected; and why? He may pronounce this oration with the most moving accents, and the words may be such as Demosthe-

nes himself would have uttered. His veracity is suspected; because the language of gesture, or nature, contradicts the testimony of his tongue. Demosthenes and Dr. Johnson differ essentially on this point. The doctor maintains that the great language of nature is to be superceded by the use of his ponderous dictionary.

I know it may be thought that I have put an invidious interpretation on the doctor's words. Unless they mean this: that tears, smiles, and frowns, are merely to be classed in the catalogue of nature's redundancies, and do not import pleasure, distress, and indignation, I confess I am utterly at a loss to discover any meaning whatever. To interdict them from the use of an orator, is distinctly to say, that they are incapable of moving his audience, for if they do have this effect, it forms an unquestionable principle of his art to manage them adroitly.

In opposition to the doctor's hypothesis, I will venture to contend, that it has been from the neglect of this language that so few orators are capable of affecting us deeply. Who has not heard of Garrick; and who that has heard of him will forget *the countenance of Garrick?* It was his plastic physiognomy which gave an utterance and, let me add, an eloquence to his feelings beyond the power of words to convey. He made it his peculiar study to watch every gesture of his fellow men, as they were portrayed on the countenance, by the predominant passion; and this language he was able to imitate. This was Mrs. Siddons's forte also. She studied and she copied the language of gesture; and the effect was electrical on the hearts of her audience.

I am perfectly convinced that our orators pay, by far, too much atttention to *mere verbal language*, and overlook these obvious properties. It appears to me very plain, that if an orator can seize these subtle properties of nature, denominated gesture, and can felicitously apply them, the possession of this art will be an infallible guide where to lay the emphasis, where to be impassioned, where to vary his tones, and, in brief, to comprehend all the subsidiary parts of eloquence. I think it impossible too, that the study of gesture can operate otherwise than this, unless we are disposed to contend for this paradox, that nature is incapable of dictating the proper tone and emphasis to express her own passions.

It is no wonder that the science of gesture has been so often underrated, notwithstanding when we observe how this powerful engine has been managed in the hands of an orator. It is conceived to be a sort of ponderous accompaniment to a feeble, cold, monotonous pronunciation; and from legitimate gesture it thus degenerates into the most despicable grimace. The countenance is formed by the studied phraseology of the lips, and appears as an idle and insignificant auxiliary, where it should take the foremost stand. Many of us have seen what this silent language is capable of doing in the character of Cooke. His frowning visage was the precursor to the gathering storm which was about to thunder from his lips, and every word gave to that gloomy physiognomy a dreadful expression. Whatever was left untold by the features, the tongue explained; it filled up all the vacancies of passion, and in this horrid harmony consisted the true celebrity of Cooke. Now will it be conceived, that when this actor was master of a cast of features so suitable to the character, that he would not, of course, give to the words their proper emphasis? This results from that indissoluble connexion established by nature herself. On the other hand, it is by quadrating gestures and physiognomy to our cold and measured habits of declamation, instead of giving speech its emphasis, from them, that both the one and the other are deprived of the power of affecting us. Dr. Johnson seemed to imagine, that the venerable old grand-dame, Nature, did not understand her own language, and was bound, out of reverence to him, to study his dictionary.

To contradict the opinion of Dr. Johnson, and to maintain the preeminence of gesture to speech, is not, therefore, so paradoxical as it might appear to be on a superficial view of the subject. It is, after all, only to maintain that the simple and universal language of Nature is superior to the laboured refinements of Art; to a language always unstable, subject to all the whims and caprices of Fancy, and rarely understood; it is but to maintain that just ascendancy which the hand of Nature has preserved in all her works, and which it is the prerogative of Art to imitate only. If we go further than this, we shall pass the bounds which Demosthenes himself assigned to eloquence, and we shall

make Art dictate lessons to Nature, instead of receiving instructions from her. In that case we shall realize the story of the mad painter, who was so enraptured by the production of his own pencil, that he called on Nature to make his piece her future model, and challenged her to a competition.

X.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CHARACTERS FROM REAL LIFE.

Mr. Oldschool, I conceive that a variety of characters may be found in ordinary life, which although they develop no dazzling qualities, are so peculiarly marked as to merit a place in your miscellany. These men display such virtues or vices which all of us may imitate or avoid. If, sir, you agree with me in opinion that amusement or instruction may be gained from *any quarter*, I hope you will not object to the insertion of the following sketch, which attempts to do justice to a character now living.

X.

Jeremiah Curran, was the son of a respectable mechanic, living in the city of Newyork. His father had, by his frugality and strict attention to his business, acquired a large and respectable fortune. As Jerry was his only child, and the heir of all this property his father would not have him brought up to any particular business or profession. He wished, he said, to make one fair experiment, whether a man might not be brought up in the character of a gentleman, without plunging into all the disgraceful excesses of a rake. He said, he could not believe, if his son was properly educated, that he would squander his paternal estate and turn bankrupt, merely because he had a fortune to spend. He did think it was possible, that a gentleman might mingle in polished life, and all its decent amusements, without forfeiting the character of a gentleman. The reader, will easily conjecture, from this slight and imperfect sketch, that the father was kind and indulgent. He gave his son all the advantages of a classical education, in which he became a respectable proficient. The father having thus far proceeded in his object, now turned to his son, the reverse of this picture, and set before him the infamy and disgrace, which would attend an

indulgence of low, grovelling appetites and passions. He warned him against these in the most solemn manner, and represented to him, that although his paternal estate would abundantly suffice all the purposes of decent enjoyment and chastened pleasure yet that the mines of Peru would not answer him, if he made his passions his law. These ideas he repeated, and in so many shapes, that if I may be allowed the expression, they were woven into the very constitution of Jerry. He was not by nature prone to such indulgences as his parent warned him against, and these admonitions coming in aid of his native indifference to such objects, occasioned them to be viewed by him with insurmountable disgust. The son thought it a great virtue to abstain from the perpetration of vices which no temptation would induce him to commit. He, in order to make his native assurance doubly sure, and to take literally a bond of fate, bound himself by a set of formidable resolutions, which he was determined in no exigency to violate. He would not for instance, learn the names of cards, because he dreaded the vice of gaming. He would not learn the exercise of the sword, because he abhorred the vice of mortal arbitrament, and became utterly ignorant of self-defence, lest he should by accident die in a duel. He would not learn to ride a horse, because he abominated horse-racing. Thus, while his father's stables were well provided with the fleetest coursers, the heir to all this estate would be seen performing from place to place pedestrian tours of duty. Being thus completely versed in the non-essentials of a gentleman, his father endeavoured by main force, to thrust him into company.—Accordingly he attended balls, and public assemblies, stalking about from room to room in the midst of all this blaze of mirth and hilarity, with a stride as solemn and as formal as if a marble statue had stepped from its pedestal. Neither the encounter of animated cheeks and sparkling eyes, as the parties swam down the dance together, the graceful evolutions of manly elegance, and female beauty, or the thrilling strains of music excited the drowsiest sensation of pleasure. His heart was an isicle, no ray of beauty could warm or enliven. He seemed all this while to be sighing for his father's chimney corner, and the old venerable domestic taby, inconsolable for the absence of her com-

rade, was pouring forth lamentations that disturbed the quiet of the family. His father, at length, discovered, to his unspeakable mortification, that all his salutary lessons to Jerry, had taught him only how to save his estate, without enjoying it. He adopted every art, he resorted to every expedient to flap his dormant ambition from its yawn.

All this flapping, however, anwered no purpose; his son's ambition only seemed to snore more profoundly afterwards, for having been stimulated to a little temporary exercise. His parent was still inflexible in his endeavours, and now he regretted that he had ever given him any caution whatever, to preserve his property from being squandered away. With much expostulation, and, at length, by downright imperative commands, he succeeded in prevailing on his son to go on a journey in company with his old playfellows and associates. He was amply furnished with money, not only to meet his expenses, but to purchase whatever was curious or valuable. Jerry at length departed on his tour, punctiliously paid all his bills, but as he had no curiosity to see any thing curious, he deemed it the most prudent part, as it undoubtedly was, not to part with his money to purchase what he did not want. His father hoped, that he might by this jaunt, take by inoculation, some of that overflow of spirit, with which his fellow travellers abounded. All this was literally love's labour lost; his son lamented still his distance from the chimney corner, and he returned home and restored faithfully to his father's hands the money which he enjoined him to expend.

At length Jerry's father died, and he came into possession of a noble estate. Nothing was now lacking but a capacity to enjoy those bounties that Fortune had so munificently bestowed.—Jerry would not marry, because he had not obtained a previous assurance from Fate, that he should not be afflicted with a scolding wife. He would not indulge himself in the pleasures of literature, because they require exercise, which would be incompatible with his yawning mode of existence. He would not receive company in a hospitable and munificent way, lest they should lead him into the excesses of gambling and the bottle, vices from which Nature had interdicted him. In this way he debars himself from the intercourse of every pleasure, lest it

should by accident introduce some kindred vice. The gray hairs now begin to thicken on his temples, and his existence has been almost exhausted between a dream and a yawn. He is now one of Nature's negatives, one of these wretched paupers which must be supported by good fortune or the parish.

FRENCH TRANSLATION OF MARMION.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The following is a very curious specimen of translation, and considering the extreme difficulty of the attempt, is highly honourable to the author's powers of versification. We could not indeed name any of our modern poets, who are so strictly and permanently British, as Mr. Scott. Besides the obstacles, which his very singular manner, his local allusions, and the quaint elliptic turns of expressions to which the shortness of his measure so often condemns him, oppose to his naturalization in any foreign language, there is a peculiar and untractable wildness about the names and jargon of his border heroes, which must resist, we imagine, the efforts of the most dexterous interpreter. If Boileau was terrified at the name of marshal Wurts, by what process does Mr. Davezac, hope to reconcile Parisian ears to "Hard riding Dick," or "Wilhomonswick," or "Sir Albany Featherstonhaugh," not to mention "Archibald Bell-the-cat," and other worthies, "mal nés pour les oreilles," as the satirist declares. These difficulties will, however, we trust, rather animate than discourage the efforts of Mr. Davezac, who has rendered faithfully and poetically, many passages of Marmion, and who has our cordial wishes for his success.

Mr. Oldschool,

The poems of Scott have as many readers as perhaps any other book in the English language. A gentleman in Neworleans is about enlarging the sphere of their celebrity by a French translation. He has begun by *Marmion*, and afforded, as far as he has progressed, a specimen of fine French poetry, in which the characteristic descriptive power of his author is admirably pre-

served. As very many of your readers understand the French language, I have thought that a few extracts from this manuscript might be agreeable; and have obtained the author's per-permission to send them to you.

There is a pleasure arising from the sense of difficulty surmounted in a literary work. To appreciate those which opposed the execution of this, the reader ought to be versed in French poetry, and to know the extreme severity with which certain words, certain turns of expression, admitted in the poesy of other nations, are excluded from the French. To please a French ear in the translation, and to preserve the turn of thought, and frequently the expression of such an author as Scott, was, therefore, no very easy task. Unless I am deceived, Mr. Davezac has executed it in a manner that will do honour to himself and his country, and afford the mere French reader a gratification, nearly equal to that which an Englishman receives in the perusal of this elegant work.

The introductory epistle of the third canto, is one of the most admired in the original. The following translation exceeds it in harmony, while it gives a faithful copy of every elegance of thought which characterises it.

* Comme ces nuages errans,
Qu'on voit glisser dans l'atmosphère,
Chassés par les vents du printems,
Promènent leur ombre légère
Et leur image passagere
Sur nos sillons et dans nos champs;
Emblemes des trop courts instans
De notre inegale carriere:—
Comme l'onde qui des hauts monts,
Tantôt précipite ses bonds,

---

* Like April morning clouds that pass,
With varying shadow, o'er the grass,
And imitate, on field and furrow,
Life's chequered scene of joy and sorrow;
Like streamlet of the mountain north,
Now in a torrent racing forth,
Now winding slow its silver train,
And almost slumbering on the plain;

Ecume et fuit dans la prairie;
Tantôt, oubliant sa furie,
Serpente ou dort sur les gazons,
Caressant sa rive fleurie:
Comme le zéphir inconstant
Qui tantôt retient son haleine;
Tantôt la ranime, à l'instant
Où l'on le croit loin de la plaine:—
Telle, libre dans son essor,
Ma muse erre, glisse, serpente,
Fuit, revient, disparait encor,
Comme un Songe à l'aube naissante.
Mais l'œil se delecte au tableau
Des conflicts d'ombre et de lumiere—
On aime à suivre d'un ruisseau
La marche errante, irreguliere—
Nous écoutons, avec plaisir,
Dans la profondeur des Bocages,
Soupirer l'inconstant zéphir,
Ainsi, rustiques et sauvages,
Comme l'ombre, l'onde et les vents,
Allés mes vers; coulés mes chants,
Aussi vagues que les nuages,
Et sans frein comme les torrents.

The concluding lines of the above are exquisitely beautiful, and if they can reach the eye of the author, he will not, I am sure, blush to see himself in the French garb.

The lines addressed to the memory of the duke of Brunswick, from the same epistle, are extremely well rendered.

Like breezes of the autumn day,
Whose voice inconstant dies away,
And ever swells again as fast,
When the ear deems its murmur past;
Thus varies my romantic theme
Flits, winds, or sinks, a morning dream,
Yet pleased, our eye pursues the trace
Of Light and Shade's inconstant race;
Pleased, views the rivulet afar,
Weaving its maze irregular;
And pleased, we listen as the breeze
Heaves its wild sigh through autumn trees.
Then wild as cloud, or stream, or gale,
Flow on, flow unconfined, my tale.

*Hé! quoi, notre siècle à tes yeux,
N'offre't-il nuls faits glorieux
Dignes de ta muse heroïque?
Hé quoi! Poëte romantique,
N' as tu pas un chant de douleur,
Un vers élégiaque et tendre,
A donner á l'auguste cendre
De Brunswick mort au champ d'honneur?
Quoi! pas un mot? pas une larme?
Pas un soupir? quand la valeur
Pour la liberté, tombe et meurt....
O héros de ces tems d'allarme!
Tu vis un siècle plus heureux;
Quand, malgré l'Autriche guerriere,
Malgré le Russe belliqueux,
Et la Gaule et l'Europe entiere
De Brandebourg l'astre orgueuilleux
S'éleva brillant, radieux,
Eclipsa tout dans sa carriere!
Tu n'as pú survivre à ses feux.
Brunswick! ni supporter la peine
De voir, dans les flots de la Jenne

* "Or deem'st thou not our later time,
Yields topic meet for classic rhyme?
Hast thou no elegiac verse
For Brunswick's venerable hearse,
What! not a line, a tear, a sigh,
When valour bleeds for liberty?
Oh! hero of that glorious time,
When with unrivalled light sublime,
Though martial Austria, and though all
The might of Russia; and the Gaul,
Though banded Europe stood her foes—
The star of Brandenburgh arose!
Thou couldst not live to see her beam
Forever quenched in Jena's stream.
Lamented chief!—it was not given
To thee to change the doom of heaven,
And crush that dragon in its birth,
Predestined scourge of guilty earth,
Lamented chief!—not thine the power,
To save in that presumptuous hour,
When Prussia hurried to the field,
And snatched the spear, but left the shield;

Ses rayons, pour jamais, éteins,
Tu n'as pu changer, des destins,
L'arrêt fatal; chef déplorable!
Ni détriure, dans son berceau,
Cette hydre, céleste fléau,
Lancé sur la terre coupable.
Chef malheureux! ton bras guerrier
Ne put garantir ta patrie,
En ce grand jour si meurtrier,
Ce jour pour elle le dernier,
Où, dans son aveugle folie,
Prenant sa lance avec furie,
Elle oublia son bouclier.
Il te convenait d'aspirer
Au prix des talents, de la gloire,
Mais là, trahi par la victoire,
Il te convenaît d'expirer.
Fallait-il donc, vaincu par l'age,
Au joug du commun esclavage
Prostituer tes cheveux blancs?
Prolonger des jours languissans,
Vivre, pour voir, par le pillage,
Dévaster tes etats brillans?
Impuissant témoin de l'outrage
Fait à tes droits, à tes enfans?—
Non; tu prévins cette infamie;
Le ciel, attendri sur ton sort,
Sut à la gloire de ta vie,

Valour and skill 'twas thine to try,
And, tried in vain, 'twas thine to die.
Ill had it seemed thy silver hair
The last, the bitterest pang to share,
For princedoms reft, and scutcheons riven,
And birthrights to usurpers given;
Thy land's, thy children's wrongs to feel,
And witness woes thou could'st not heal;
On thee relenting heaven bestows
For honoured life an honoured close;
And when revolves, in Time's sure change,
The hour of Germany's revenge,
When breathing fury for her sake,
Some new Arminius shall awake.
Her champion, ere he strike, shall come
To whet his sword on Brunswick's tomb.

Egaler l'éclat de ta mort.
Et, quand dans sa course infinie,
Le tems, enfin ramenera
Le grand jour de la Germanie;
Quand, lassé de la tyrannie,
Quelqué *Arminius* s'armera
Du fer vengeur de la patrie;
Avant de frapper, il ira
O Brunswick! sur ton mausoleé
Invoquer tom ombre—et c'est là
Qu' il aiguisera son épée.

And the ease and flowing measure of the close have rarely been equalled in any language.

* Non, William, chacun son partage;
Laisse en paix sur le mont Sauvage,
Fleurir le sauvage genêt;
Soigne la Tulipe et l'oeillet;
Arrondis l'if et la Sabine;
Taille la Vigne; mais jamais
N'élague l'errante aubépine,
Et laisse, à son gré, l'eglantine
S'enlacer parmi les guerets.
Puisque, souvent, d'un doux sourire,
Tu payas mes faibles accents
Puisque tes conseils indulgens
Ont, souvent, reglé mon délire.
Relevé mes vers languissans,
Epuré le son de ma lyre;
Sois le même encore aujourd'hui
Et songe, en parcourant ces pages

* Nay, Erskine, nay—on the wild hill
Let the wild heathbell flourish still;
Cherish the tulip, prune the vine,
But freely let the woodbine twine,
And leave untrimmed the eglantine:
Nay, my friend, nay—since of thy praise
Hath given fresh vigour to my lays,
Since oft thy judgment could refine
My flattened thought, or cumbrous line,
Still kind, as is thy wont, attend,
And in the minstrel spare the friend;
Though wild as cloud, as stream, as gale,
Flow forth, flow unrestrained, my tale.

Que leur auteur est ton ami.
Ainsi, rustiques et sauvages
Comme l'ombre, l'onde et les vents
Allez, mes vers; coulés, mes chants
Aussi vagues que les nuages,
Et sans frein comme les torrents.

Of the poem itself, the following passages will give some idea: the description in the first canto is thus rendered:

* Sur un fort destrier qui d'ardeur etincelle
Le lord Marmion s'avance et le pont retentit,
Un casque massif pend à l'arçon de sa selle;
Sa mâle contenance à tous les yeux décèle
Un chevalier fameux, un preux qui réunit,
A la force de corps la présence d'esprit,
Et qui plus d'une fois s'est montré dans la lice.
Sur sa face hâleé une ample cicatrice
Rappelle avec honneur, les plaines de Boswort.
Ses sourcils noirs et durs, ses yeux ardents, son port,
Laissent percer un caractère
Facile à s'enflammer, impérieux, colère
Et son air réflechi, penétrant et discrèt,
Indique le penseur, l'homme habile et secrèt.
Son front chauve, du casque attestant le ravage;

---

* Along the bridge lord Marmion rode,
Proudly his red-roan charger trod,
His helm hung at the saddle bow;
Well, by his visage, you might know
He was a stalworth knight, and keen,
And had in many a battle been;
The scar on his brown cheek revealed
A token true of Bosworth field;
His eye-brow dark, and eye of fire,
Showed spirit proud, and prompt to ire,
Yet lines of thought upon his cheek,
Did deep design and counsel speak.
His forehead, by his casque worn bare,
His thick moustache, and curly hair,
Coal-black, and grizzled here and there,
But more through toil than age;
His square-turned joints, and strength of limb,
Showed him no carpet knight so trim,
But, in close fight, a champion grim,
In camps, a leader sage.

Son épaisse moustache; et ses cheveux crépus,
Courts et noirs, mais semés de quelques poils chenus,
Fruit des travaux plus que de l'age;
Sa carrure d' athlète, et ses membres nerveux;
Peignaient non de la cour un petit-maitre aimable,
Mais bien dans le champ-clos, un champion redoutable;
Dans les combats un chef prudent et valeureux.

The moment of his entry is described with vivacity.

Mais je dois peindre aussi de la garde du fort,
La disposition et l'armure complette:
Dans la cour du chateau, la garnison, débord,
Mousqueton sur l'épaule, et morion en tête,
Pour recevoir le noble lord,
S'était rangée en haie: au centre les musettes
Les menestrels et les trompettes,
Attendaient le signal pour commencer l'accord.
Les canoniers, mèche allumeé
Etaient tous prêts pour le salut d'honneur;
Et, quand Marmion fit son entreé
Ce fut un bruit, une fumée
Un tintamare à faire peur.
Les échos en prirent l'allarme;
Et l'antique Norham depuis son fondateur
N'avait jamais oui pareil vacarme.

I will close these extracts with Selby's reflections on the supposed necromancy of the palmer, and his entrance into the hall.

*Ah! seigneur, dit Selby, le doit mis sur la bouche,
Ne vous y jouez pas; cet homme en sait bien long:
Et je croispour ce qui me touche,
Qu'il en sait beaucoup trop: un savoir si profond
Ne s'acquiert pas tout au sermon.
Je ne m'explique point; mais j'y crois voir du louche,
Il marmotte tout seul, et puis, d'un air farouche,
Frémit comme à l'aspect de quelque vision.

*" Ah! noble sir," young Selby said,
And finger on his lip he laid,
" This man knows much, perchance e'en more
Than he could learn by holy lore,
Still to himself he's muttering,
And shrinks as at some unseen thing.

Nous avons écouté, la nuit, près de sa couche,
Puisqu'il faut tout vous dire: outre un étrange son,
Nous l'ouïmes, longtems, en conversation
Avec!—On ne voyait pas une moüche.
Il m'a semblé, cependant quelquefois
Bien clairement distinguer d'autres voix.
Je ne sais—mais tout ça—ne sent pas l'eau bénite.
Frere Jean nous a dit que c'etait chose écrite,
Que nulle conscience exempte de méfait
Ne priait si longtems, ni, si tard ne veillait:
Pour le frere il s'endort aussitôt qu'il recite
Dix *Ave* sur son chapelet.
N'importe, dit Marmion, c'est chose terminée
Je le prends pour mon guide, eut-il avec l'enfer
Pacte conclu, société formée;
Fut il, lui même, Lucifer.
Faites donc, je vous prie appeler, dans l'enceinte,
Ce revenant de terre sainte.
Bientôt le Pélerin parut dans le Sallon:
Ses traits etaient cachés par un noir capuchon;
Un manteau noir couvrait ses énormes épaules.
De son errante mission,
Il portait les sacrés symboles;
Bourdon, gourde, besace et boëte de ferblanc:
Un gros cuir lui ceignait le flanc:
Des coquilles chargeaient sa tête.
Sur sa poitrine, il laissait voir
Un crucifix, apporté de Lorette.
Les clefs de St. Pierre en sautoir,
Brillaient en ecarlate, et tranchaient sur le noir.
Enfin, une Palme flétrie,
Sur les bords du Jourdain cueillie,

Last night we listened at his cell;
Strange sounds we heard, and, sooth to tell,
He murmured on till morn, howe'er
No living mortal could be near.
Sometimes I thought I heard it plain,
As other voices spoke again.
I cannot tell—I like it not—
Friar John hath told us it is wrote,
No conscience clear, and void of wrong,
Can rest awake, and pray so long.
Himself still sleeps before his beads
Have marked ten aves, and two creeds."—

Et qu'il tenait avec un humble orgueil,
Le declarait Pelerin d' Arabie
Et visiteur du saint Cercueil.
Son abord, dans la salle, excita ce murmure
Que cause la surprise et l'admiration
Nul chevalier présent, sans excepter Marmion,
Du Pélerin, n'egalait la stature
Nul œil n'etait plus fier, nul air plus imposant.
D'un pas delibéré; quoique, grave et pesant,
Sans autre introducteur, il fut choisir sa place
Vis-à-vis lord Marmion; le regardant en face,
Avec un air d'egalite.
Mais, hélas! des chagrins et de l'advresité.
Sur tout son être, on voyait le ravage.
Sa face creuse et hâve, et son corps decharné
Representaient assez l'image
D'un grand colosse ruiné
Non par le tems, mais par l'orage.
Dès qu 'à sourire il voulait, par hazard
Contramdre et plier son visage
Ses traits s'y refusaient; et soudain son regard
Devenait sauvage et hagard.
En cet état, l'œil de sa propre mère
En le voyant, se fut mépris:
Elle eut pleuré sur lui, sur sa misère,
Admiré de si beaux débris,
Sans se douter, dans sa pitié sincère,
Que cet objet était son fils.
Mais qui résisterait à de semblables causes?
Le malheur, le besoin, les travaux, les soucis,
Font d'étranges métamorphoses.
Avant le tems, le chagrin nous blanchit;
Plus que le tems, le travail nous vieillit;
Le besoin fane et flétrit la jeunesse;
Il la déssèche dans sa fleur:
Et les sillons creusés par le malheur,
Sont plus profonds que ceux de la vieillesse.
Heureux! qui n'a jamais éprouvé ces fléaux:
Le pauvre Pelerin a connu tous ces maux.

My design in sending you these extracts, is to discover whether readers unacquainted with the author of this translation, feel the same admiration for the work, or whether his friends suffer their taste to be influenced by the excellent qualities they

know him to possess, and the talents with which he enlivens their society. It is the work of *Mr. Jules Davezac de Castera*, now principal of the college of Neworleans.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE ADVERSARIA; OR, EVENING RECREATIONS.—No. IX.

Fashion and Taste. As the contending and almost equally acknowledged powers of Fashion and Taste, are frequently consulted by the votaries of Vanity and Pleasure, I shall, for the instruction of the lovely and rational part of the attractive sex, endeavour to describe their different attributes.

Fashion is the offspring of Caprice, and is of a fantastic appearance. Its nurse was the camelion—air-nourished, and perpetually chan ing. Cherished into strength, it sought the busy scenes of Gallantry and Fancy. Its first resting place was amidst the false ringlets of a Gallic coquette. For a time, it presided at the toilet of Athenian ladies, laughing Philosophy to scorn. Sometimes it visited the temples of Roman gallantry, while Roman hardihood bowed before its altar. It has been known to rule the destiny of Gallic monarchs; to revel in the huge, ruff, and stiffened deformity of the vain and the learned Elizabeth; and it even stamped the passport to preferment, during the reign of the second Charles, in the then licentious court of Britain.

Fashion patronized the savage Hottentots in their disgusting decorations: cramped the fine feet of the Chinese; and revelled in the shadow of their half-closed eyelids. Fashion commended the prim coquettes of Vandyke, and the voluptuous forms, the languishing eyes of the *canvass-breathing sensualist*, sir Peter Lely. Fashion is decked with flowers, feathers, tinsels, jewels, beads, and all the garish profusion of degenerated fancy. It makes ideots of its votaries, and yet we sometimes see the wisest governed by its influence.

TASTE is a mild, a beauteous female, of Grecian extraction; simply, but elegantly adorned. Her brows are crowned with a profusion of Heaven's gifts, and her flight never extends beyond the boundaries of Nature. It was originally her office to fold the drapery of her native vestments, and to braid the glossy tresses of Circassian virgins. She presided over the poetry of Sappho; she assisted in the sculpture of the Medicean Venus; gave the warm glow to the pencil of Claude de Lorraine; grouped the figures of Michael Angelo; and blended the colours which immortalized the breathing pencil of Titian. It was her's to illumine the mind of the British Reynolds, as it will be her office to consecrate his memory. TASTE, though deprived of the power she once held over the minds of enlightened mortals, still asserts her empire in the thoughts and manners of the discriminating few.

—

THE LOVER.

THE following is translated from the effusions of "A TRUE LOVER of the fifteenth century." How far the picture which it presents, accords with the life of a Columbian Strephon of the nineteenth century, I submit to the determination of *some* of its laughter-loving damsels, who are merry because they never felt a wound. It is true, some of these gentlemen cannot be accosted with the significant interrogatory of the song, "why so *pale*, fond lover?" and they would rather "snore upon the flint," than buy "one fading moment's mirth, with twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:" yet are they willing to "sigh away whole Sundays," and "weary the hearer in their mistress's praise." Although such swains may not be called "true lovers," yet they can answer the question "what is't o'clock,"* without the aid of an *old witch* or goblin damned.

When Night puts on her mantle grave,
And trembling moon-beams light the wave;
When duller souls are sunk in sleep,
And Sorrow's children watch and weep:
With the calm scene's reluctent glow,
I seek to sooth my bosom's wo;

* Vid. As You Like It. a. 3. sc 2. I should add, that this paragraph is intended for those who will understand it.

But still my *cherish'd hopes* I mourn
Mid thy dark rocks, lone Lindesfern!
And when the sun illumes the east,
Unblest by life reviving rest,
With throbbing heart, and burning brain,
Thy barren rocks I seek again:
Those rocks that bloom'd like Eden fair,
When she, my life's lov'd light was there!
Soon my last light shall cease to burn
Mid thy dark waves, lone Lindesfern!

AUTHORS and READERS do each other ample justice: the first inveigh against the ignorance and injustice of the world; and the other, the dulness and vanity of the author: so, that if the first pay the other off with bad sense or false wit, the other requites them with false judgment.

INSENSIBILITY.

Though I frequently wish for that insensibility on which the ease of the heart depends, yet I never admire those who are possessed of it. I should despise myself, if I thought I could walk the stage of life

With thoughtless eye and sauntering pace,
And broad felicity of face.

SORROW.

It is the constant business of *Sorrow* to draw gloomy and dejecting images of life; to anticipate the hour of misery, and to prolong it when it is arrived. Peace of mind and contentment fly from her haunts, and the amiable traces of cheerfulness die beneath her influence. *Sorrow* is an enemy to Virtue, while it destroys that cheerful habit of mind by which it is cherished and supported. It is an enemy to Piety; for with what language shall we address that Being, whose providence, our complaints either accuse or deny. It is an enemy to Health, which depends greatly on the freedom and vigour of the animal spirits; and of Happiness it is the reverse.

LOVE.

The duke de la Rochefoucault has remarked, that *the head is always a dupe to the heart.* This writer is distinguished for the

singularity and boldness of his sentiments; but this observation will be found to be almost universally true, when applied to the passion of Love. He who is a stranger to its desires, and has never experienced the unbounded power which it usurps over the soul, will condemn those ideas of love which he deems romantic and absurd, and ridicule the writings of those who have described, in gloomy colours, the distress which the mind suffers from an unfortunate passion, from absence, jealousy, or *disappointment;*— or the exquisite pleasure which lovers enjoy, when after a long separation they meet, and find in each other every thing that they wish or desire.

There cannot be a doubt, but that a majority of the world are strangers to the power of this passion, and the refined pleasures which it is capable of yielding; but such persons are seldom, if ever, remarkable for the goodness of their hearts.

As man was formed for society, Nature has wisely implanted in his constitution, a strong desire of forming social connexions. By the intercourse which subsists between men, they are led to observe the variety which prevails in their dispositions, inclinations, habits, and abilities. Hence arises the degree of esteem with which we regard one person more than another. But that friendship which is cherished by persons of the same sex, will not satisfy the heart that is softened by tenderness: it will still feel a vacancy which love only can fill: it will anxiously sigh for a heart warm and affectionate as itself, for a connexion the most intimate, that shall unite interest, be as durable as life, and the source of constant and uninterrupted pleasure. Such a connexion is the best gift of Heaven; it has been enjoyed by thousands, and would be much more frequent than it is, were mankind more virtuous, and less ensnared by the delusive charms which Vice assumes to captivate the irresolute.

Thrice happy are they whose congenial souls enjoy the sweets of mutual love! each striving to excel in endeavours to please. They seek no joys but those which love inspires, and innocence approves. Time may drive the colour from their cheeks, and infuse his chill into their veins; but their affections are still warm and sincere.

Marriages are frequently unhappy, because the parties discover that they have been playing a game of mutual, and, indeed,

often self-deceit. Before marriage they had acted under restraint. In the moments of youthful dalliance, when the rosy Hours were led on by endearing smiles, and the visions of Hope were gilded by the brightest lines of the rainbow, no jarring Passion reared its Medusa front; but Hymen severely punishes all false worshippers; he strips the mask, and shows them in their true characters. The deceiving pair becomes disgusted, and sometimes hate each other as violently as they formerly loved.

DESCRIPTIONS.

The following passage is a brilliant example of a judicious choice of circumstances in a description; for such an art is as necessary, as a happy blending of colours in a picture.

"I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they are desolate; the flames had resounded in the halls, and the voice of the people is heard no more; the stream of Cutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls; the thistle shoots there its lowly head: the moss whistled to the winds; *the fox looked out of the windows*, and the rank grass of the walls waved round his head; desolate is the dwelling of Morna: silence is in the house of her fathers."—FINGAL.

The beauty of this description must strike every one who possesses the least taste. The amiable Michael Bruce, in his exquisite poem of Loch Leven, has a passage in some respects similar to it.

Perhaps, in some lone, dreary, desert tower,
That time had spar'd, *forth from the window looks,*
Half hid in grass, the solitary fox;
While from above, the *owl*, musician dire,
Screams hideous, harsh, and grating to the ear.

The idea with which this quotation concludes, seems to have been borrowed from the sublime Persian poet, Ferdovisi:

"The spider hath hung with tapestry the palace of the Cæsars: the owl keepeth sentinel in the watch-towers of Afrasial!"

THE AMIABLE WIFE.

The maid I shall love, must be free from disguise,
Wear her heart on her lips, and her soul in her eyes;
A soul, by the precepts of virtue inform'd,
And a mind, by the purest benovolence warm'd.

Her converse so varied as ever to please;
Unaffectedly cheerful, and polish'd with ease;
Her person attractive, her temper serene,
And her wit rather brilliant and playful, than keen.

STAGE DEATHS.

The practice of killing on the stage was carried to the greatest excess by our old writers; it is now used with more moderation; but whether it is really a fault or a beauty, may be questionable. The sudden, and sometimes unexpected blow, as when Othello kills himself, or, as when Euphrasia stabs Dionysius in the Grecian Daughter, has certainly a very fine effect; but a stage heaped with *dead bodies*, panting with the exertions of the preceding scene, is likely to excite other emotions than those of pity and terror. I should imagine the *general stabbing scene* in Titus Andronicus, if represented, would hardly be less risible than the catastrophe of Tom Thumb. It has often been a subject of wonder, how this monstrous farce has held its place in all the editions of Shakspeare. I cannot think he wrote a line of it, though if, as Theobald suggests, it appeared before Shakspeare wrote for the stage, two verses in it pleased him so well, that he has twice closely copied them.

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd,
She is a woman, therefore may be won.—*Titus Andronicus.*

She's beautiful, and therefore may be woo'd,
She is a woman, therefore to be won.—*First part of Henry VI.*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd;
Was ever woman in this humour won.—*Richard III.*

LAWYERS PROHIBITED FROM SITTING IN PARLIAMENT.

A proclamation, issued on the 6th of November, and twentieth year of James 1st, in which the voters for members of Parliament are directed, "not to choose curious and wrangling lawyers, who seek reputation by stirring needless questions."

A prating lawyer (one of those which cloud
That honoured science) did their conduct take;
He talk'd all law, and the tumultuous crowd
Thought it had been all gospel that he spake.
At length, these fools that common error saw
A lawyer on their side, but not the law.
Aleyn's Hist. vii. p. 103. *London*, 1638.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE various and successful exertions which have oflate years been made by men of science, to familiarize, and accommodate to the powers of the youthful mind, the higher branches of a liberal education, and of belles letters literature, justly merit the grateful acknowledgments of teachers and parents, and the patronage of an enlightened and liberal community.

Of publications of this nature, with which OUR country has contributed to the general stock of useful knowledge; no work has, for many years, appeared possessed of more intrinsic merits than a volume just published by Mr. Moses Thomas, of this city, entitled "Elements of Rhetoric and Belles Letters, compiled for the use of Schools, by John Andrews, D. D. Provost of the University of Pennsylvania."

The learned and judicious author of this work, has very happily selected from the most elaborate and celebrated writers upon the important and interesting subjects referred to, the *essential* principles of *composition*, both with respect to critical accuracy, and elegant ornament. To these he has added many useful observations of his own, dictated by a commanding knowledge of the subject, and long habits of experience in teaching. His exemplifications are singularly apposite, and his definitions luminously perspicuous. He has adopted the impressive mode of *question* and *answer*, to communicate this valuable result of his extensive reading, and well cultivated taste. "Convinced," says he, in his preface to the work, "that although in this form, it may be somewhat less dignified, it will however be more useful; as by means of the questions, the students are compelled, as it were, to remark, what is very necessary to be remarked, the various transitions as they are severally made, from one part of the subject to the other, and to fix their attention, with less danger of occasional inadvertency, on every particular which the author thinks fit to present."

This valuable manual will, it is hoped, meet with as extensive circulation as his excellent Compend of Logic, and that it will be adopted by the various seminaries which have used that work with such high approbation, and uniform success, as already to render necessary a *second* edition, in which it has lately appear-

ed, considerably improved and enlarged by the author. Both these elementary publications by Dr. Andrews are admirably calculated to enrich the library of the accomplished scholar, and to communicate the most compendious instruction to the inquisitive and attentive student. A.

—

J. E. HALL, has been appointed Professor of Rhetoric, and Belles Letters, in the University of Maryland. He delivered his Introductory Lecture, on Monday the first of November.

—

PINKERTON'S ATLAS.

GEOGRAPHY is one of those sciences that may be pronounced inexhaustible. Every new traveller adds something to the general mass. He either corrects the errors of his predecessors, or discovers something himself, and in either case he increases our stock of knowledge. To travel over distant countries, to visit the torrid beams of the equinox, or the frozen regions of the polar circle, without removing from our own domestic fireside, is one of the luxuries reserved for modern literature. Under these impressions, we can but congratulate our countrymen on the republication of Pinkerton's Atlas. Painting has now lent her aid to Geography; the particular boundaries of states and kingdoms are here to be defined by different colours; the maps are thus made to furnish their own comments, and in a great measure to supercede the necessity of resorting to books.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

While the English, French, and indeed, all the civilized world, are infested with the rabies antiquitatis, I conceive our country also is old enough to be ancient. I have lately amused myself with collecting from ancient authors some American antiquities, which, if you think proper to publish them, shall be succeeded by more.

Your's, &c. Q.

In captain John Smith's pamphlet, called Newengland's trials, printed at London, in 1622, there is a prediction which has since been well verified.

"In England some are held great trauelers that have seene Venice and Rome, Madrill and Algere, Prague or Ragousa, Constantinople or Jerusalem, and the Piramides of Egypt; that thinke it nothing to go to the summer Iles or Virginia, which is as farre as any of them, and I hope in time will prove a more profitable, and a more laudable journey. As for the danger, you see our ladies and gentlewomen account it nothing now to go thither."

It is amusing to see the quaint and conjectural manner in which our ancestors, the first settlers on the Delaware are alluded to by one Thomas Lechford, who published in 1641, his "Plain Dealing, or Newes from Newengland." After describing that country, he speaks of the establishments to the south, of Virginia, of Maryland, "where they are Roman Catholiques, they say," he continues, "there was a speech of some Swedes, which came to inhabit neere Delawar bay, but the number or certainty I know not."

The same author describes the origin of a word which has since become much more familiar. The Indians of Newengland he says, "have powahes or priests, which are witches, and a kind of chirurgions, but some of them, notwithstanding, are faine to be beholding to the English chirurgions. They will have their times of *powaheing*, which they will of late have called prayers according to the English word."

Another writer of about the same date, 1643, in his "Newengland's first fruits," enumerates very much in detail, the advantages which that country offers, and in reply to an objection that many have left Newengland, concludes with a declaration, which our good friends in that country will no doubt cordially repeat at the present day, "as Ireland will not brooke venomous beasts, so will not that land vile persons and loose livers. Sixtly, though some few have removed from them, yet we may truly

say, thousands as wise as themselves would not change their place for any in the world."

Another writer who gives an account of his two year's journey in Newyork, in the year 1678, states some singular facts. "Those who arrive in Newyork, if they are inclined to settle a plantation, they may purchase a tract of ground at a very small rate in my time, at two-pence or three-pence an acre, for which they have a good patent or deed from the governor. "Indeed," continues this writer, "it is all full of wood, which, as it will require some years before it be fit for use, so the burning of it will manure the soil." "If they be for merchandise, they may pay for their freedom in Newyork, six beaver skins, or an equivalent in money, viz: namely, three pounds twelve shillings, and seventeen shillings fees." "I paid for two loads of oats in the straw, eighteen shillings to one Mr. Henry Dyer, to the same for one load of pease straw, six shillings; I paid to Thomas Davis, for shoeing my horse, three shillings, for in that place horses are seldom shod; their hoofs, by running in the woods so long before they are backed, are like flints. I paid to Derrick, for a load of hay, twelve shillings. Goods that are brought over commonly return cent per cent—viz. a hundred pounds laid out in London, will commonly yield or afford two hundred pounds there. Fifty per cent is looked upon as an indifferent advance. The species of payment, and credit or trust is sometimes hazardous, and the commodities of that country will yield very near as much imported into England. For three and forty pounds laid out in beaver skins and otter furs, when I came away, I received about four score in London: indeed, the custom upon skins is high, which perhaps might raise it to eight and forty, or fifty pounds. I paid to Dennys Fisher for two days' work in the stable, eight shillings, for a curry-comb and horse-brush, four shillings; to Jonathan the barber, one pound four shillings by the year; to the shoemaker, for a pair of boots and shoes, one pound five shillings; to the laundress, one pound five shillings and six-pence by the year. "So," continues this writer, "all commodities and trades are dearer or cheaper according to the plenty of importation."

LEVITY.

DURING the time that martial law was in force in Ireland, and the people were prohibited from having fire-arms in their possession, some mischievous varlets gave information that a Mr. Scanton of Dublin, had *three mortars* in his house. A magistrate, with a party of dragoons in his train, surrounded the house and demanded in the king's name, that the *mortars* should be delivered to him. Mr. Scanton, who is a respectable apothecary, immediately produced them; adding, that as they were useless without the *pestles*, these also were at his majesty's service.

—

The French having sent general *Vial*, as their envoy to Malta; to counteract him, or in other words, *to stop him up*, Mr. Canning proposed that England should send the earl of *Cork*. This would be something like the retaliation of Frederic of Prussia: the French government having sent him an ambassador *without an arm*, he next day despatched one to Versailles *with a wooden leg!*

—

Barrymore happening to come late to the theatre, and having to dress for his part, was driven to the last moment, when, to heighten his perplexity, the key of his drawer was missing. "D—n it! (said he) I must have swallowed it." "Never mind," says Jack Bannister, coolly, "*if you have*, it will serve to open your chest."

—

Mr. Mingay, in the court of King's Bench, some time since, made a good application of an old pun. The cause was between a tailor and an attorney. His client found, he said, that it was not possible to make a *coat* for a *lawyer* without its ending in a *suit*.

—

In the year 1790, when the lord chancellor Thurlow was supposed to be on very friendly terms with Mr. Pitt, a nobleman asking the latter how Thurlow drew with him, the premier replied, "I don't know how he *draws*, but he has not yet *refused his oats*."

—

Quick happened to be in company with a gentleman, whose father was a *footman*, when heraldry became the topic of conver-

sation: the gentleman observed, "he had seen his arms on a baronet's carriage of his name, and they must be related." "No doubt," said the wit, "your family, sir, is pretty extensive: your father's *arms* must have been upon many carriages."

—

A candidate for the stage was desired to recite some lines before Jack Bannister. While he was tearing away a tragedy speech, a dog set up a howling, which drowned Mr. Daggerwood's voice. Jack exclaimed, "*a dog of judgment, by* ——!" and turned on his heel.

—

A certain doctor observing lately, that in the space of six weeks, he had inoculated six thousand persons in Paris for the cow-pox.—"Why then, doctor," returned Jack Bannister, "you have *cowed* more French people in a given time than even the bravest of our commanders."

—

Mr. Erskine one morning complained to Mr. Jekyll of a pain in his bowels.—"I could recommend one remedy," said the latter, "but I am afraid you will not find it easy to get at." "What is it?" eagerly rejoined Mr. Erskine. "*Get made attorney-general, and then you will have no bowels at all.*"

—

"You are an excellent packer," said George Hanger to a waiter.—"I do'nt understand you, sir," replied the attendant.—"Why you have contrived to pack a quart of wine into a pint decanter."

—

Mr. George Rose, the late secretary, in the course of a debate on places and pensions, observed, "that some gentlemen, on the other side of the house, had appeared to allude personally to him; but he called God to witness, that he was as *poor a creature* as any in his majesty's realm!"

—

Lord Roslyn said, that the reason Beechey succeeded to the vacancy at the royal academy, in preference to Tresham, was a very natural one in the case of a painter; it was owing to his *managing his canvass better.*"

—

Mr. T. Sheridan was saying, that if he got into parliament, he would not stand upon principles as his father had done, to the

ruin of his fortunes; but would stick a bill on his forehead, with this inscription, "*To be Let.*" "That's very well of you," said Mr. Sheridan, "but you may as well be explicit at once, Tom, and say, To be let *unfurnished.*"

—

Mr. George Wood, as amiable as a man, as he is eminent as a special pleader, was at the theatre seeing the play of Macbeth. In the scene where Macbeth questions the witches in the cavern, what they are doing, they answer, "a *deed* without a *name.*" This phrase struck the ears of the special pleader much more forcibly than the most energetic passages of the play, and he immediately remarked to a friend who accompanied him. "A *deed* without a *name;* why 'tis *void.*"

—

The same gentleman made a similar comment at the representation of Othello. When the general was so loudly crying out "My handkerchief, my handkerchief," he observed, that if it had been picked out of Desdemona's pocket, Mrs. Litchfield might be indicted for a *felony*, and Cooke as a receiver of *stolen goods.*"

—

A gentleman meeting Skeffington, as he was coming out of Hyde Park, asked him what he thought of the new bridge, lately erected: "'Tis passable," replied he.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE GIAOUR, A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE.

BY LORD BYRON.

THIS poem has the usual characteristics of lord Byron's poetry—strong masculine thoughts, much of originality in the scenery and cast of expression, and a very peculiarly wild and even misanthrophic melancholy.

If the Giaour, however, affects us less than Childe Harold, it is owing, not to any sensible inferiority in the poetical powers of

the author, but to his having thrown his work into such loose disjointed fragments, that our interest is not suffered to dwell sufficiently on any one part or personage in the poem. The artificial obscurity, too, which he has thrown round the whole, instead of giving greater boldness and relief to the prominent parts, involves the story in so much mystery, that it requires a more close inspection than is given by ordinary readers of poetry, to comprehend it. We should not be able to do justice to its merits by any extract, and shall therefore transcribe the whole into this and the following number of the Port Folio, premising merely for the benefit of those who read more cursorily than ourselves, this short outline of the story. Leila, a slave in the seraglio of Hassan, falls in love with a Christian, a Giaour (or Infidel) and her infidelity being discovered, she is drowned by Hassan. To avenge her death, the Christian leagues with the Arnaut robbers, attacks Hassan in a defile, and slays him in single combat. He then retires to a distant convent, where he broods over his distresses without communicating his story to any one, till on his death-bed he reveals it to his confessor.

THE GIAOUR.

No breath of air to break the wave
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,
That tomb* which, gleaming o'er the cliff,
First greets the homeward-veering skiff,
High o'er the land he saved in vain—
When shall such hero live again?
* * * * * * * *

Far, dark, along the blue sea glancing,
The shadows of the rocks advancing,
Start on the fisher's eye like boat
Of island-pirate or Mainote;
And fearful for his light caique
He shuns the near but doubtful creek,
Though worn and weary with his toil,
And cumber'd with his scaly spoil,
Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,
Till Port Leone's safer shore

* A tomb above the rocks on the promontory, by some supposed the sepulchre of Themistocles.†

† This is rather an unsatisfactory conjecture of the amiable Mr. Fauvel, the French consul at Athens.—PORT FOLIO.

Receives him by the lovely light
That best becomes an eastern night.
* * * * * * * *

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled;
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress;
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where Beauty lingers)
And mark'd the mild angelic air—
The rapture of repose that's there—
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The langour of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not—wins not—weeps not—now—
And but for that chill changeless brow,
Whose touch thrills with mortality
And curdles to the gazer's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon—
Yes—but for these and these alone,
Some moments—ay—one treacherous hour
He still might doubt the tyrant's power
So fair—so calm—so softly seal'd
The first—last look—by death reveal'd!
Such is the aspect of this shore—
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of feeling past away!
Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth—
Which gleams—but warms no more its cherished earth!
* * * * * * * *

Who thundering comes on blackest steed?
With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed,
Beneath the clattering iron's sound
The cavern'd echoes wake around
In lash for lash, and bound for bound;

The foam that streaks the courser's side,
Seems gather'd from the ocean-tide:
Though weary waves are sunk to rest,
There's none within his rider's breast,
And though to-morrow's tempest lower,
'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour!*
I know thee not, I loathe thy race,
But in thy lineaments I trace
What time shall strengthen, not efface;
Though young and pale, that sallow front
Is scath'd by fiery Passion's brunt,
Though bent on earth thine evil eye
As meteor like thou glidest by,
Right well I view, and deem thee one
Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.
* * * * * * * *
The hour is past, the Giaour is gone,
But neither fled, nor fell alone;
Wo to that hour he came or went,
The curse for Hassan's sin was sent
To turn a palace to a tomb;
He came, he went, like the Simoom,†
That harbinger of fate and gloom,
Beneath whose widely wasting breath
The very cypress droops to death——
Dark tree—still sad, when other's grief is fled,
The only constant mourner o'er the dead!
* * * * * * * *
I hear the sound of coming feet,
But not a voice mine ear to greet—
More near—each turban I can scan,
And silver-sheathed ataghan;‡
The foremost of the band is seen
An Emir by his garb of green:§
"Ho! who art thou?"—this low salam¶
"Replies of Moslem faith I am.

* Infidel.

† The blast of the desert, fatal to every thing living, and often alluded to in eastern poetry.

‡ The ataghan, a long dagger worn with pistols in the belt, in a metal scabbard, generally of silver; and among the wealthier, gilt, or of gold.

§ Green is the privileged colour of the prophet's numerous pretended descendants; with them, as here, faith (the family inheritance) is supposed to supersede the necessity of good works; they are the worst of a very indifferent brood.

¶ Salam aleikoum! aleikoum salam! peace be with you; be with you peace—the salutation reserved for the faithful;—to a Christian, "Urlarula," a good journey; or saban hiresem, saban serula; good morn, good even; and sometimes, "may your end be happy;" are the usual salutes.

" The burthen ye so gently bear,
" Seems one that claims your utmost care,
" And, doubtless, holds some precious freight,
" My humble bark would gladly wait."

" Thou speakest sooth, thy skiff unmoor,
" And waft us from the silent shore;
" Nay, leave the sail still furl'd, and ply
" The nearest oar that's scatter'd by,
" And midway to those rocks where sleep
" The channel'd waters dark and deep.—
" Rest from your task—so—bravely done,
" Our course has been right swiftly run,
" Yet 'tis the longest voyage I trow,
" That one— * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,
The calm wave rippled to the bank;
I watch'd it as it sank, methought
Some motion from the current caught
Bestirr'd it more—'twas but the beam
That checquer'd o'er the living stream—
I gaz'd, till vanishing from view,
Like lessening pebble it withdrew;
Still less and less, a speck of white
That gemm'd the tide, then mock'd the sight;
And all its hidden secrets sleep,
Known but to Genii of the deep,
Which trembling in their coral caves,
They dare not whisper to the waves.
* * * * * * * *

As rising on its purple wing
The insect-queen* of eastern spring,
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
Invites the young pursuer near,
And leads him on from flower to flower
A weary chase and wasted hour,
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
With panting heart and tearful eye:
So Beauty lures the full grown child
With hue as bright, and wing as wild;
A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.

* The blue-winged butterfly of Kashmeer, the most rare and beautiful of the species.

If won, to equal ills betrayed,
Wo waits the insect and the maid,
A life of pain, the loss of peace,
From infant's play, and man's caprice:
The lovely toy so fiercely sought
Has lost its charm by being caught,
For every touch that wooed its stay
Has brush'd its brightest hues away,
Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
Ah! where shall either victim rest?
Can this with faded pinion soar
From rose to tulip as before?
Or Beauty blighted in an hour,
Find joy within her broken bower?
No: gayer insects fluttering by
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,
And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own,
And every wo a tear can claim
Except an erring sister's shame!

* * * * * * *

The mind, that brpods o'er guilty woes,
Is like the Scorpion girt by fire,
In circle narrowing as it glows
The flames around their captive close,
Till inly search'd by thousand throes,
And maddening in her ire,
One sad and sole relief she knows,
The sting she nourish'd for her foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
And darts into her desperate brain.—
So do the dark in soul expire.
Or live like Scorpion girt by fire;*
So writhes the mind by conscience riven,
Unfit for earth undoom'd for heaven,

* Alluding to the dubious suicide of the scorpion, so placed for experiment by gentle philosophers. Some maintain, that the position of the sting, when turned towards the head, is merely a convulsive movement; but others have actually brought in the verdict "Felo de se." The scorpions are surely interested in a speedy decision of the question; as, if once fairly established as insect Catos, they will probably be allowed to live as long as they think proper, without being martyred for the sake of an hypothesis.

Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death!—
* * * * * * *
Black Hassan from the haram flies,
Nor bends on woman's face his eyes,
The unwonted chase each hour employs,
Yet shares he not the hunter's joys.
Not thus was Hassan wont to fly
When Leila dwelt in his Serai.
Doth Leila there no longer dwell?
That tale can only Hassan tell:
Strange rumours in our city say
Upon that eve she fled away;
When Rhamazan's* last sun was set,
And flashing from each minaret,
Millions of lamps proclaimed the feast
Of Bairam through the boundless East.
'Twas then she went as to the bath,
Which Hassan vainly search'd in wrath;
But she was flown her master's rage
In likeness of a Georgian page;
And far beyond the Moslem's power
Had wrong'd him with the faithless Giaour.
Somewhat of this had Hassan deem'd,
But still so fond, so fair she seem'd;
Too well he trusted to the slave
Whose treachery deserv'd a grave:
And on that eve had gone to mosque,
And thence to feast in his kiosk.
Such is the tale his Nubians tell,
Who did not watch their charge too well;
But others say, that on that night,
By pale Phingari's† trembling light,
The Giaour upon his jet black steed
Was seen—but seen alone to speed
With bloody spur along the shore,
Nor maid nor page behind him bore.
* * * * * * *
Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,
But gaze on that of the Gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well,

* The cannon at sunset close the Rhamazan; and the illumination of the mosques, and firing of guns through the night, announce the Bairam; it lasts three days; and after a month's fast is pleasant enough

† Phingari, the moon

As large, as languishingly dark,
But Soul beam'd forth in every spark
That darted from beneath its lid,
Bright as the gem of Giamschid.*
Yea, *Soul*, and should our prophet say
That form was nought but breathing clay,
By Alla! I would answer nay;
Though on Al-Sirat's† arch I stood,
Which totters o'er the fiery flood,
With Paradise within my view,
And all his Houris beckoning through.
Oh! who young Leila's glance could read
And keep that portion of his creed‡
Which saith, that woman is but dust,
A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?
On her might Muftis gaze, and own
That through her eye the Immortal shone—
On her fair cheek's unfading hue,
The young pomegranate's § blossoms strew
Their bloom in blushes ever new—
Her hair in hyacinthine¶ flow,
When left to roll its folds below;
As midst her handmaids in the hall
She stood superior to them all,
Hath swept the marble where her feet
Gleam'd whiter than the mountain sleet
Ere from the cloud that gave it birth,
It fell, and caught one stain of earth.

* * * * * *

Stern Hassan hath a journey ta'en,
With twenty vassals in his train,

* The celebrated fabulous ruby of Sultan Giamschid, the embellisher of Istakhar; from its splendor, named Schebgerag, "the torch of night;" also, the "eye of the sun," &c.

† Al-Sirat, the bridge of breadth less than the thread of a famished spider, over which the Mussulmans must *skate* into Paradise, to which it is the only entrance; but this is not the worst, the river beneath being hell itself, into which, as may be expected, the unskilful and tender of foot contrive to tumble with a "facilis descensus Averni," not very pleasing in prospect to the next passenger. There is a shorter cut downwards for the Jews and Christians.

‡ A vulgar error; the Koran allots at least a third of Paradise to well-behaved women; but by far the greater number of Mussulmans interpret the text their own way, and exclude their moieties from heaven. Being enemies to Platonics, they cannot discern "any fitness of things" in the souls of the other sex, conceiving them to be superseded by the Houris.

§ An oriental simile, which may perhaps, though fairly stolen, be deemed "plus Arabe qu'en Arabie."

¶ Hyacinthine, in Arabic, "Sunbul," as common a thought in the eastern poets, as it was among the Greeks.

Each arm'd as best becomes a man,
With arquebuss and ataghan;
The chief before, as deck'd for war,
Bears in his belt the scimitar
Stain'd with the best of Arnaut blood,
When in the pass the rebels stood,
And few return'd to tell the tale
Of what befell in Parne's vale.
The pistols which his girdle bore
Were those that once a pasha wore;
Which still, though gemm'd and boss'd with gold,
Even robbers tremble to behold.—
'Tis said he goes to woo a bride
More true than her who left his side;
The faithless slave that broke her bower,
And worse than faithless, for a Giaour!—
* * * * * * *

The sun's last rays are on the hill,
And sparkle in the fountain rill,
Whose welcome waters cool and clear,
Draw blessings from the mountaineer;
Here may the loitering merchant Greek
Find that repose 'twere vain to seek
In cities lodg'd too near his lord,
And trembling for his secret hoard—
Here may he rest where none can see,
In crowds a slave, in deserts free;
And with forbidden wine may stain
The bowl a Moslem must not drain.—
* * * * * *

The foremost Tartar's in the gap,
Conspicuous by his yellow cap,
The rest in lengthening line the while
Wind slowly through the long defile;
Above, the mountain rears a peak,
Where vultures whet the thirsty beak,
And their's may be a feast to-night,
Shall tempt them down e'er morrow's light.
Beneath, a river's wintry stream
Has shrunk before the summer beam,
And left a channel bleak and bare,
Save shrubs that spring to perish there.
Each side the midway path there lay
Small broken crags of granite gray,

By time or mountain lightning riven,
From summits clad in mists of heaven;
For where is he that hath beheld
The peak of Liakura unveil'd?
* * * * * * *

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MEMORY'S PICTURE.

Faint in the west, the day's last glory shone,
Dun round the wood the veil of ev'ning twin'd;
While the chill rustling breeze with frequent moan,
To pleasing melancholy train'd my mind.
My eye, by no bright sun-ting'd prospect caught,
From the soft twilight gloom of Nature's face
Turn'd inward to my heart, and pensive Thought
Began the walks of early youth to trace;
O'er many a joy that bloom'd e'er Reason shone,
O'er many a genial tie by absence loos'd;
O'er many an hour that Friendship mark'd her own,
With half-formed smile, and tearful eye I mus'd.
If to the pictured scenes of Memory stole,
Joys that unguided Fancy fondly lov'd;
Some objects dearer to my inmost soul,
In the consenting dream unbidden mov'd.
For there the hoary head of Age was seen,
Its locks of venerable grace to wave;
Amid the beating storms of life serene,
With dignity descending to the grave.
Those white locks streaming in the wintry air,
As to the temple of his God he went;
His pious zeal, his loud responses there,
And his weak form in holy service bent,

To Memory's picture gave so pure a hue,
That drooping Fancy from my mind retir'd;
But soon reviv'd, she pierc'd the etherial blue,
And sought the place where his gold harp respir'd.
And did not Memory's hallow'd tablet bear,
In colours that the Muse could ne'er refine;
Another happy, late sojourner here,
Whose spirit now is rob'd in light divine;
Not slily to the honour'd picture stole,
Nor there the snowy locks of Age to wave;
But with an eye that brightly told thy soul,
And lips that grac'd the solemn truths they gave,
Thou Ann, whose spirit blest was pure on earth;
Sweet patient tutoress of tender youth,
Who blent with irksome lessons, guiltless Mirth,
And gave the darken'd mind the light of truth.
Thou whom Religon rais'd above this world,
Had yet a heart to feel Affliction's wound;
Not by the storms of selfish passion hurl'd,
Thy peace was in the peace of others found.
The tender offices of love to fill;
Infirmity and drooping Age to sooth;
In the young mind, the germs of vice to kill;
And Passion's gusts with gentle hand to smooth;
The secret mines of Knowledge to explore,
When night releas'd thee from thy active care,
In solitude thy Maker to adore,
And pour thy spotless soul in fervent prayer:
Such was thy life, to tell its happier close,
The trembling Muse delays with holy dread;
When with a spirit that devoutly rose,
Thy lips receiv'd the consecrated bread.
By the soft charm of poesy beguil'd,
Shall I at Fancy's call presume to say,
What blooming seraph o'er thy parting smil'd?
What strain allur'd thee from this world away?
Pure was thy life, and, in thy parting hour,
Each feature mark'd with sweet serenity;

O! what but virtue gave thy lips the power,
In death to say, that death was life to thee.
When Memory's picture bears the bright impress
Of Virtue, such, departed Ann, as thine;
It kindly comes, the youthful heart to bless,
And fill the soul with images divine.
As the pure graces of thy mind appear,
I feel the glow of emulation rise,
Nor breathe one sigh, nor shed one selfish tear,
That would recall thy spirit from the skies.

VINVELA.

THE FLINT AND THE STEEL.

A Fable.

Imitated from the Spanish; and addressed to a young student.

A Flint and Steel, 'tis said, one day,
As in a tinder-box they lay,
Where, much against their inclination,
They long had held their habitation;
To pass the time and show their spirit,
Boasted their separate use and merit.
"Base wretch," the Flint in anger cried,
How dare you to approach my side?
Vile drudge, whose only worth must be
Your patient, vulgar industry.
How greater far a praise is mine;
I yield to man the spark divine,
That all-subduing heat supplies,
And light to cheer weak mortal's eyes.
I give, for noblest purpose made,
To mariners my useful aid;
And what would war's great science be,
Without the aid derived from me?
The patient Steel thus calm replied,
And check'd the boaster's empty pride:

" Reflect that all thy noble fire,
Which *stricken from thee* we admire;
Unknown and hidden in thy breast,
Without my help must ever rest;
Despised and useless in the ground
Thou still wouldst lie, as thou wert found,
Till by my ill-requited aid,
Thy worth is to the world display'd."
Now, lest the application fail,
List to the moral of my tale.
The Flint's divine but latent spark,
The force of genius well may mark;
If the Steel's prototype you ask,
'Tis Industry's unwearied task.
Remember, then, ingenuous youth,
This plain, but oft forgotten truth,
The brightest talents still are dark,
Till application *strikes the spark*.

VIVIAN.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are desired by the author of the prize poem to correct a mistake in one line, which reads thus:

" And kindness from election free;" for election read elation.

This, we can inform the author, was a mistake in his manuscript. We are further desired to notice, that this was written previous to the deaths of our naval heroes, Burrows and Allen; and our triumph on lake Erie. This we are desired to mention, as the author was apprehensive he might be otherwise thought to have been insensible to such bravery and valour.

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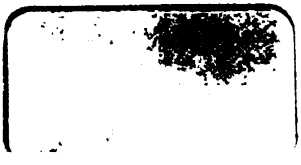
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